

FALL  
ISSUE

# BLAZING WEST

IND.

10¢





# INJUN JONES

SHUCKS, MISS VICKIE...THE REDSKINS IN THESE PARTS IS A PEACEABLE LOT! ONLY THING INTERESTIN' ABOUT 'EM IS AN OLD LEGEND ...INJUN JONES!

IF THIS IS INDIAN COUNTRY, YOU'RE ACTING MIGHTY CALM ABOUT IT, SAM!

LET'S TURN BACK THE PAGES OF HISTORY...TO ONE OF THE STRANGEST STORIES OF THE BLOOD-SOAKED WEST! THE YEAR...1853...AND ACROSS THE WILD REACHES OF ARIZONA CRAWLS A WAGON-TRAIN...EASTWARD BOUND! LISTEN...AMID THE CREAKING OF THE WAGON-WHEELS COMES A SINISTER NAME ... INJUN JONES!

INJUN JONES! WHAT...WHO...IS THAT?

WELL, MEBBE IT'S JEST A TALL STORY...BUT THE WAY I HEERED IT, IT SURE MAKES INTERESTIN' TELLIN'! LISTEN...

IT'S SPOSED TO HAVE HAPPENED BACK IN 1850, WHEN THE GOLDRUSH WAS ON FOR FAIR! OUTLAWS DRY-GULCHED A WAGON-TRAIN... WIPED 'EM OUT TO A MAN! ALL EXCEPT ONE, THE STORY GOES...





...A TEN-YEAR OLD KID, NAME O' BOB JONES! HE SAW THE OUTLAW LEADER CLOSE WITH HIS DAD...



...AN' SHOOT HIM DEAD! THE PORE KID MADE A BREAK FER IT... AN' ESCAPED!



REDSKINS FOUND 'IM STARVIN', AN' BROUGHT 'IM UP AS ONE OF 'EM... ALWAYS HATIN' WHITE MEN OUT O' THE MEMORY OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED! AN' TO THIS DAY, THE STORY GOES, THE CRUELEST, MOST DANGEROUS INJUN OF THE LOT IS...  
**INJUN JONES!**



AND HE'S STILL LOOKING FOR THE TATTOOED OUTLAW, EH? OF ALL THE SILLY NONSENSE I'VE EVER HEARD...



RECKON IT IS JEST AN OLD SQUAW'S TALE, MISS VICKIE! WE'RE STOPPIN' HERE FER A SPELL... GO AHEAD AN' PICK SOME POSIES! IT'S SAFE ENOUGH!

**SAFE ENOUGH?**  
CROUCHED NEARBY...



MAA...



LATER... AN APACHE CAMP...

NO!  
LET ME  
...GO!



DEATH... BY THE TORCH! FROM EVERY THROAT  
WELLS THE CRY FOR BLOOD... WHITE BLOOD!  
ONLY ONE VOICE IS STILL... ONE FACE  
GRIPPED BY A STRANGE EMOTION...



TILL NOW, APACHE AT  
PEACE WITH PALEFACE!  
NOW MY DAUGHTER  
DEAD... BY PALEFACE  
BULLET! FOR THAT,  
WE TAKE WARPATH...  
FOR THAT, YOU  
FIRST TO DIE!

NO... DON'T!  
HELP!



Suddenly  
...THE BRAVE  
ACTS!

STOP!  
WHAT DO  
YOU DO?



TRUE, OH CHIEF...  
MANAKA WAS SLAIN!  
BUT IS HER BLOOD  
UPON THE HANDS OF  
THIS WHITE GIRL?  
BETTER TO SEEK  
THE REAL KILLER!

BRAVES... TO ME!  
STRIKE DOWN  
THIS TRAITOR!



BACK!  
SHE MUST  
LIVE!





BETTER HEAD FOR THE WHITE MAN'S SETTLEMENT...IF I BRING HER BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN, I'LL JUST LEAD MY TRIBE TO ATTACK IT! ...FASTER, EAGLE! FASTER!



YOU...YOU'RE NO INDIAN! YOU'RE A WHITE MAN!

DON'T CALL ME THAT! IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE...IT'S THE COLOR OF MY SKIN!



Later... THE BORDER SETTLEMENT OF RED GULCH...

SUFFERIN' CATAMOUNTS...AN INJUN!

NO, HE'S WHITE! AN' HE'S GOT A GAL WITH 'IM!

WHAT'S IT ABOUT?



FINALLY, WITH PURSUIT OUTDISTANCED...

I...I FELT THE FLAMES...AND NOW...I'M SAFE!... OH! THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW!



ONLY WARPAINT CAN HIDE IT...BUT WITH THE APACHE ON THE RAMPAGE, I HAD TO REMOVE IT IF I'M GOING TO BRING YUH INTO A WHITE MAN'S TOWN SAFELY!

THEN YOU... YOU'RE INJUN JONES!



...AND THAT'S HOW HE SAVED ME!

AN APACHE SQUAW MURDERED, EH? SO THAT'S WHAT'S SET THE REDSKINS ON THE WAR-PATH!

INJUN JONES! THEN THE STORIES ABOUT HIM WERE TRUE!





INJUN JONES! WELL, WELL! HE  
DESERVES A RIGHT GOOD WELCOME  
...TELL HIM HOSS WITHERS  
WANTS A WORD WITH HIM, EH?



BOTH LIVES AND GOLD AT STAKE, EH?  
BUT THE INJUNS WON'T DARE ATTACK  
NOW... THEY'LL BE SKEERED YUH'VE  
GOTTEN WORD TO US! AND I'LL RAISE  
AN ESCORT TO SEE THE CARAVAN  
THROUGH TO THE NEXT  
SETTLEMENT!



YUH'LL HAVE TO STAY  
WITH US, LAD! IF YUH  
GO BACK TO YORE  
TRIBE, THEY'LL  
KILL YUH!

BETTER WORRY  
ABOUT THE WAGON  
TRAIN, MR. WITHERS!  
IF THE APACHE ATTACK,  
IT'LL BE WIPED OUT...  
AN' THE GOLD SHIP-  
MENT MISS VICKIE  
SAYS IT'S CARRYIN'  
WILL BE LOST!

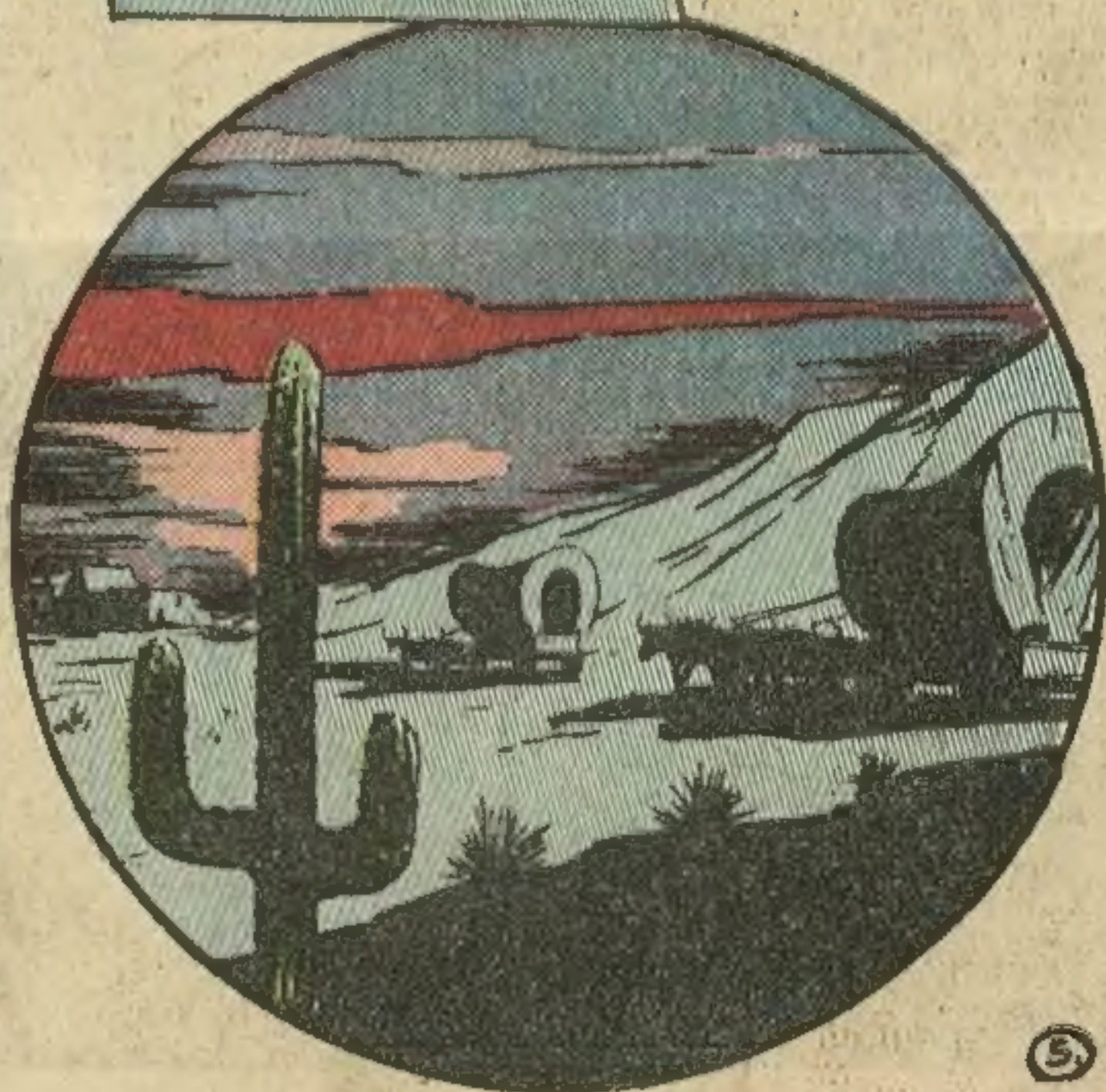


I'LL GATHER A GROUP O' BUFFALO  
HUNTERS... TOUGH BABIES, AN'  
THEY'LL MAKE A GOOD ESCORT!  
HOW ABOUT YUH JOININ' 'EM,  
SON? YUH'RE PLENTY MAN...  
AN' AS SOON AS WE KIN  
GET SOME WHITE MEN'S  
CLOTHES ON YOU...

ALL  
RIGHT...  
IF IT'LL  
MEAN  
PROTECTION  
FOR VICKIE!



WITH EVENING, THE WAGON-  
TRAIN ARRIVES...



And so...

WHAT A  
DIFFERENCE!  
YOU LOOK,  
WONDERFUL!

MEBBE... BUT IT HASN'T  
CHANGED ME ANY! I  
STILL HATE WHITE  
MEN... AND EVERY-  
THIN' ABOUT 'EM!





**WITH MORNING, DEPARTURE...  
AND VICKIE TAKES HER LEAVE!**

GOODBYE  
...INJUN...

CHEER UP, MISS  
VICKIE! JONES IS  
GONNA HELP ME  
ROUND UP THOSE  
BUFFALO-HUNTERS!  
YUH'LL SEE HIM  
PRETTY SOON  
WHEN THEY ALL  
JINE YUH AS AN  
ESCORT!



IT ISN'T RIGHT TO FEEL  
THIS WAY ABOUT A...A  
**SAVAGE!** MAYBE IT'LL BE  
BETTER IF I NEVER SEE  
HIM AGAIN!

THEY GOT  
WHAT IT  
TAKES,  
JONES...  
FIGHTIN'  
MEN ALL!  
...LET'S  
GO!

MEBBE YUH DONT LIKE  
WHITE MEN, PARDNER...  
BUT HERE'S ONE THAT  
LIKES INJUN JONES!  
THAT'S WHY I'VE  
COME ALONG!

I AIN'T MUCH  
ON TALK,  
WITHERS! LET'S  
GIT TO THEM  
WAGONS  
FAST!

**THE FOLLOWING DAY... WITH  
THE BUFFALO-HUNTERS SUMMONED...**

TOO BAD IT'S TAKEN SO LONG TO  
GATHER 'EM... I'M WORRIED ABOUT  
THE WAGON-TRAIN! HMMM... THEY  
SURE ARE A TOUGH-  
LOOKIN' LOT!



DON'T WORRY, JONES!  
WE'RE CATCHIN' UP  
WITH THAT WAGON  
TRAIN... **BUT  
YUH'RE  
NOT!**



BUT... WHY NOT?  
WHAT IS THIS,  
WITHERS?

OH, CALL IT ANY  
REASON YUH WANT  
...MEBBE WE JEST  
DONT LIKE WHITE  
MEN WHO TURN  
INJUN! **BUT YORE  
NUMBER'S UP!**





ONE THING  
YUH'RE FERGETTIN'  
...INJUNS MOVE  
FAST!



I'LL SHOW  
YUH...YUH RED  
VARMINT!

WAIT, BOYS...  
DON'T SHOOT!  
WE MIGHT HIT  
THE BOSS!



HAW-HAW! NOTHIN'  
TO WORRY ABOUT...  
THE HOMBRE DOESN'T  
LIVE WHO KIN STOP  
HOSS WITHERS!



BUT THEN...

OOF!

WARNT  
SO EASY  
...EH,  
WITHERS?



THAT TATTOOED COW'S  
SKULL...THE SAME AS  
ON THE OUTLAW WHO  
KILLED MY FATHER!  
...I'VE GOT YUH  
AT LAST, YUH  
MURDERIN'...



I  
GOT 'IM,  
BOSS!

POW!





ALL RIGHT...NOW YUH KNOW WHO I AM! I HELD YUH OVER TILL I GATHERED MY GANG, BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT ANY MAN LIVIN' WHO COULD PROVE MY CONNECTION WITH THE WAGON TRAIN RAIDERS!



RIGHT! WE'LL SAY THE INJUNS ATTACKED BEFORE WE GOT THERE! LUCKY I KILLED THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER AN' PUT 'EM ON THE WARPATH...IT'LL MAKE MY STORY MORE CONVINCIN'!



THE SECOND I LEARNED THAT OLD LEGEND ABOUT YUH WAS TRUE, I KNEW I HAD TO KILL YUH, AN' TAKE NO CHANCES!

AN' YUH DON'T MEAN TO GUARD THE WAGON TRAIN AT ALL, EH? YUH'RE GONNA RAID IT FER THE GOLD IT'S CARRYIN'!



SO IT WAS YUH THAT MURDERED MANAKA, YUH RAT! BEFORE, I HATED ALL WHITE MEN...NOW I KNOW BETTER! IT'S ONLY YORE TYPE I HATE...THE ENEMY OF ALL MEN, RED AND WHITE ALIKE!

MUCH GOOD IT'LL DO YUH NOW! ...THROW HIM OVER THE CLIFF, BOYS!



HE'S A GOOD INJUN NOW...A DEAD ONE!



MOMENTS LATER...SAVED BY A MIRACLE...

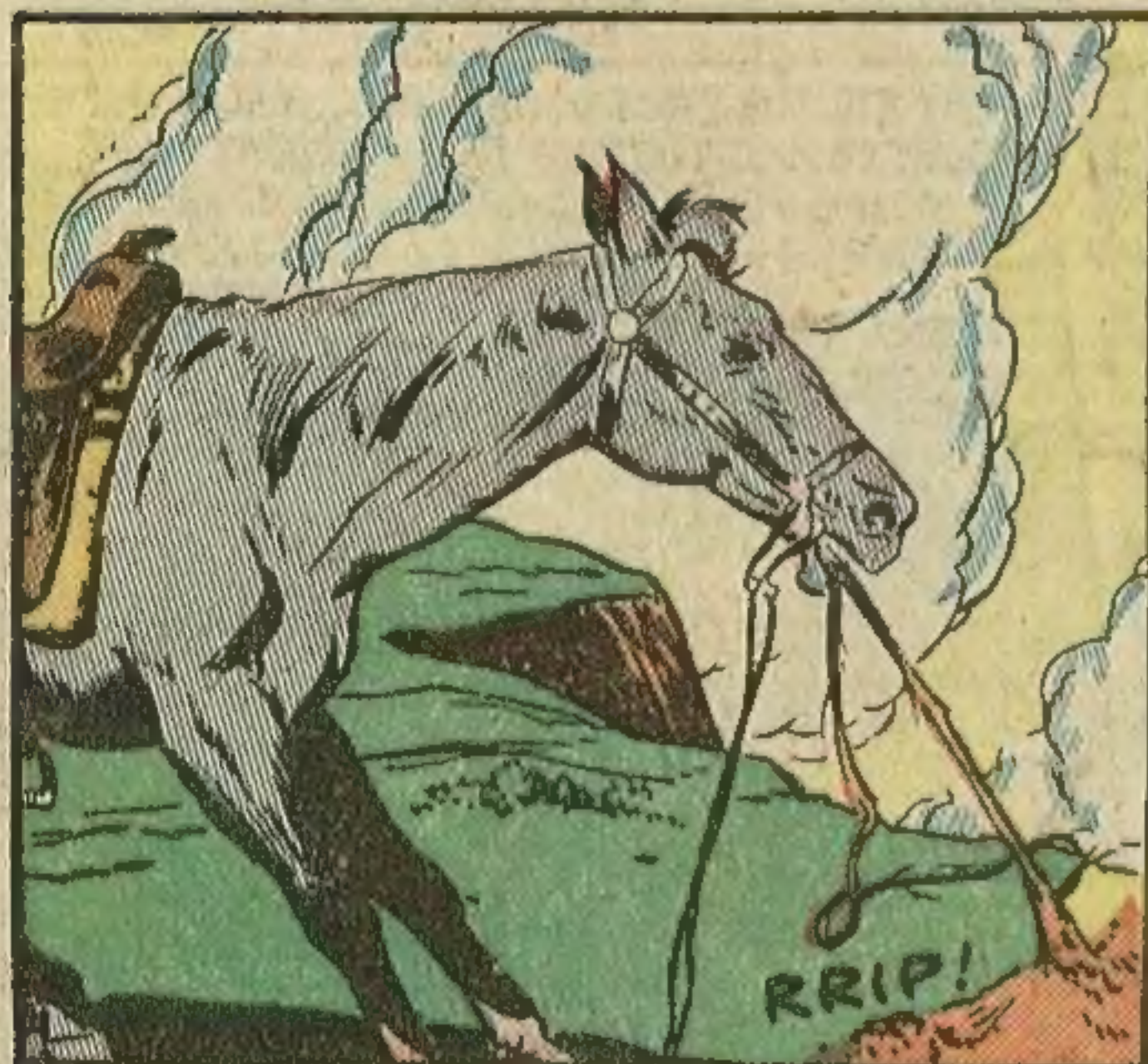
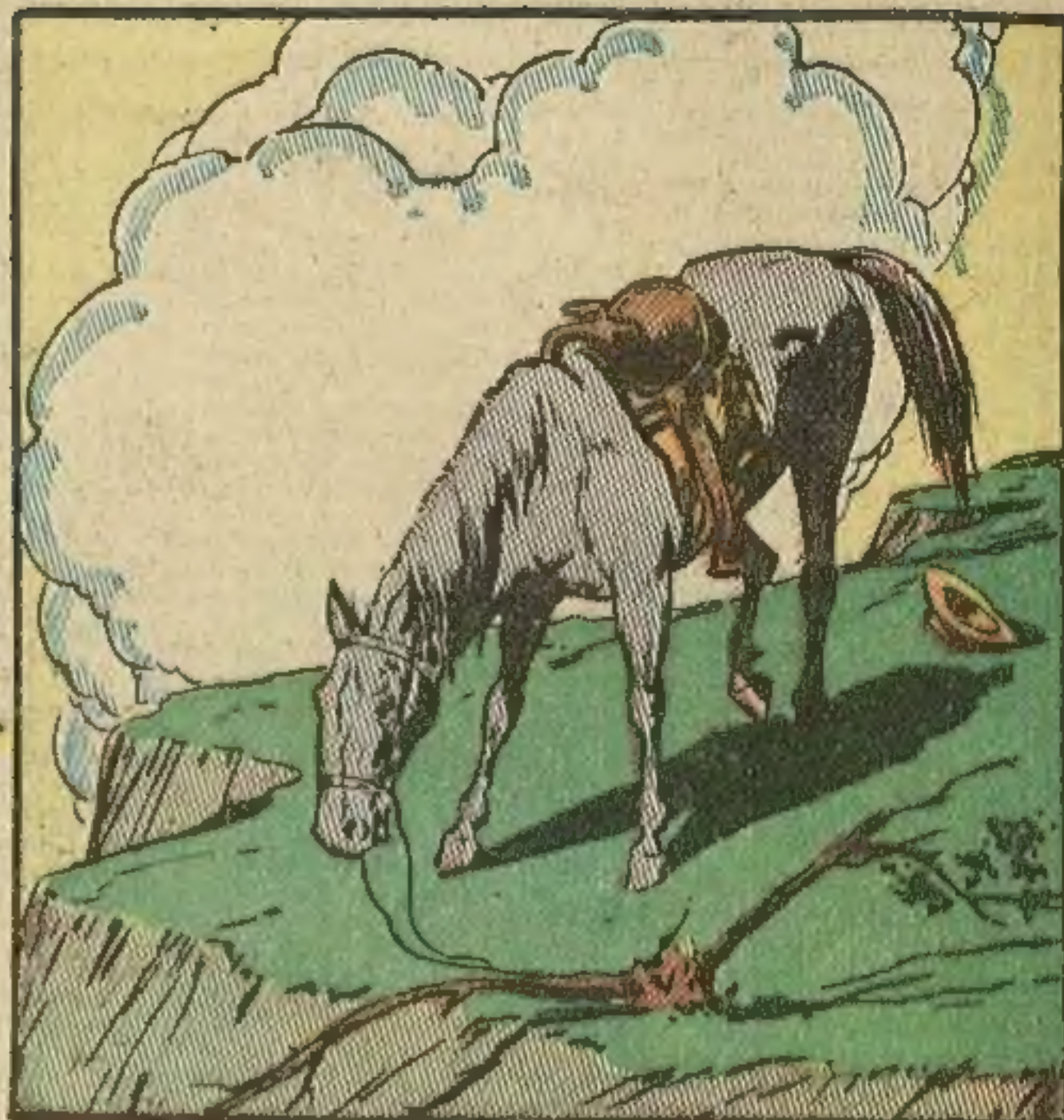
NO MORE HOOF-BEATS...THEY'RE GONE! ONLY ONE CHANCE LEFT!...EAGLE! EAGLE!





**ALERT TO  
HIS MASTER'S  
CALL...**

**EAGLE!  
EAGLE!**



**RRIP!**

**GOOD OLD  
EAGLE! NOW  
...IF IT'LL  
ONLY  
HOLD...**



**UP THE FACE OF THE CLIFF  
...TO SAFETY!**

**NOW WHAT? EVEN IF I COULD  
GIT TO THE WAGONS IN TIME  
TO WARN 'EM, THEY STILL COULDN'T  
HOLD OFF WITHER' KILLERS!  
ONLY THING THAT COULD SAVE  
'EM WOULD BE FIGHTIN' MEN  
APLENTY...I'VE GOT IT!**



**THE APACHE!  
THEY'VE TURNED  
AGAINST ME...IT'S  
WORTH MY LIFE  
TO GO BACK!  
BUT I'LL DO  
IT FER VICKIE  
AN' THE  
OTHERS!**





THE TREACHEROUS  
ONE--IN WHITE  
MAN'S GARMENTS!

HE  
RETURNS  
... TO  
DEATH!

WAIT!  
I HAVE  
WORDS  
FOR THE  
CHIEF!



TO YOU WHO HAVE TURNED  
AGAINST US I DECREE  
THE SAME FATE FROM  
WHICH YOU SAVED THE  
PALEFACE SQUAW--  
DEATH AT THE  
STAKE!

I FEAR NOT DEATH,  
OH CHIEF! BUT FIRST  
...LISTEN!

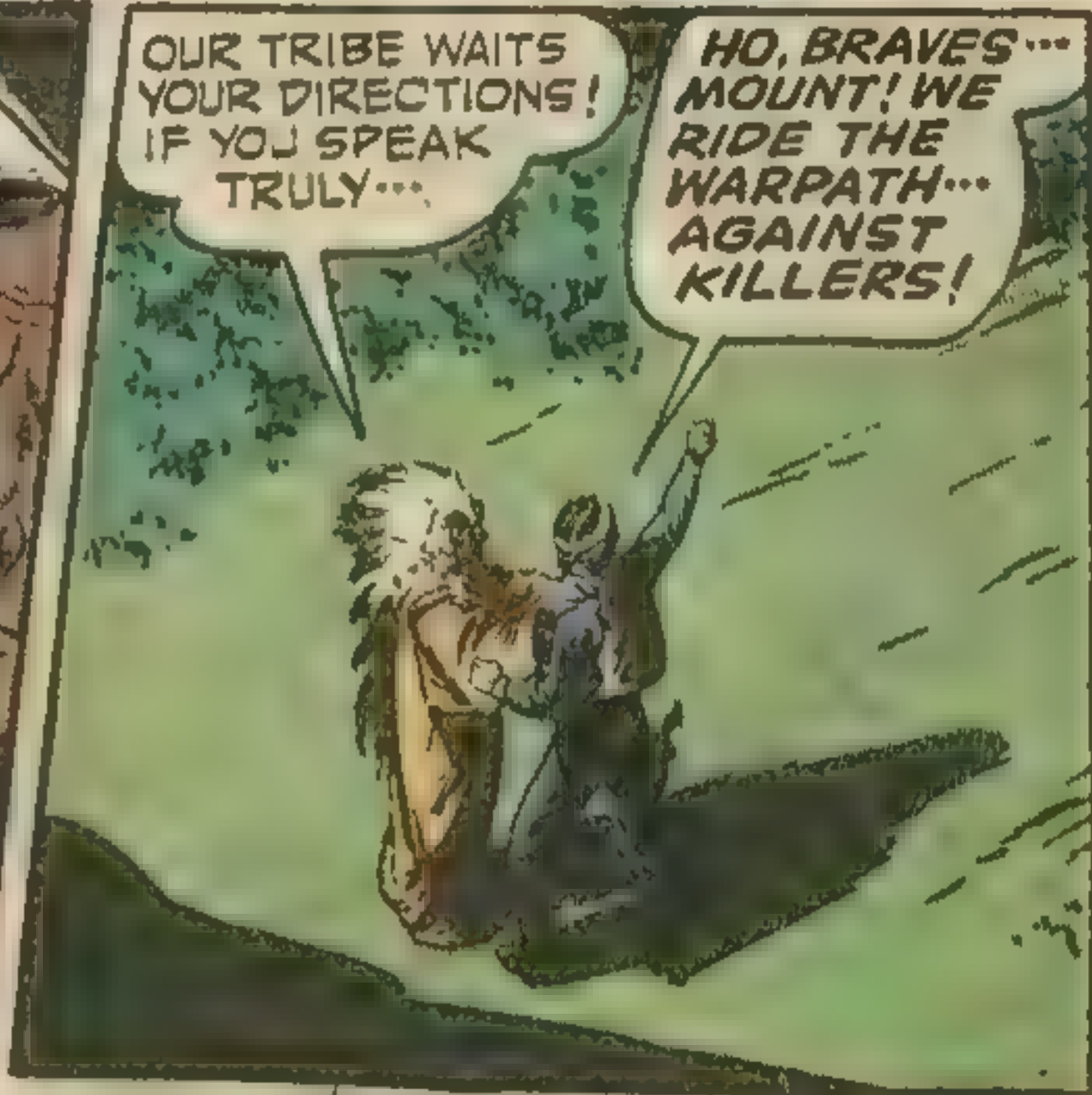


TRUE, I SAVED THE WHITE GIRL--BUT IT  
WAS THE CALL OF MY OWN KIND! KILL  
ME IF YOU WILL--BUT ALIVE, I CAN  
LEAD YOU TO THOSE WHO KILLED  
YOUR DAUGHTER!



OUR TRIBE WAITS  
YOUR DIRECTIONS!  
IF YOU SPEAK  
TRULY--

HO, BRAVES--  
MOUNT! WE  
RIDE THE  
WARPATH--  
AGAINST  
KILLERS!



AND THUS  
COMMENCED  
THE OLD  
WEST'S  
STRANGEST  
SIGHT! A  
WHITE MAN,  
IN A LIFE-  
OR-DEATH  
RACE AGAINST  
TIME--LEAD-  
ING SAVAGE  
REDSKINS  
TO THE  
ATTACK!

FASTER!



KI-YI-YI!  
EE-YOWW!



MEANWHILE...

WE MUST BE PRETTY CLOSE TO THE WAGON-TRAIN! THAR'S ONE O' THEIR OUTRIDERS NOW!

THEN LET'S GIT STARTED!

(BANG! BANG!)



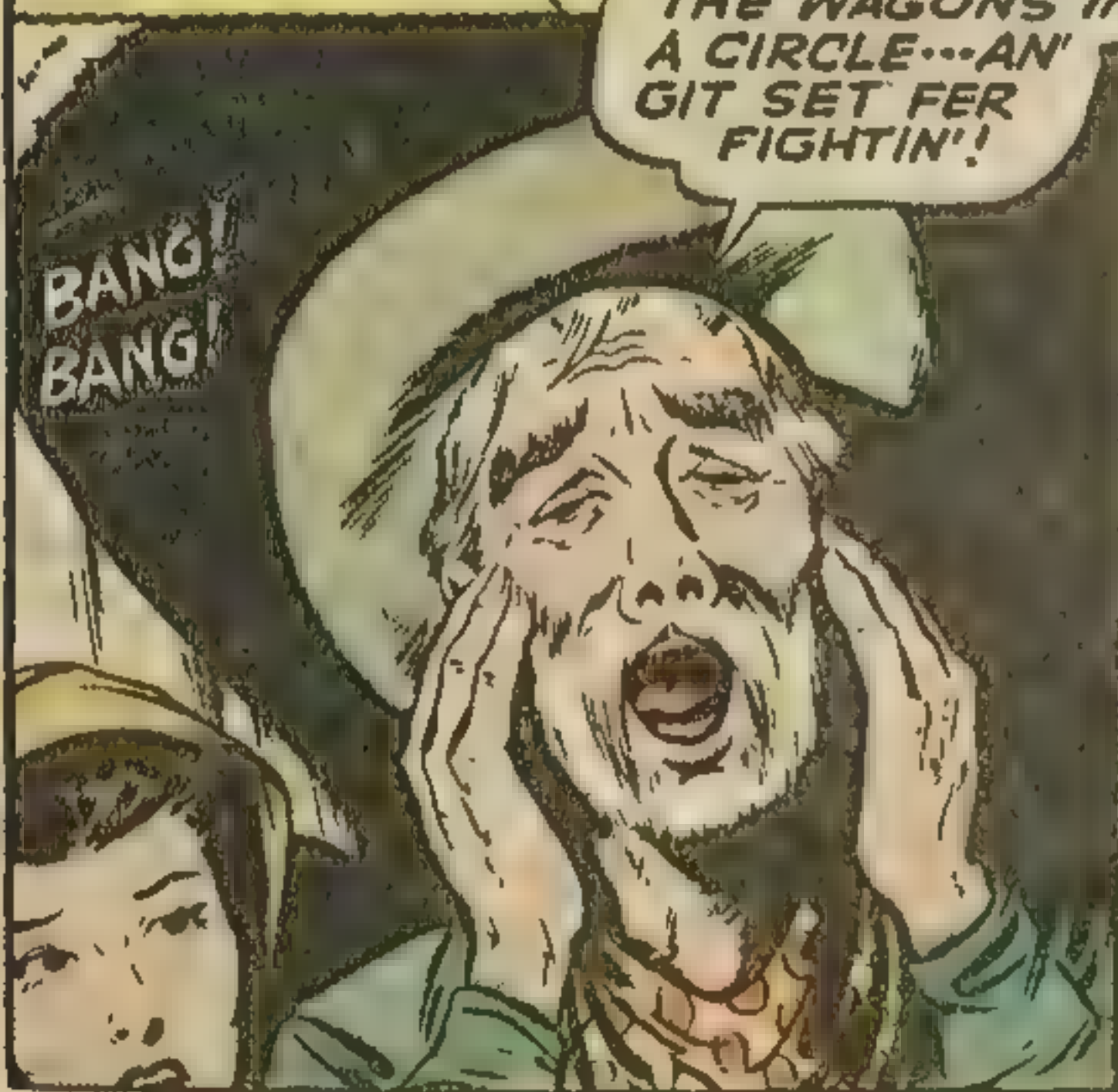
YUH FOOL! THAT SHOT WILL GIVE THE ALARM! NOW WE GOTTA HIT 'EM FAST---LET'S GO!



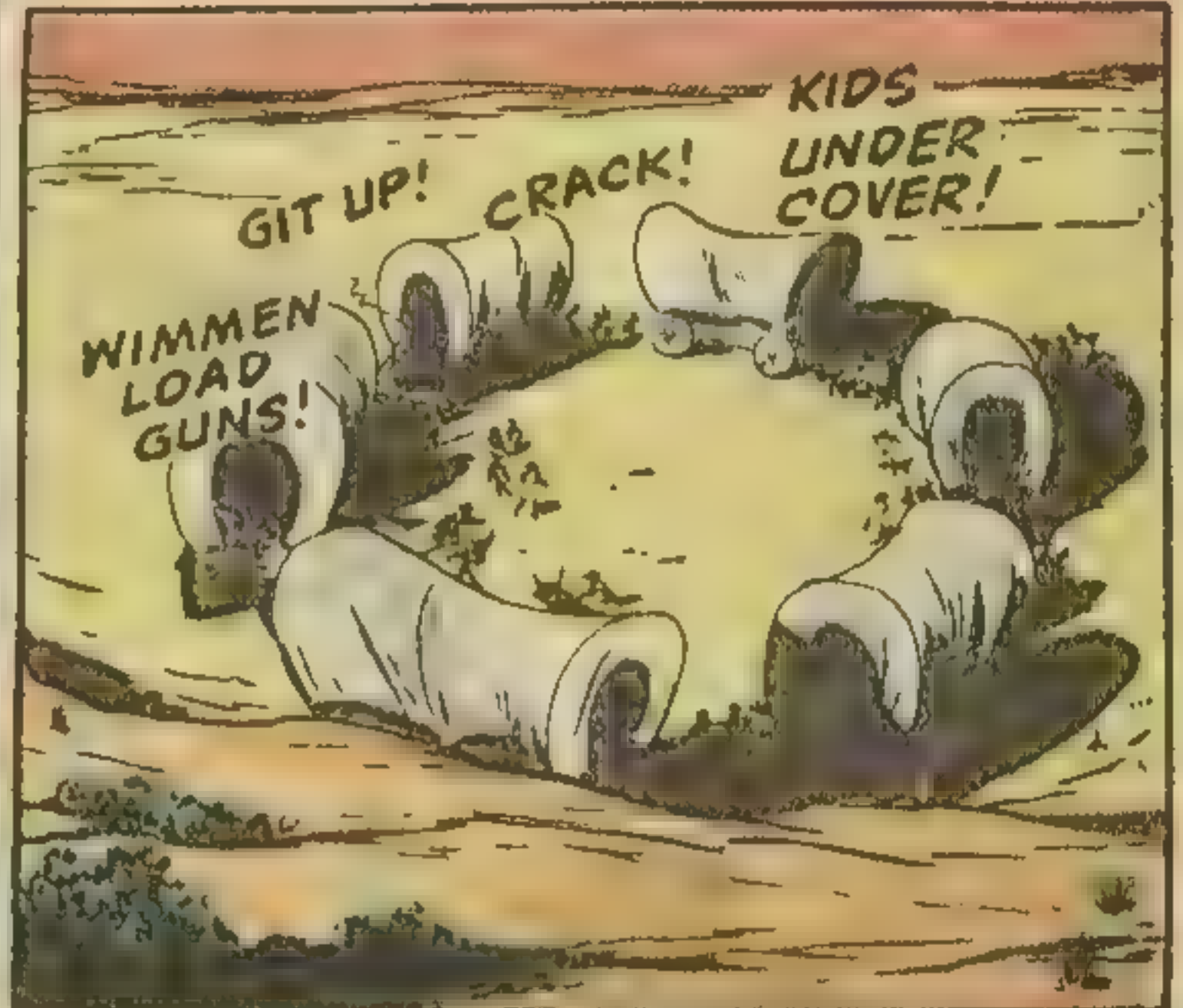
And up ahead...

INJUNS! DRIVE THE WAGONS IN A CIRCLE---AN' GIT SET FER FIGHTIN'!

BANG! BANG!



GIT UP! CRACK! KIDS UNDER COVER! WIMMEN LOAD GUNS!



TAKE 'EM, BOYS! REMEMBER---NOT ONE LEFT ALIVE!

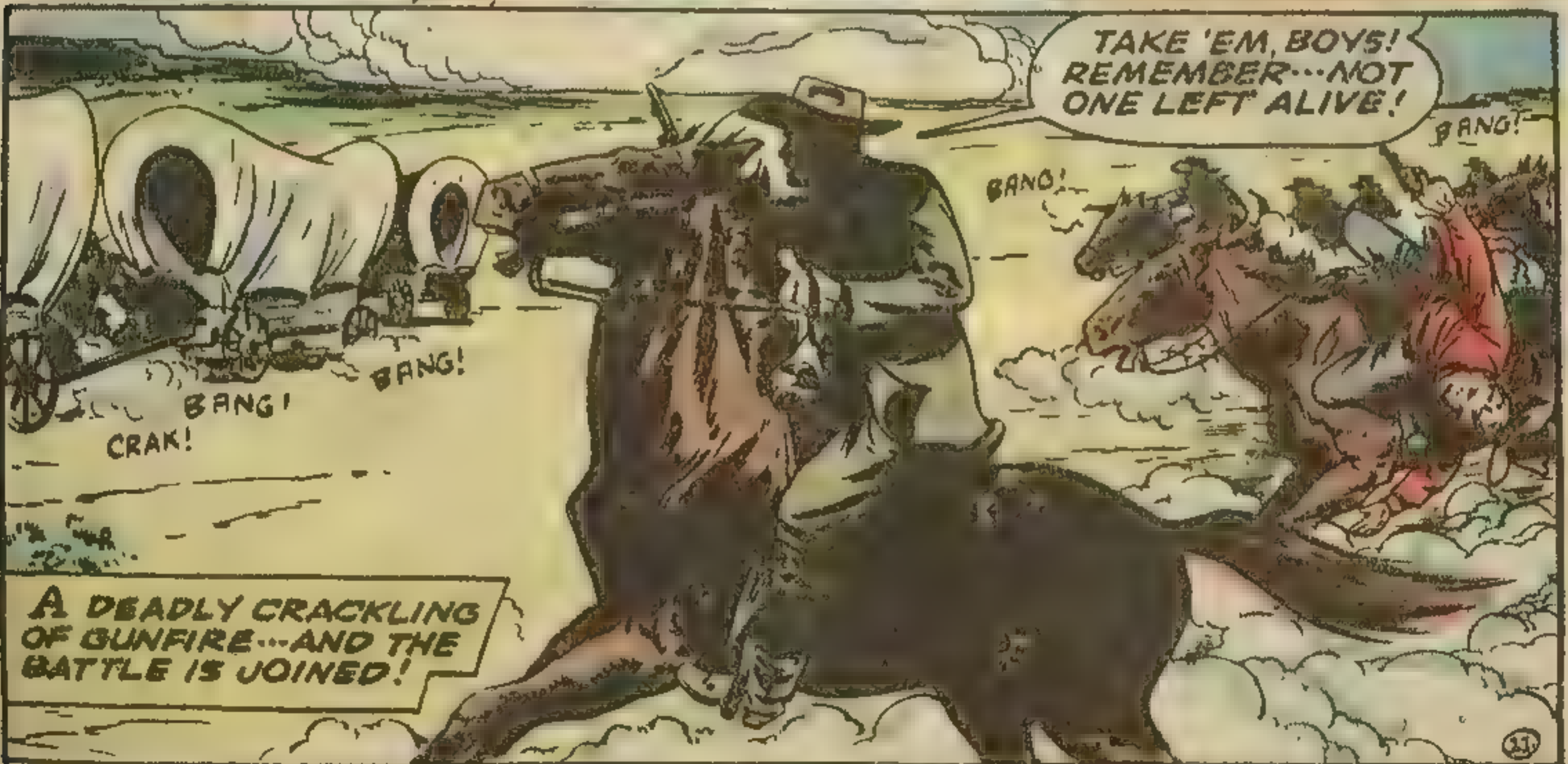
BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG! CRAK!

A DEADLY CRACKLING OF GUNFIRE---AND THE BATTLE IS JOINED!





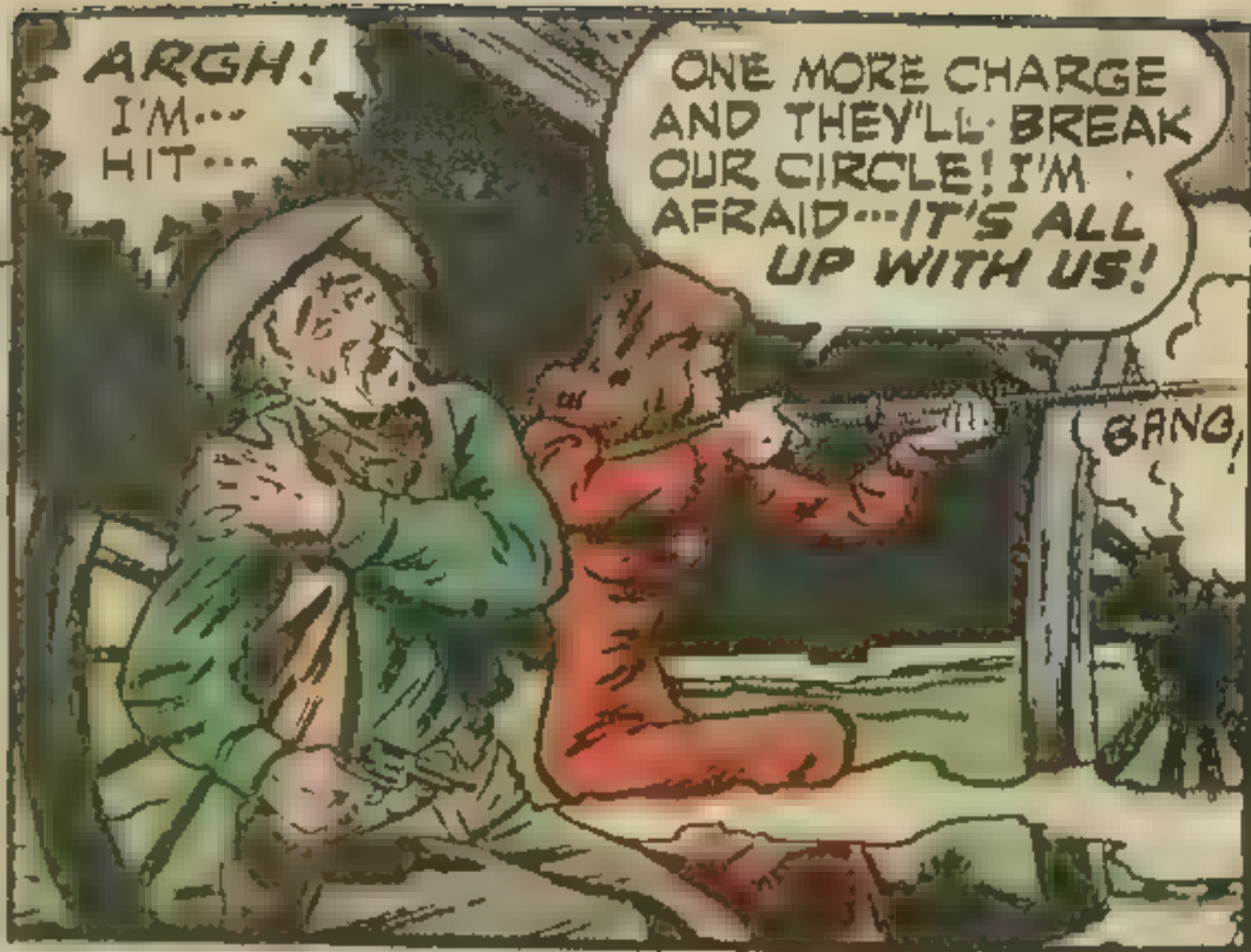
THEY'RE WHITE  
MEN...NOT INDIANS!  
AND HOSS WITHERS  
IS LEADING THEM!

GIT DOWN! THEM  
RATS MUSTA GOT  
WIND O' THE GOLD  
WERE TOT.N'! LOOKS  
BAD...THEY'RE TOO  
MANY FER US!



ARGH!  
I'M...  
HIT...

ONE MORE CHARGE  
AND THEY'LL BREAK  
OUR CIRCLE! I'M  
AFRAID...IT'S ALL  
UP WITH US!



...INJUN JONES LEADS HIS  
WARRIORS TO THE ATTACK!

BUT EVEN THEN, WITH THE LIVES OF  
THE CARAVAN IN THE BALANCE...

CHARGE!



THIS IS THE BAND  
WHOSE LEADER  
SLEW OUR CHIEF'S  
DAUGHTER, BRAVES!  
TAKE 'EM!

EE-YOWWW!  
KI-YI-YI!



IT...  
IT'S INJUN  
JONES!



**REDSKINS VERSUS KILLER  
OUTLAWS...AND JUSTICE WINS OUT!**

**WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN  
NOW! I'LL...OOF!**

**MEBBE YUH GOT  
US... BUT I'M  
GETTIN' YUH!**

**BANG!  
BANG!**



**FIRST YORE OLD  
MAN... NOW  
YOU!**

**YUH'VE LEFT  
ME WITHOUT A  
WHITE MAN'S  
WEAPON,  
WITHERS...**



**...BUT YUH FORGOT THE  
WEAPON AN INJUN  
USES BEST... HIS  
TOMAHAWK!**

**AH-HHH!**



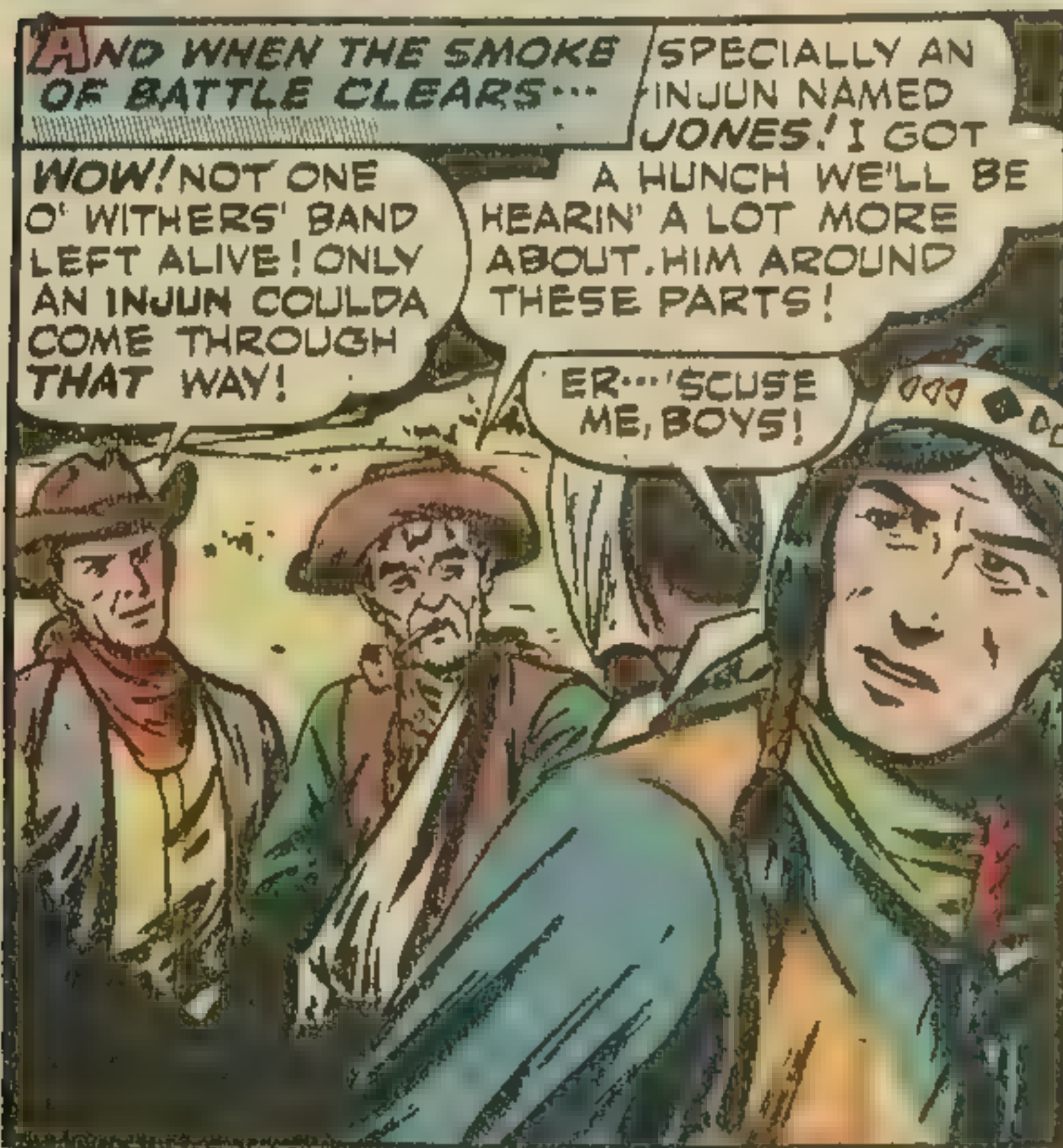
**AND WHEN THE SMOKE  
OF BATTLE CLEARS...**

**WOW! NOT ONE  
O' WITHERS' BAND  
LEFT ALIVE! ONLY  
AN INJUN COULDA  
COME THROUGH  
THAT WAY!**

**SPECIALLY AN  
INJUN NAMED  
JONES! I GOT**

**A HUNCH WE'LL BE  
HEARIN' A LOT MORE  
ABOUT HIM AROUND  
THESE PARTS!**

**ER... 'SCUSE  
ME, BOYS!**



**SEEMS LIKE THE  
HAND OF FATE,  
YOU SAVING ME  
AGAIN, INJUN!**

**WHEN I LOOK AT  
YUH, I FERGET THE  
INJUN PART OF MY  
LIFE, VICKIE! I'M ALL  
WHITE MAN!**



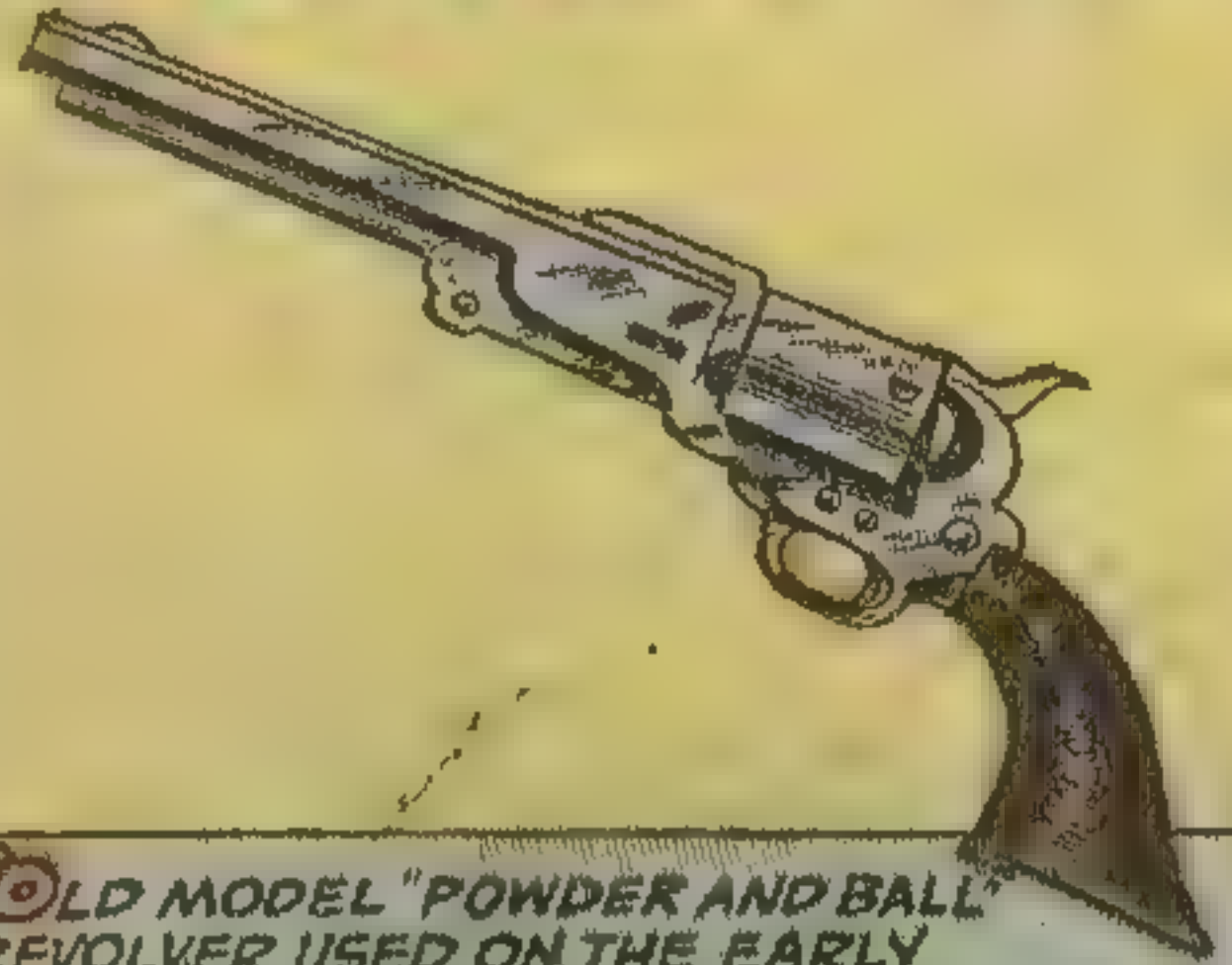
**THERE'S ANOTHER INJUN JONES  
THRILLER IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!**



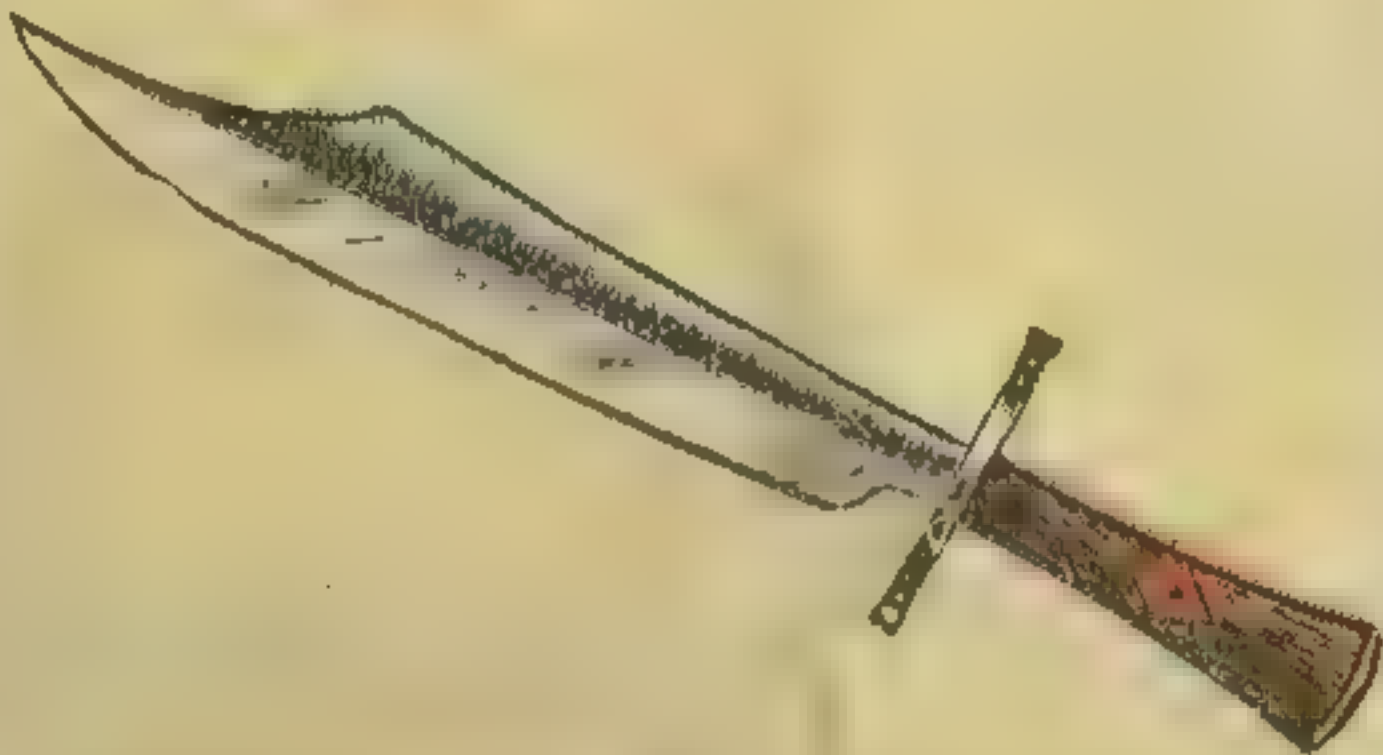
# WEAPONS of the WEST



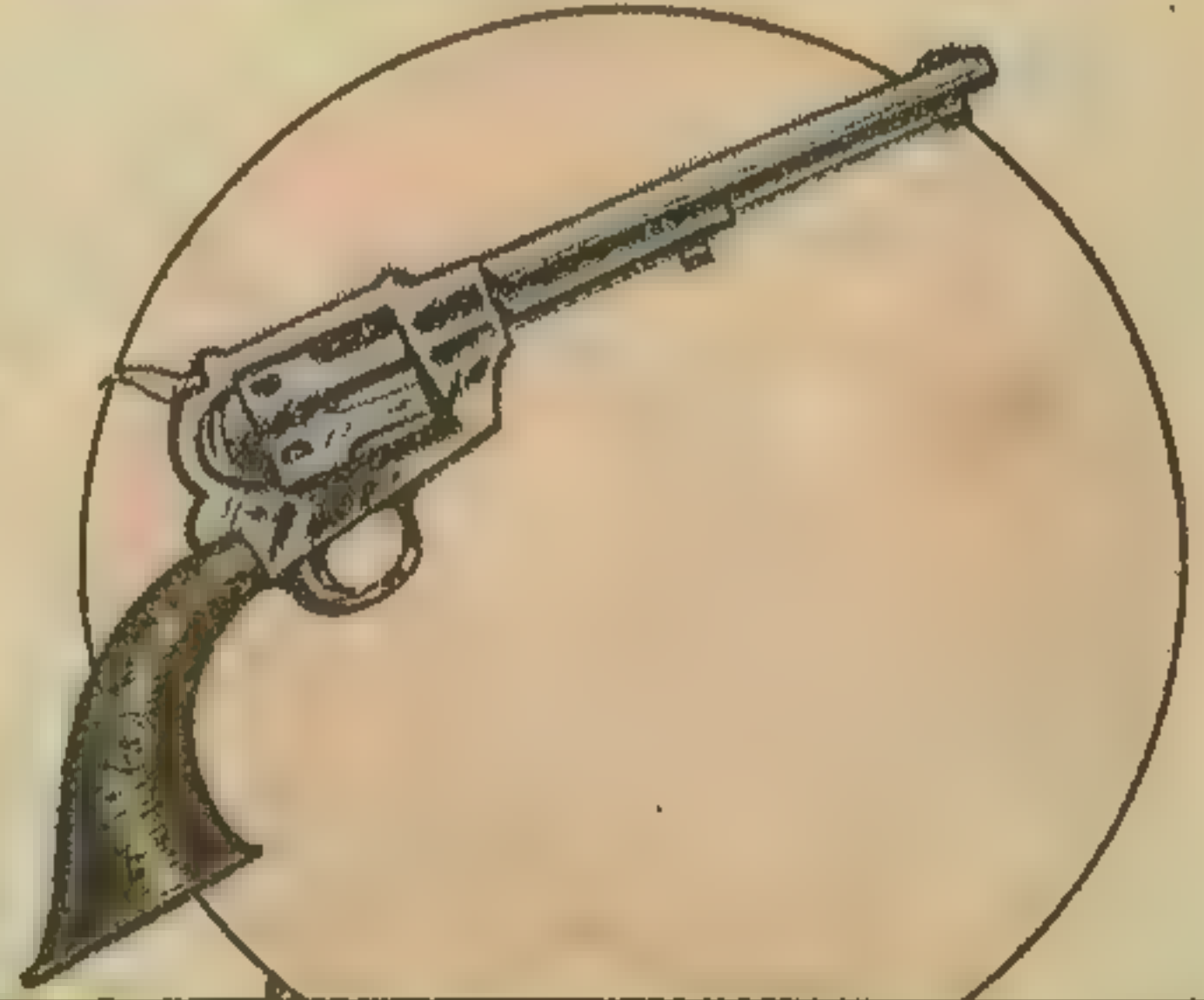
**T**HE TOMAHAWK...WAR-HATCHET OF THE INDIAN! THIS WEAPON WAS ADOPTED BY MANY EARLY FRONTIERSMEN. HURLED OR HELD, IT WAS DEADLY!



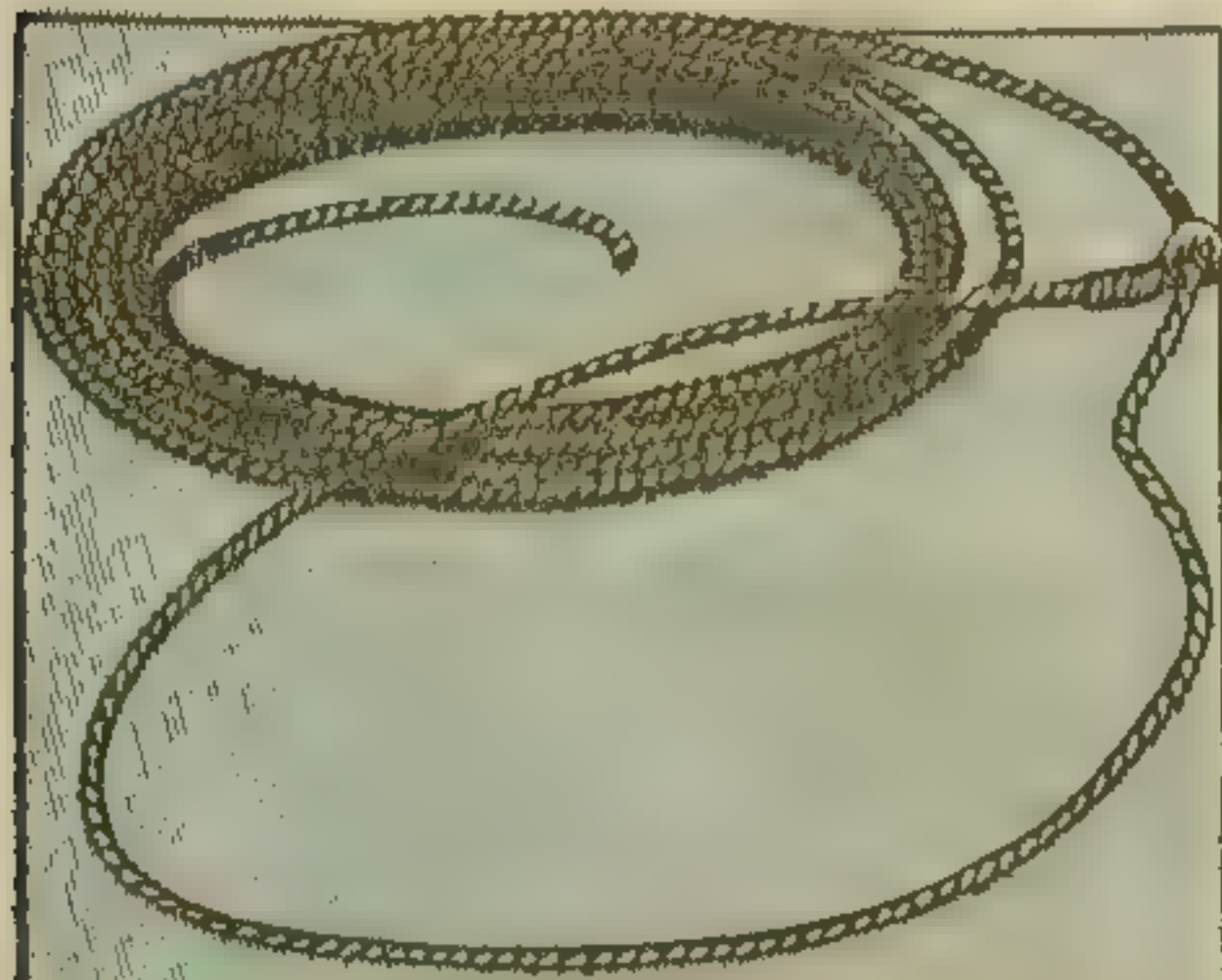
**O**LD MODEL "POWDER AND BALL" REVOLVER USED ON THE EARLY WESTERN FRONTIER. REPLACED THE SINGLE-SHOT MODELS, BUT OFTEN MISSED FIRE!



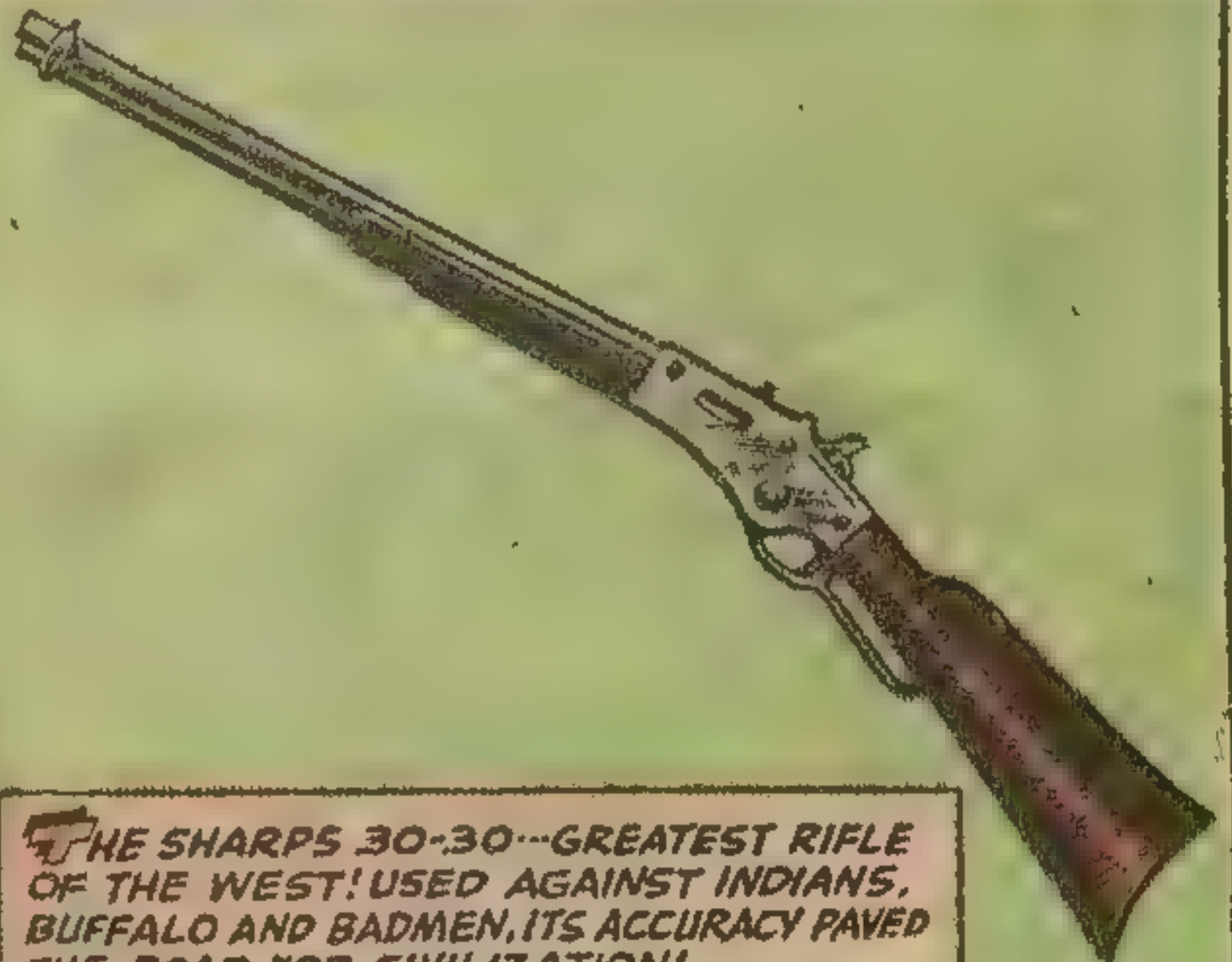
**T**HE BOWIE KNIFE...A FAMOUS HUNTING-KNIFE, LONG THE WEAPON OF THE BORDER. USEFUL AGAINST BOTH MEN AND ANIMALS, IT WAS FIRST INTRODUCED BY JAMES BOWIE, TEXAS PIONEER.



**S**INGLE ACTION ARMY AND FRONTIER REVOLVER. A FAST-FIRING SIX-SHOOTER CALLED THE "COWBOY'S FRIEND", IT HELPED TO WIN THE WEST!



**T**HE LASSO...KNOWN AS "ROPE" BY THE COWBOY...DID MORE THAN CATCH WILD HORSES AND CATTLE. USED AGAINST OUTLAWS, IT COULD BE AN EFFECTIVE WEAPON!



**T**HE SHARPS 30-30...GREATEST RIFLE OF THE WEST! USED AGAINST INDIANS, BUFFALO AND BADMEN, ITS ACCURACY PAVED THE ROAD FOR CIVILIZATION!



# BUFFALO BELLE



**D**ANGER...SHOTS IN THE NIGHT...THE THUDDING OF HOOVES...THE WILD CHEROKEE STRIP KNEW THEM ALL! IT WAS SCARCELY THE PLACE FOR A GIRL...BUT BUFFALO BELLE WAS NO ORDINARY GIRL! STAND BY FOR A HARD-RIDING, FAST-SHOOTING DAUGHTER OF THE OLD WEST...AND WATCH OUT FOR FIREWORKS!

**TERROR GRIPS A SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN!**

RED CARVER'S RIDIN' FER TOWN, BOYS! IF YUH WANT TO LIVE... SCATTER!



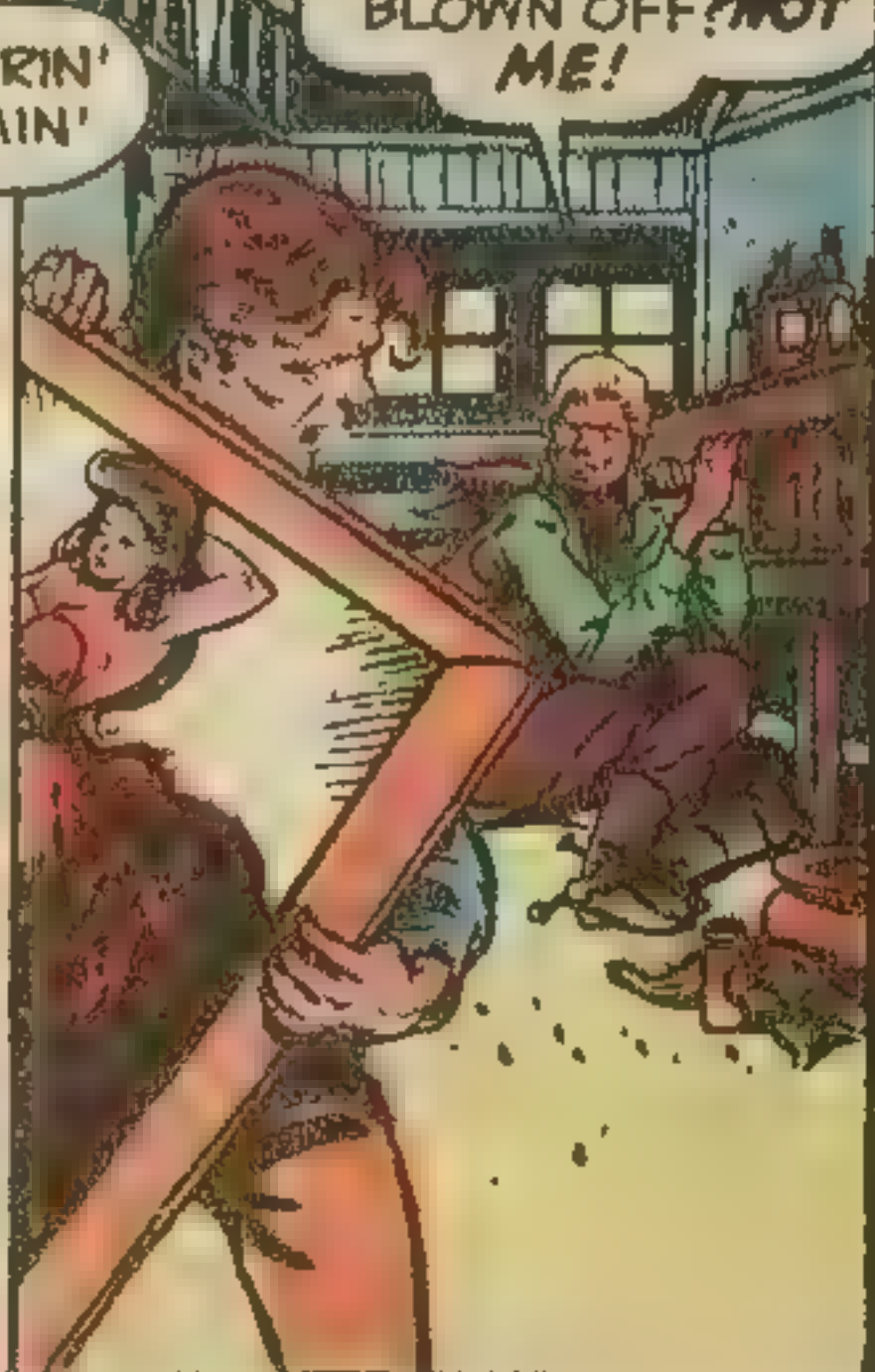
CARVER'S HEADIN' THIS WAY, MIKE...HE'S SET FER KILLIN'! AN' THE SHERIFF'S SET AN AMBUSH FOR HIM...RIGHT OUTSIDE!

ULP! THAT MURDERIN' DESPERADO...COMIN' HERE?

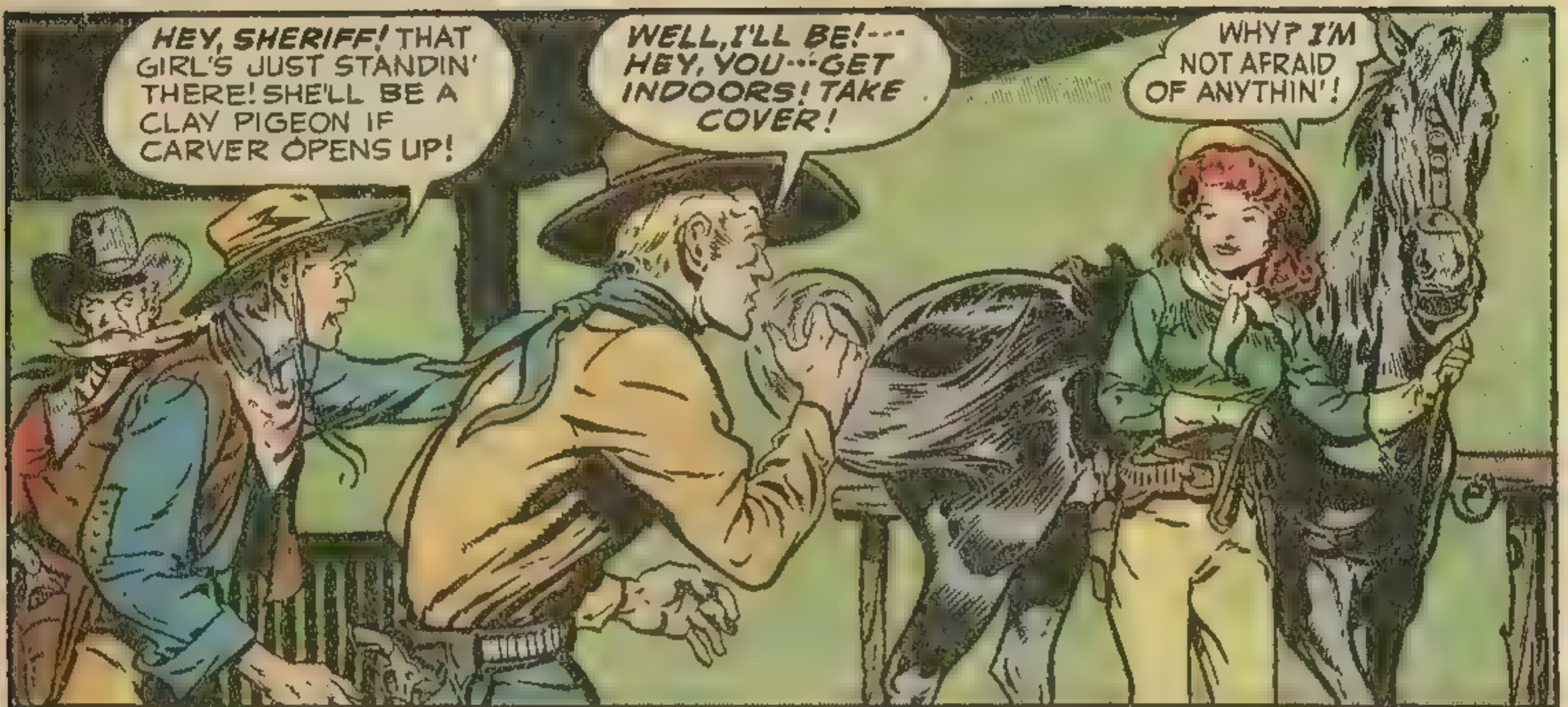


PUT THEM BOTTLES ON THE FLOOR! HURRY! DON'T SIT THERE LIKE A SQUATTIN' INJUN!

AND GIT MY HEAD BLOWN OFF? NOT ME!







HEY, SHERIFF! THAT GIRL'S JUST STANDIN' THERE! SHE'LL BE A CLAY PIGEON IF CARVER OPENS UP!

WELL, I'LL BE!... HEY, YOU...GET INDOORS! TAKE COVER!

WHY? I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHIN'!

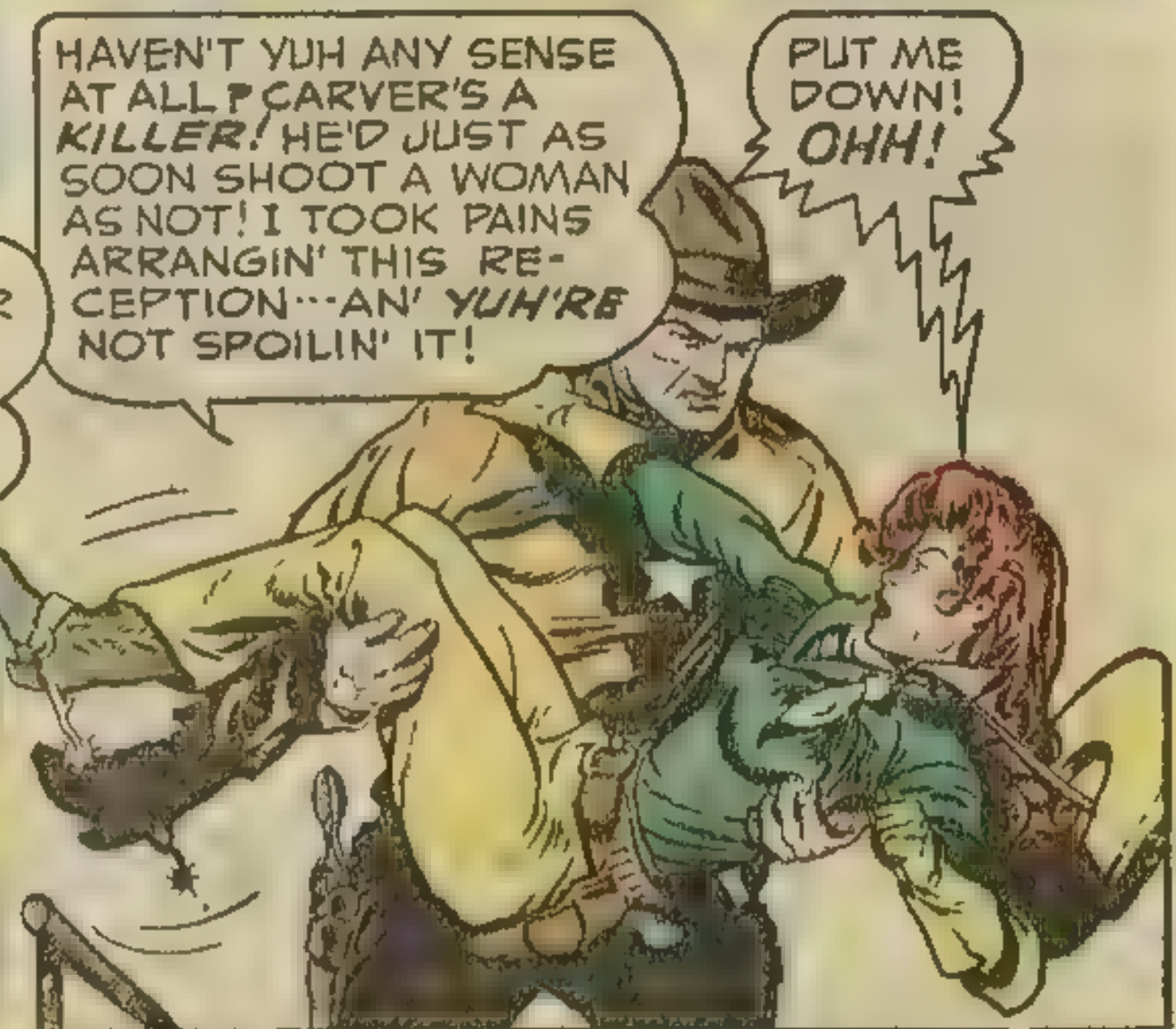
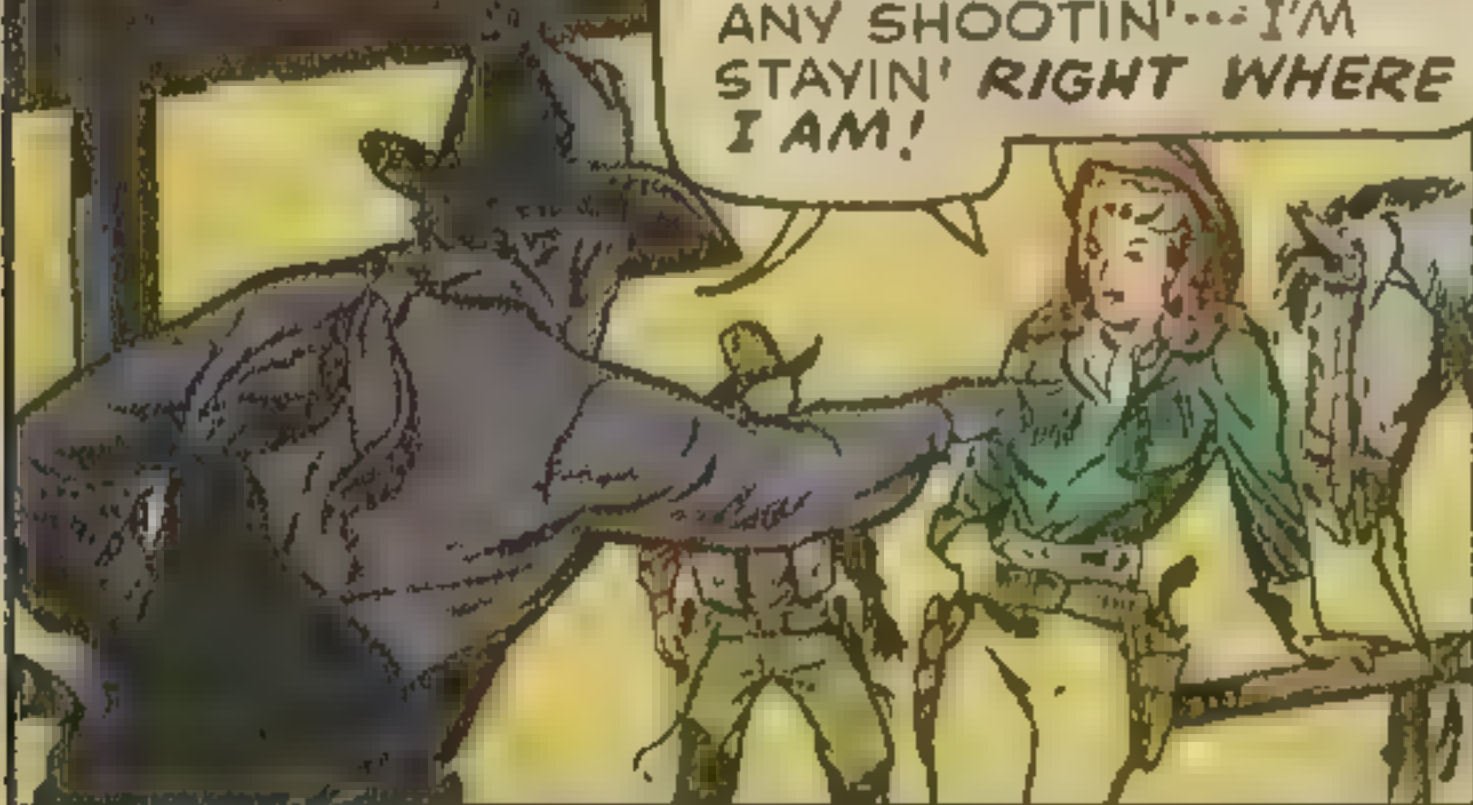
MEET "BUFFALO BELLE" TRENT...HARD-RIDING PRAIRIE SCOUT AND CRACK MARKSMAN...WITH A MIND OF HER OWN!

YUH HEARD WHAT I SAID, GIRL! TAKE COVER!

SO YUH'RE THE NEW SHERIFF WHO'S TRYIN' TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO THE STRIP! WELL, IF THERE'S GOING TO BE ANY SHOOTIN'...I'M STAYIN' RIGHT WHERE I AM!

HAVEN'T YUH ANY SENSE AT ALL? CARVER'S A KILLER! HE'D JUST AS SOON SHOOT A WOMAN AS NOT! I TOOK PAINS ARRANGIN' THIS RECEPTION...AN' YUH'RE NOT SPOILIN' IT!

PUT ME DOWN! OHH!



A MOMENT LATER...

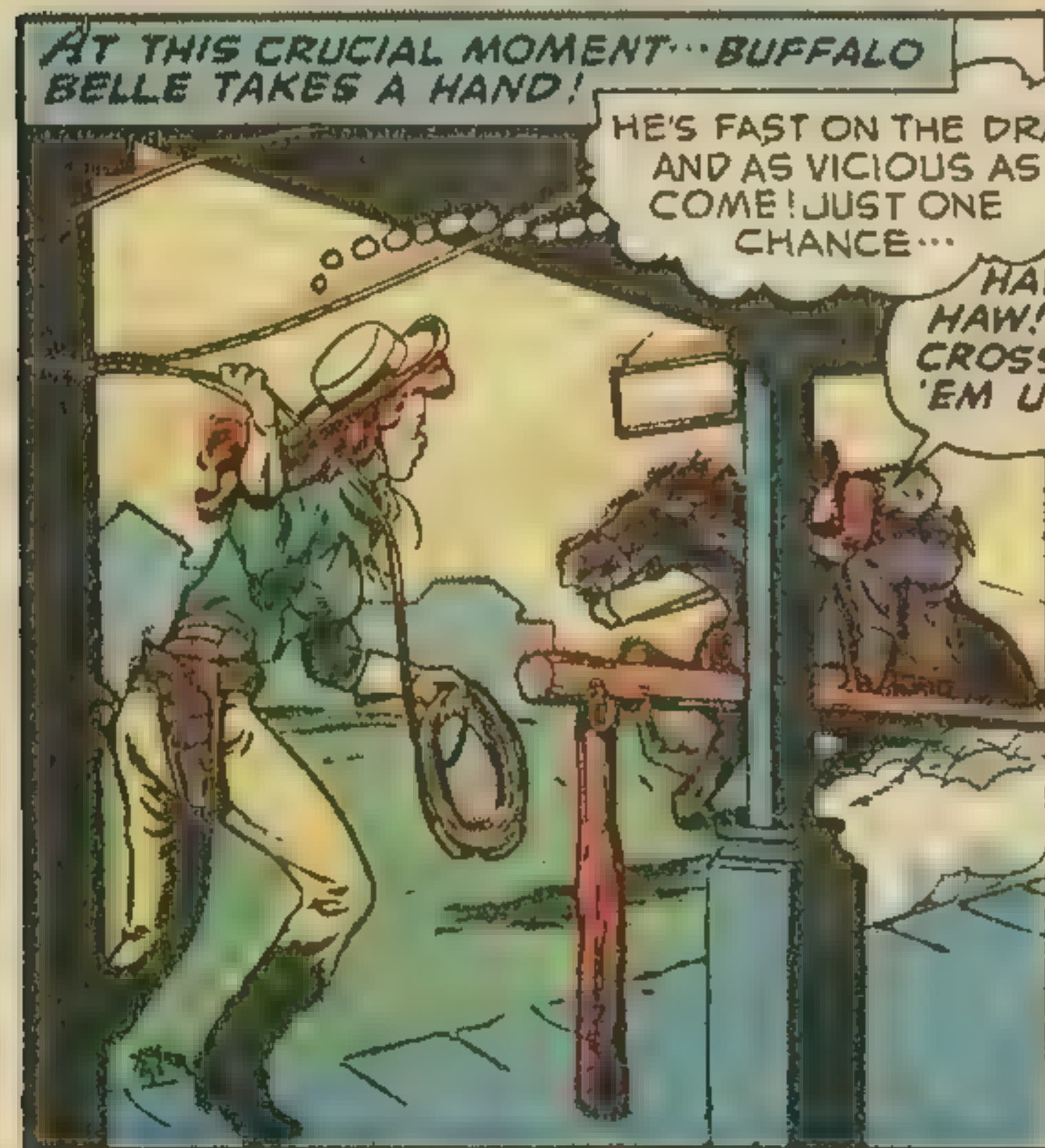
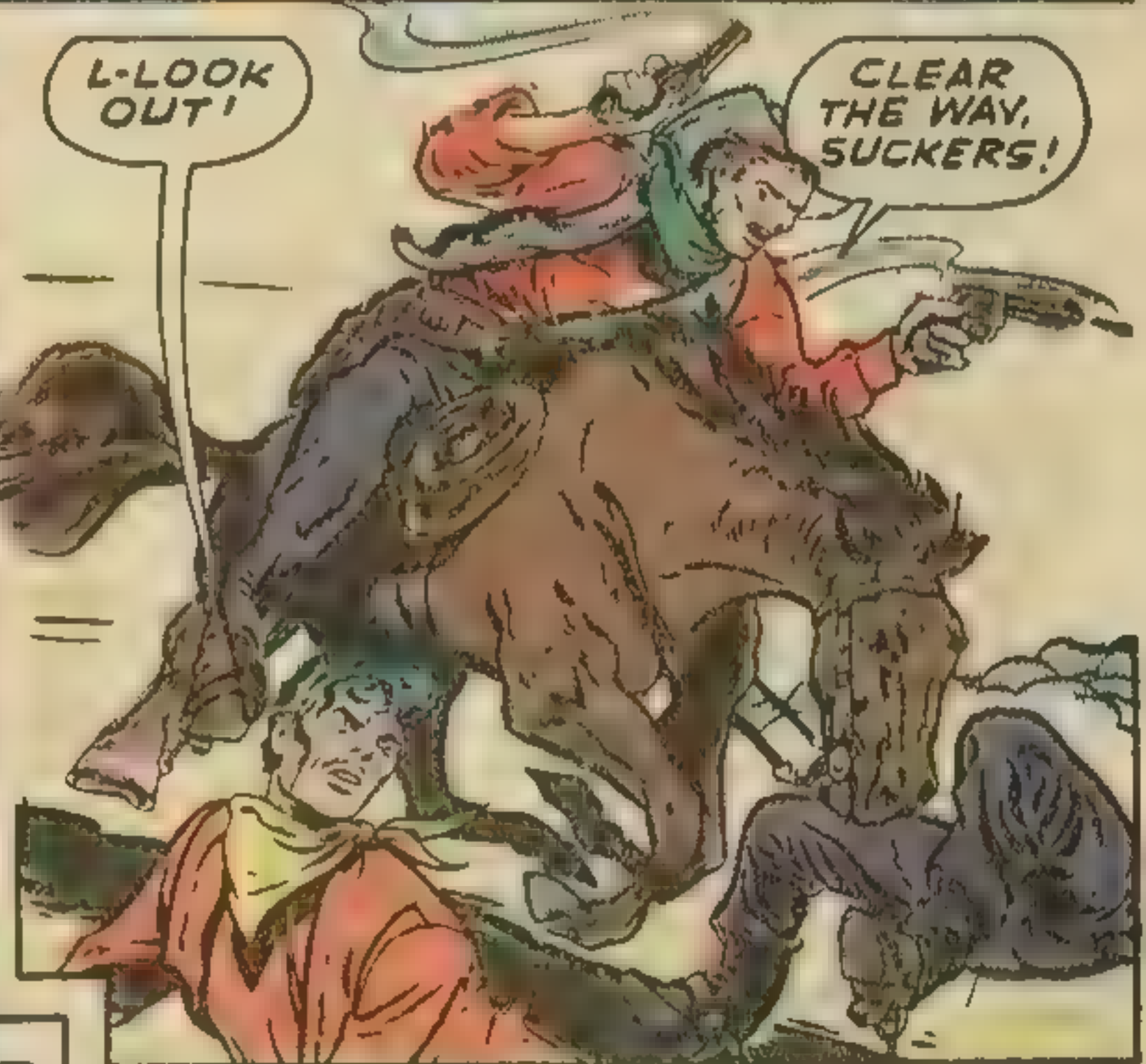
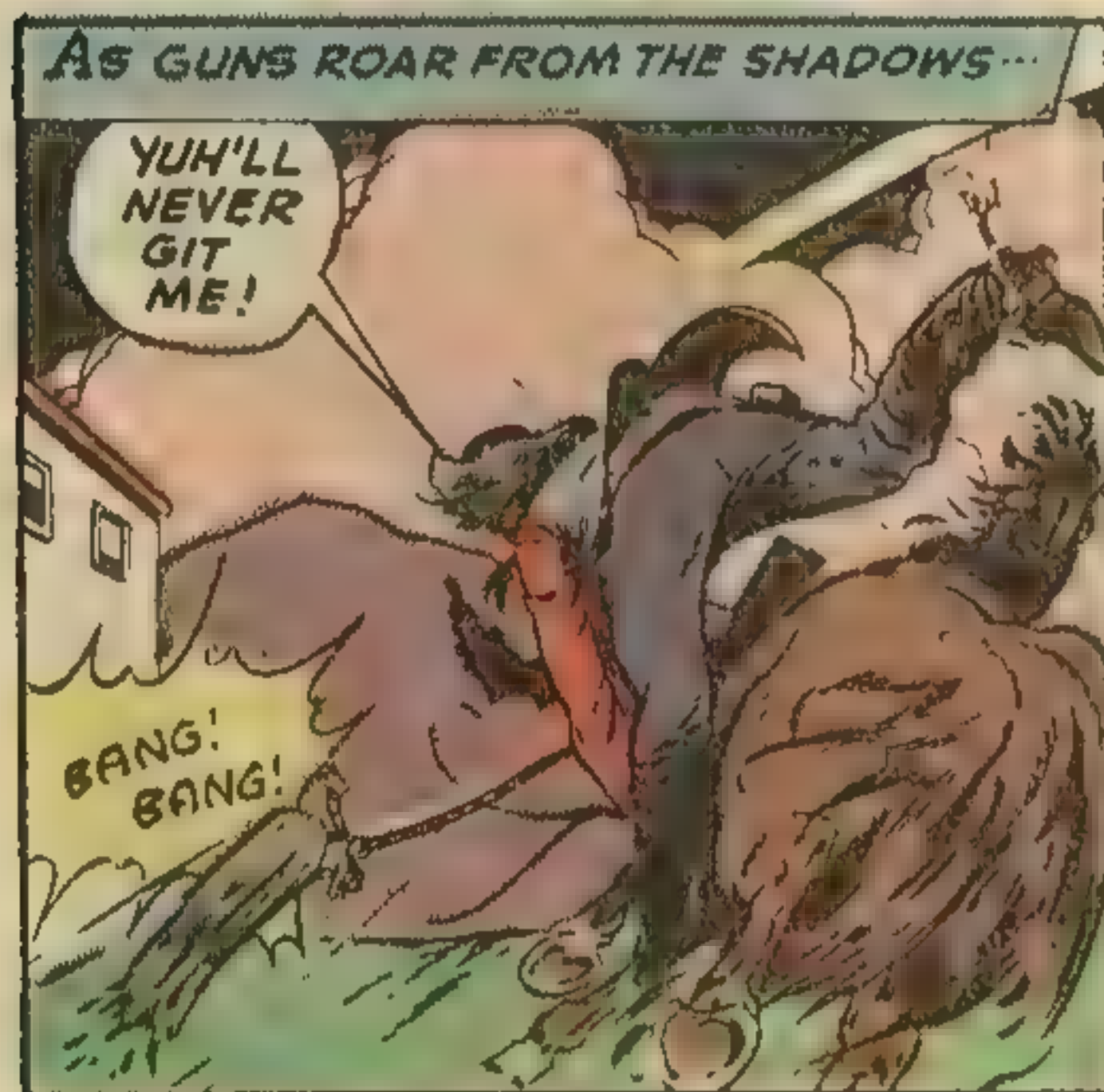
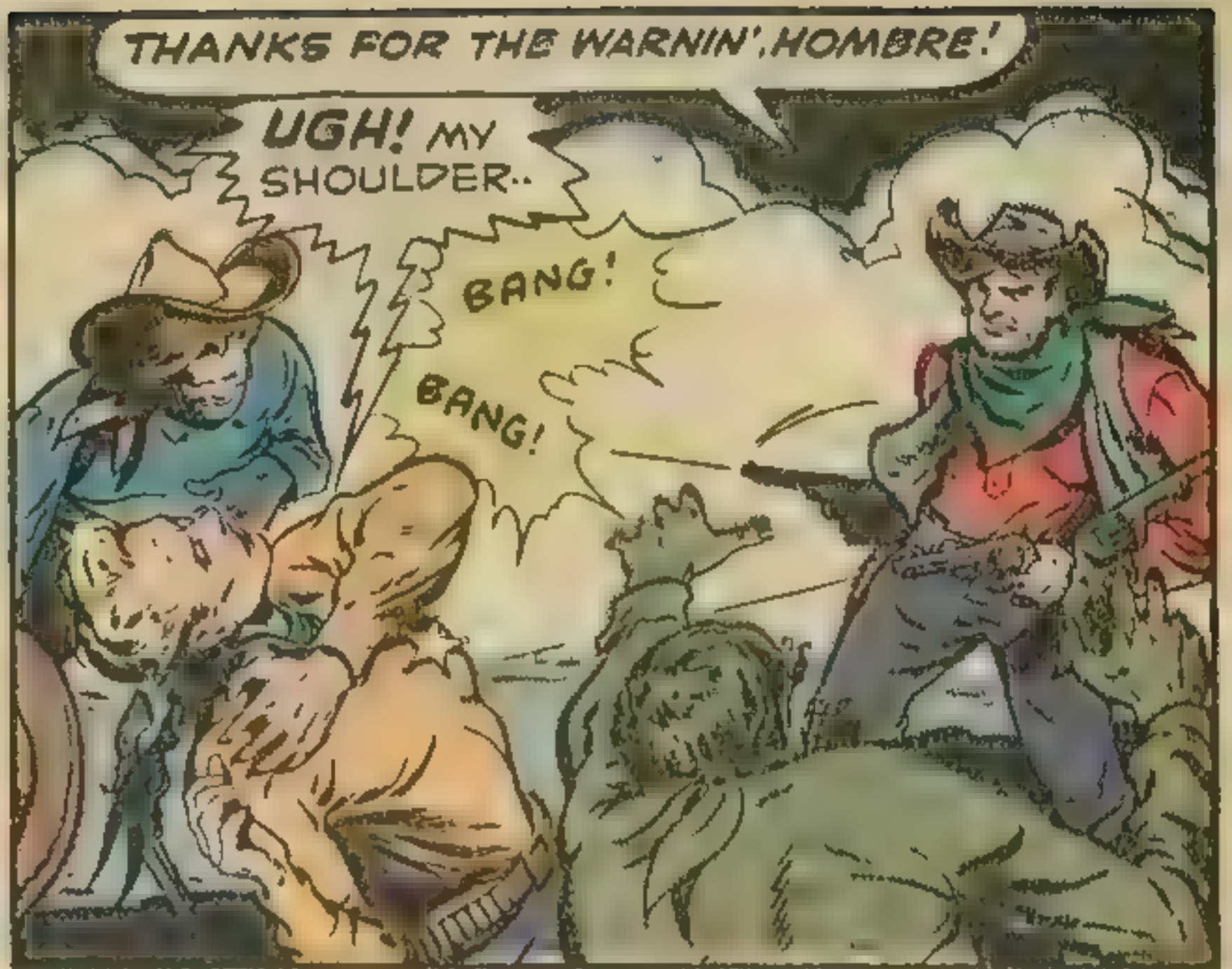
HERE HE COMES, MISS! YUH'RE LUCKY TO BE WHERE HE CAN'T SEE YUH!

THE MOST DANGEROUS BAD MAN IN THESE PARTS, EH? NOW TO WATCH THAT HIGH-AN'-MIGHTY SHERIFF HANLEY SPRING HIS BIG SURPRISE!

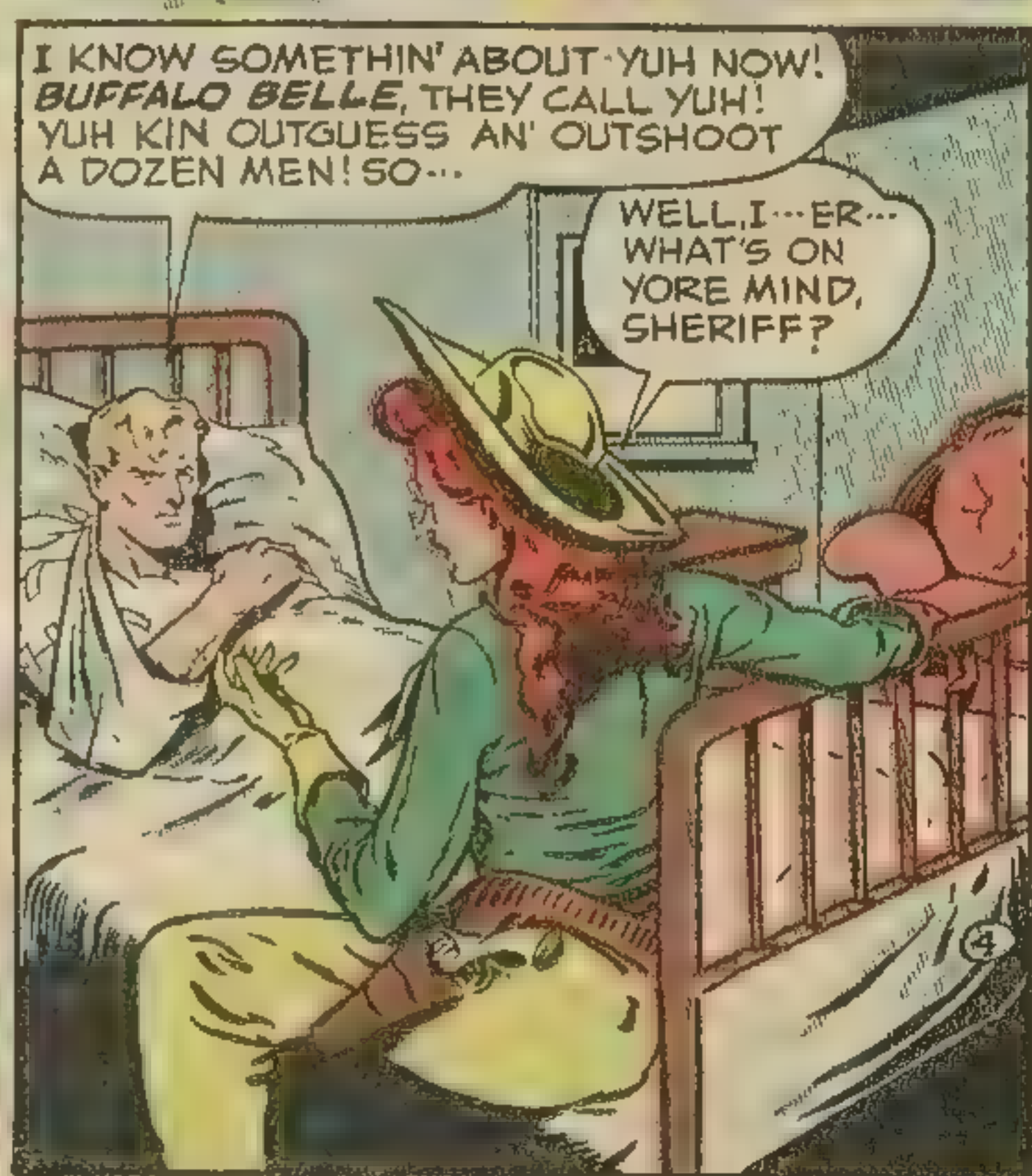
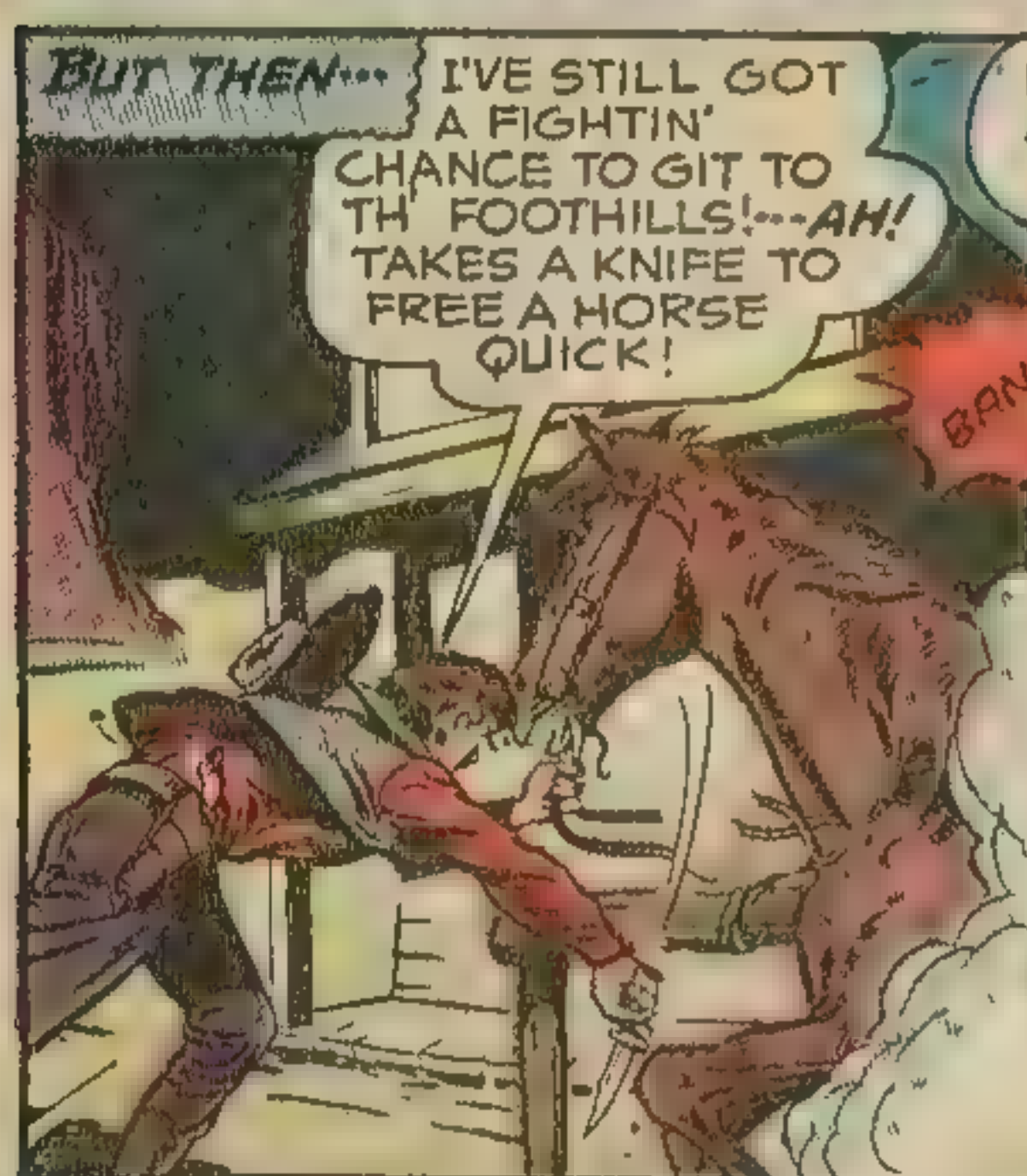
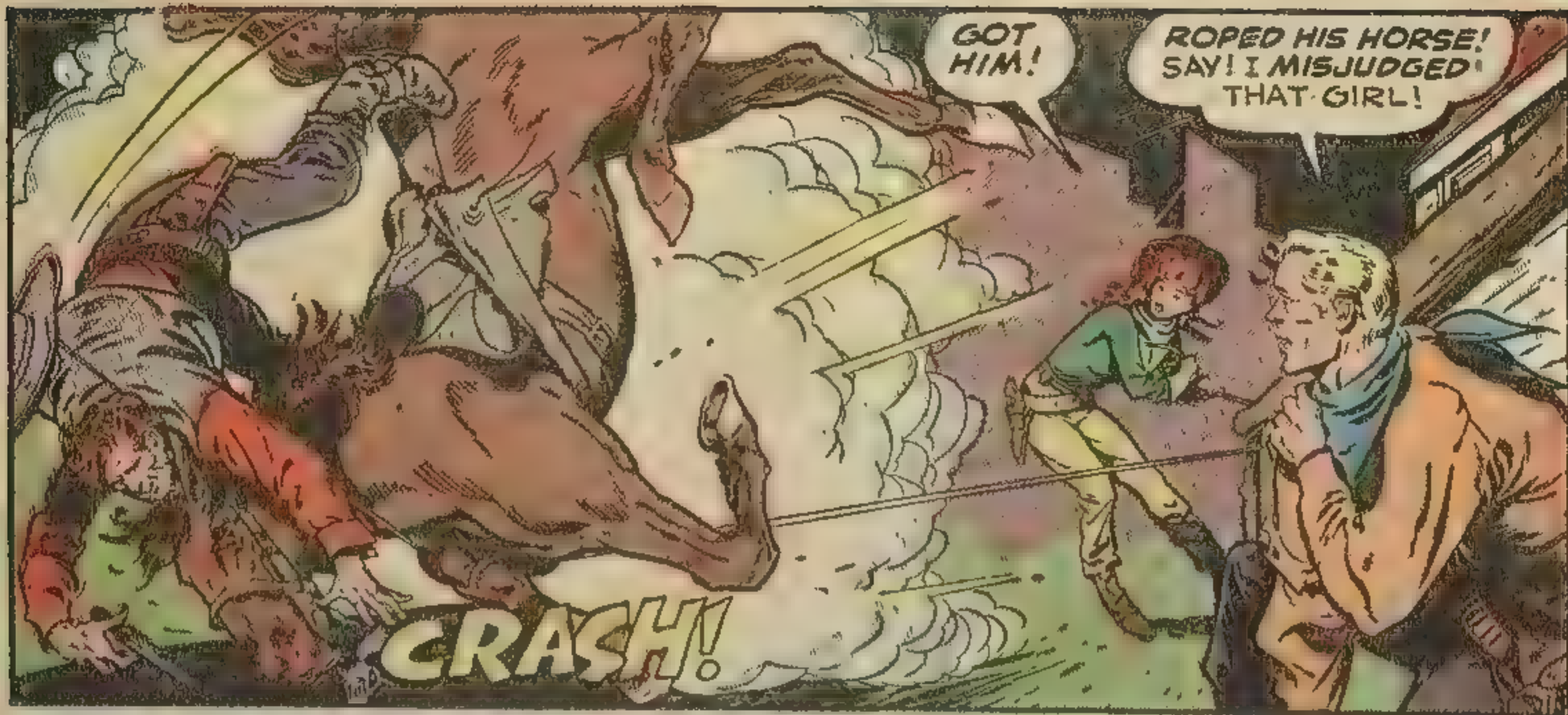
WATCH IT NOW! CAREFUL! HE'S AS DANGEROUS AS A RATTLESNAKE!













CARVER ROBBED A BANK IN JEFFERSON FALLS AN' MADE OFF WITH THE LIFE SAVIN'S OF HALF THE FARMERS IN THE STRIP! THIS IS STILL A CATTLEMAN'S TERRITORY, BELLE! A FEW OF THE CATTLEMEN, LIKE McNALLY, WOULD WANT TO SEE THE FARMERS RUINED! SO THEY'RE STANDIN' BEHIND CARVER AND EGGIN' HIM ON!



CARVER HAS TWO WOUNDED MEN, AN' HE NEEDS SUPPLIES! WHEN I HEARD HE WAS HEADIN' THIS WAY, I TRIED TO AMBUSH HIM! BUT NOW HE'LL TAKE TO THE HILLS AN' COUNT ON GETTIN' HELP FROM McNALLY! THE CATTLEMEN WON'T WANT TO SEE HIM CAPTURED!



YUH KNOW THIS TERRITORY AS WELL AS I DO, BUFFALO BELLE! EVERY FOOT OF IT! CARVER'S GOT TO BE CAUGHT BEFORE HE LEAVES THE STRIP WITH THAT MONEY! I CAN'T GO AFTER HIM MYSELF, SO I'M MAKIN' YUH MY DEPUTY!

M-ME? YOUR DEPUTY?

HOWLIN' COYOTES!



STARTLING NEWS SPREADS QUICKLY!

A FEMALE DEPPITY! DOGGONE---SHERIFF HANLEY MUST BE RUNNIN' A FEVER!

NOT WHEN HE'S CHOSEN BUFFALO BELLE TRENT! SHE'S A PRETTY GAL---BUT A BATTLIN' MAVERICK!



WITH DAWN, BUFFALO BELLE LEADS A TEN-MAN POSSE INTO THE FOOTHILLS!

A FEW WADDIES PASSED THIS WAY, RIDIN' HARD---CARVER AN' HIS BOYS, I'LL BET! LOOK---THE FOLIAGE IS BROKEN OFF SHARPLY AT THE EDGE OF THE ROAD!

YUH GOT AN EYE LIKE AN EAGLE, BELLE---AN' YUH TRACK LIKE AN INJUN!



CAKED BLOOD! NO DOUBT OF IT! LUKE HANLEY SAID TWO OF CARVER'S MEN WERE WOUNDED! IF THEY EASED A WOUNDED MAN AGAINST THAT BOULDER, TO REST HIM AFTER A HARD RIDE---

YEAH! MEBBE THE TRAIL ENDS HERE!





**Suddenly...**

THEY'RE FIRIN' DOWN AT US!...TAKE 'EM, BOYS!

UGH!

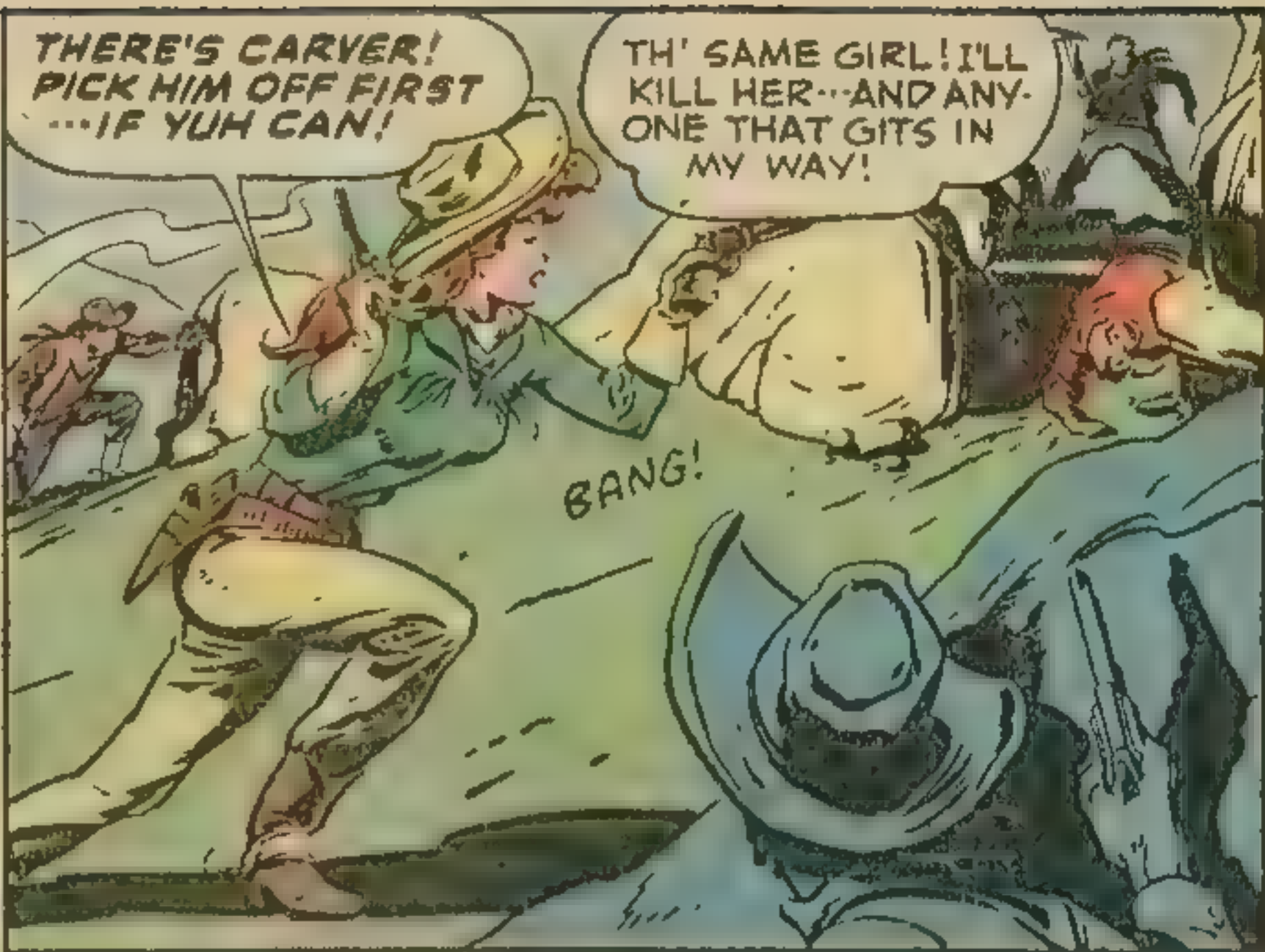
BANG!  
BANG!



THERE'S CARVER!  
PICK HIM OFF FIRST  
...IF YUH CAN!

TH' SAME GIRL! I'LL  
KILL HER...AND ANY-  
ONE THAT GITS IN  
MY WAY!

BANG!



**AT THAT MOMENT...IN THE GULCH BELOW...**

HEAR THOSE SHOTS,  
MCNALLY? RECKON  
WE DIDN'T GIT  
HERE A MINUTE  
TOO SOON!

IF WE CAN'T SAVE CARVER,  
I'LL MAKE SURE THE SHERIFF'S  
POSSE DOESN'T LIVE TO  
TALK! IF THEY KIN PROVE WE  
TOOK PART...WE'LL BE STRUNG  
UP FER THE  
BUZZARDS TO  
PECK AT!



THIS IS **CATTLEMAN'S** TERRITORY...AND  
WE'RE HOLDIN' ON TO IT FER OURSELVES!  
NO FARMER OR SHEEPMAN'S GONNA MAKE  
TROUBLE FER US BY PLANTIN' CROPS AN'  
PUTTIN' UP FENCES! **LET'S GO!**



**Meanwhile...**

THE BOYS HAVE FOLLOWED  
CARVER INTO THE GULCH!  
NOW IF WE CAN ONLY TAKE  
HIM FROM THE **OTHER**  
SIDE...

WE'LL HAVE HIM  
DEAD TO RIGHTS!  
YUH GOT A HEAD  
ON YORE SHOULDERS,  
BELLE!



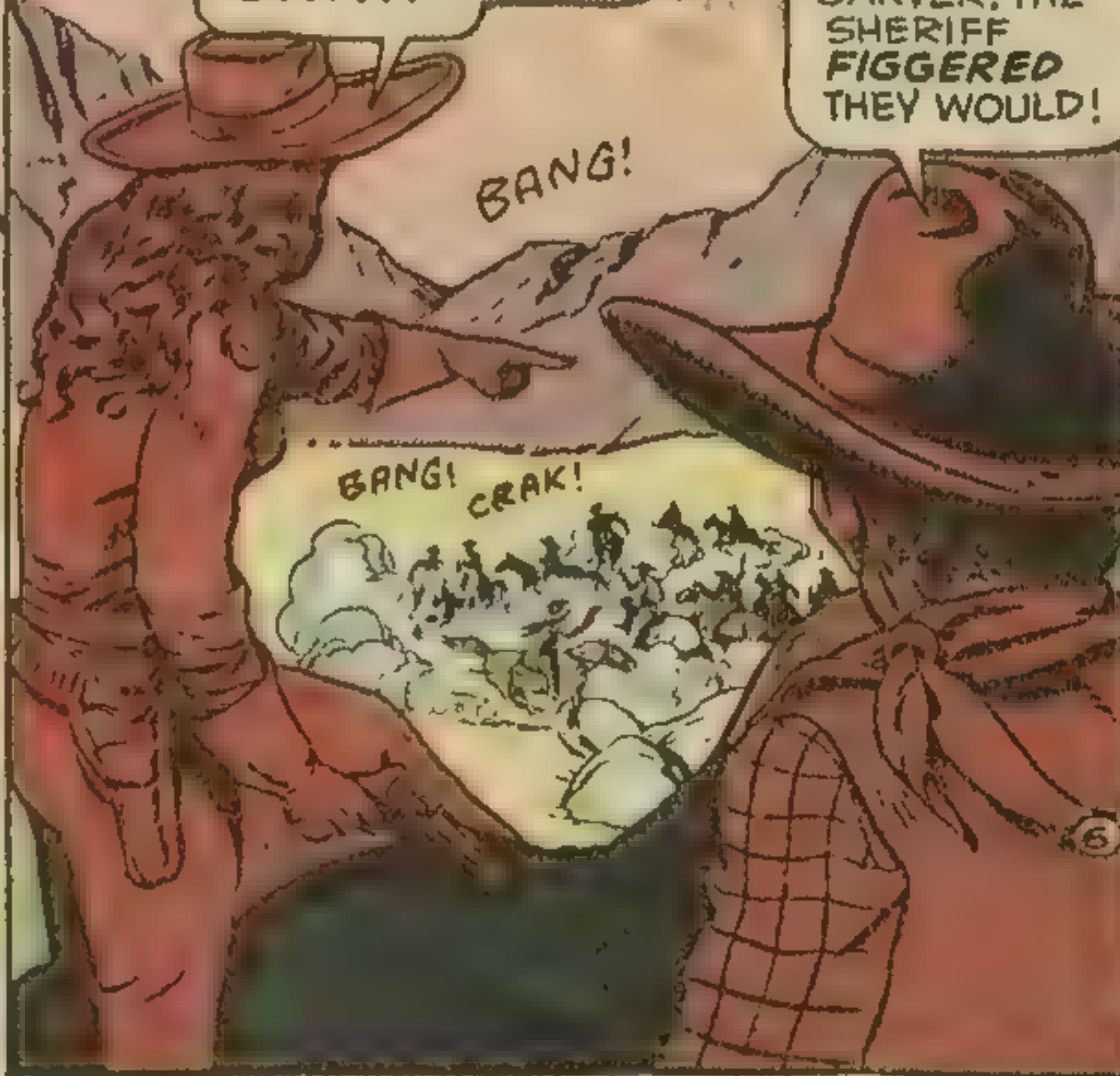
**Suddenly...A BURST OF GUNFIRE!**

THE POSSE...TRAPPED!  
THEY'RE FIRING AT...LOOKS  
LIKE **MCNALLY'S**  
OUTFIT!

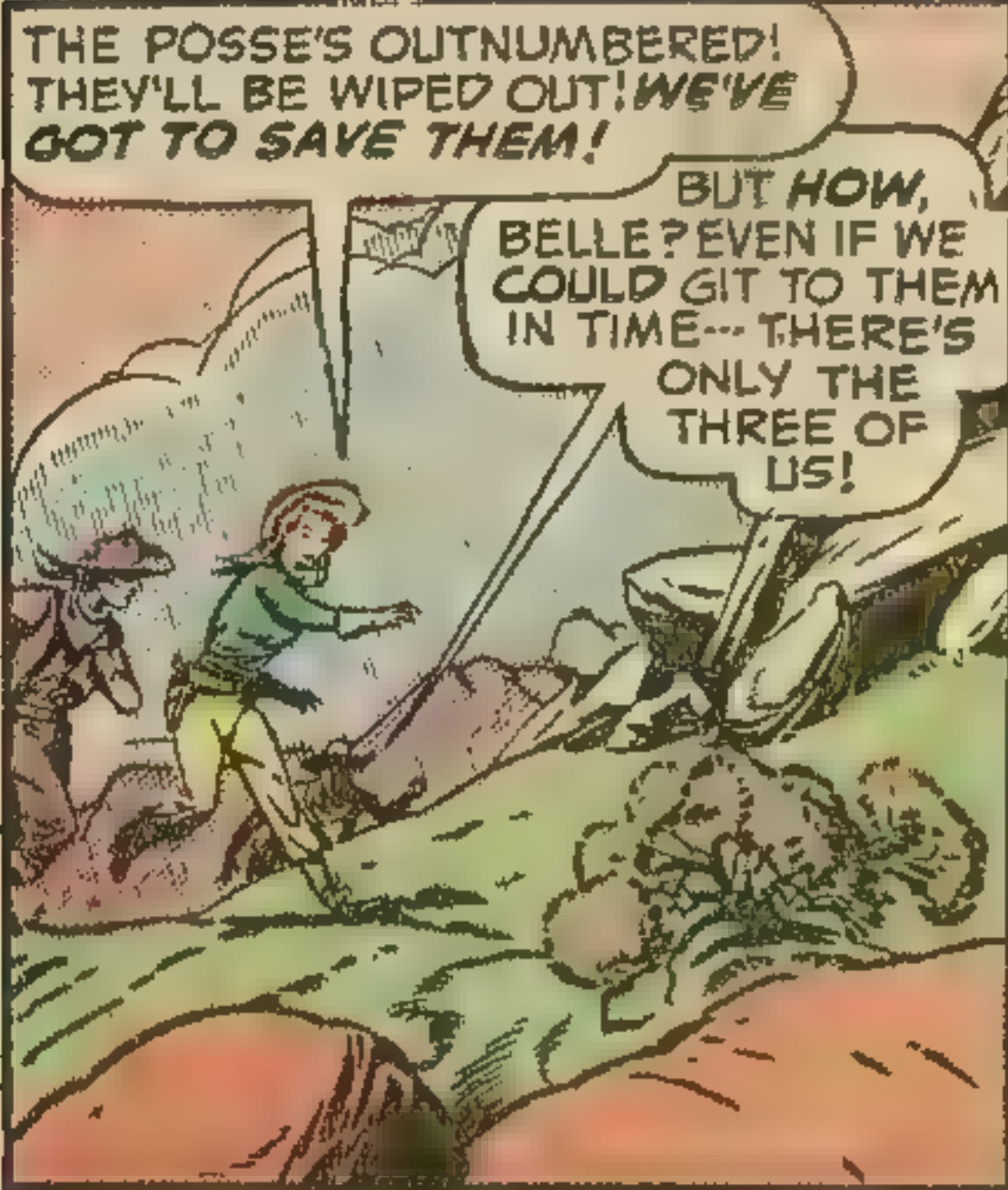
SO THE  
VARMINTS  
ARE HELPIN'  
CARVER! THE  
SHERIFF  
**FIGGERED**  
THEY WOULD!

BANG!

BANG! CRACK!

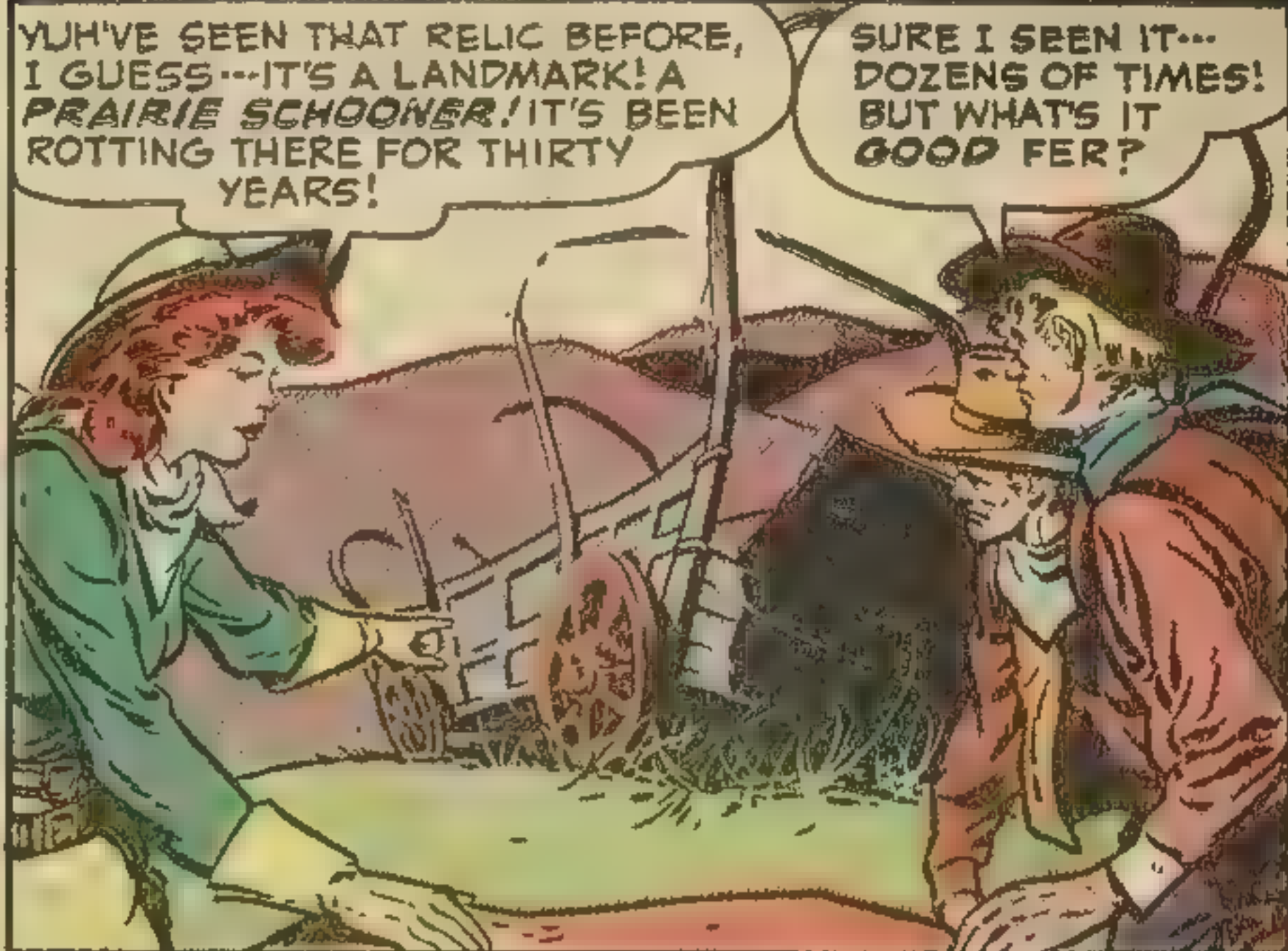






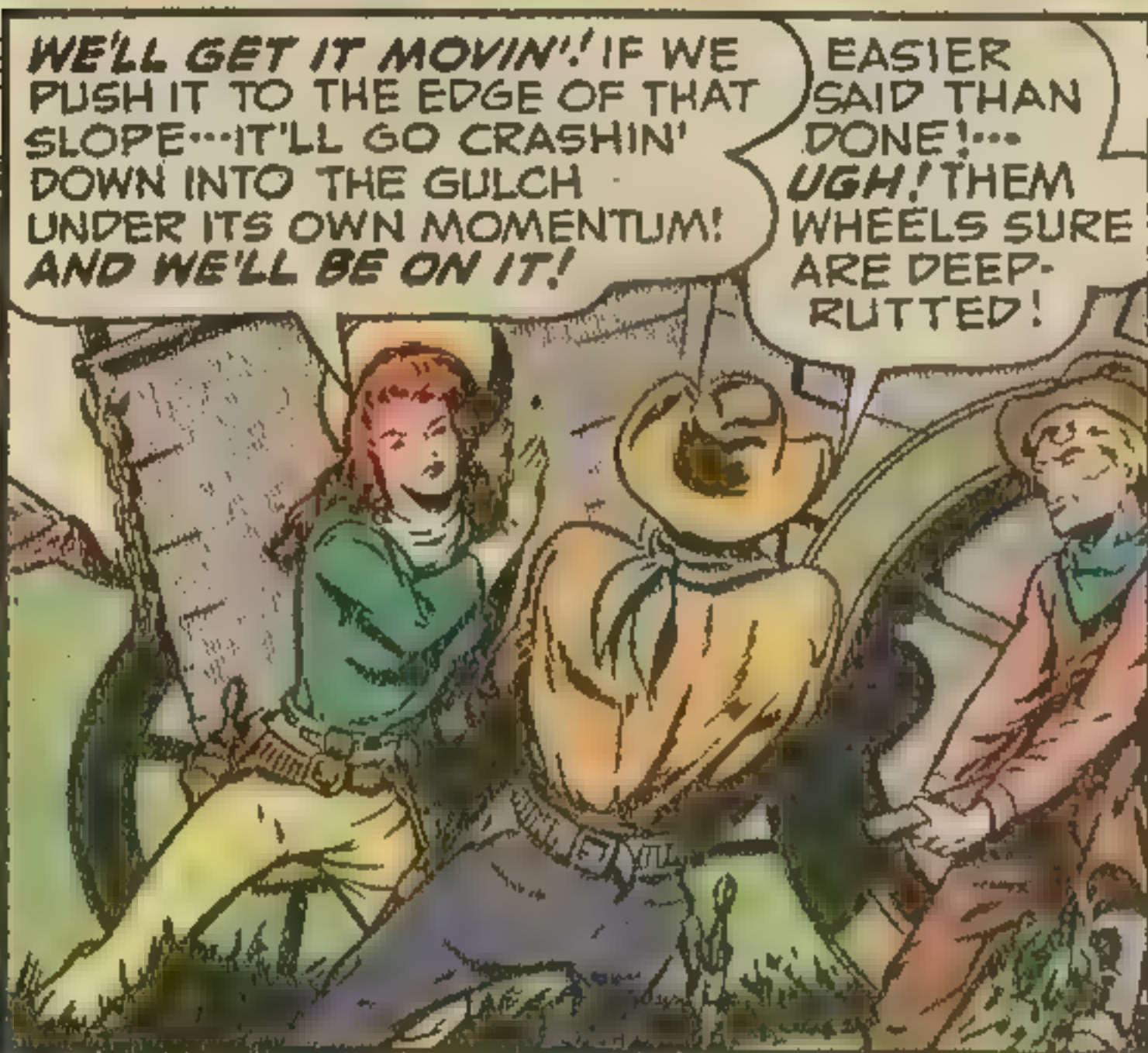
THE POSSE'S OUTNUMBERED! THEY'LL BE WIPED OUT! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!

BUT HOW, BELLE? EVEN IF WE COULD GIT TO THEM IN TIME-- THERE'S ONLY THE THREE OF US!



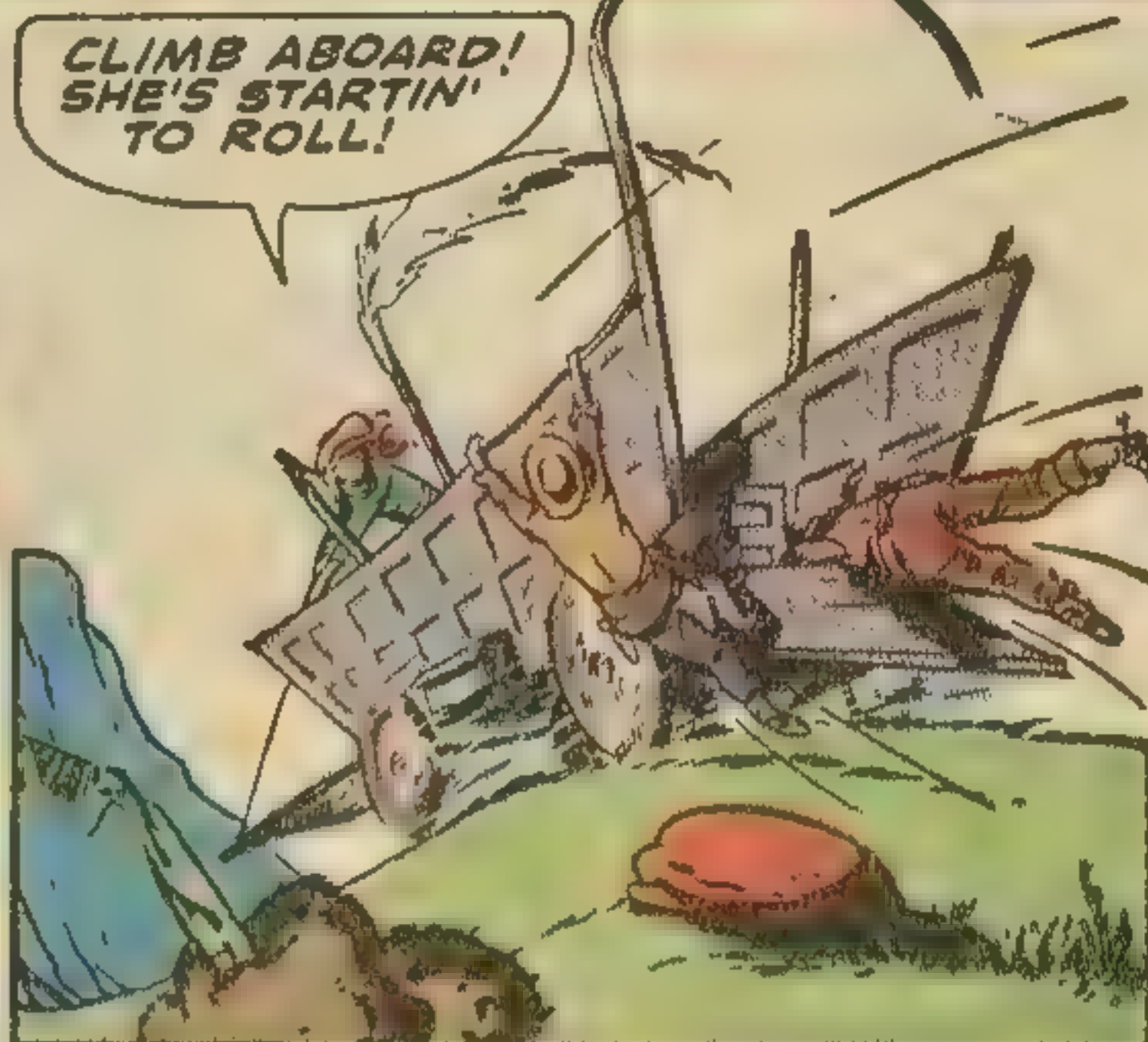
YU'VE SEEN THAT RELIC BEFORE, I GUESS--IT'S A LANDMARK! A PRAIRIE SCHOONER! IT'S BEEN ROTTING THERE FOR THIRTY YEARS!

SURE I SEEN IT... DOZENS OF TIMES! BUT WHAT'S IT GOOD FER?

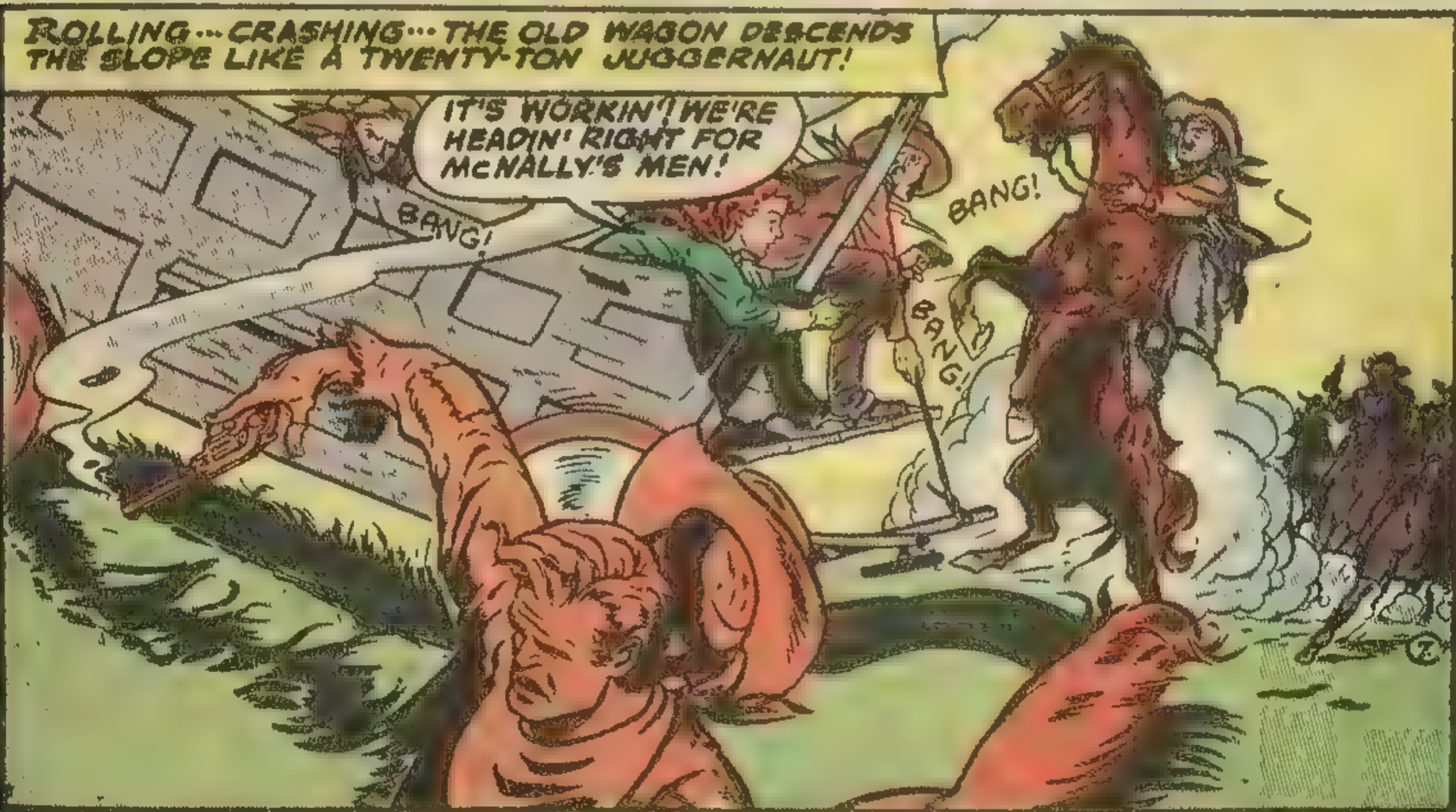


WE'LL GET IT MOVIN'! IF WE PUSH IT TO THE EDGE OF THAT SLOPE--IT'LL GO CRASHIN' DOWN INTO THE GULCH UNDER ITS OWN MOMENTUM! AND WE'LL BE ON IT!

EASIER SAID THAN DONE!... UGH! THEM WHEELS SURE ARE DEEPRUTTED!



CLIMB ABOARD! SHE'S STARTIN' TO ROLL!



ROLLING... CRASHING... THE OLD WAGON DESCENDS THE SLOPE LIKE A TWENTY-TON JUGGERNAUT!

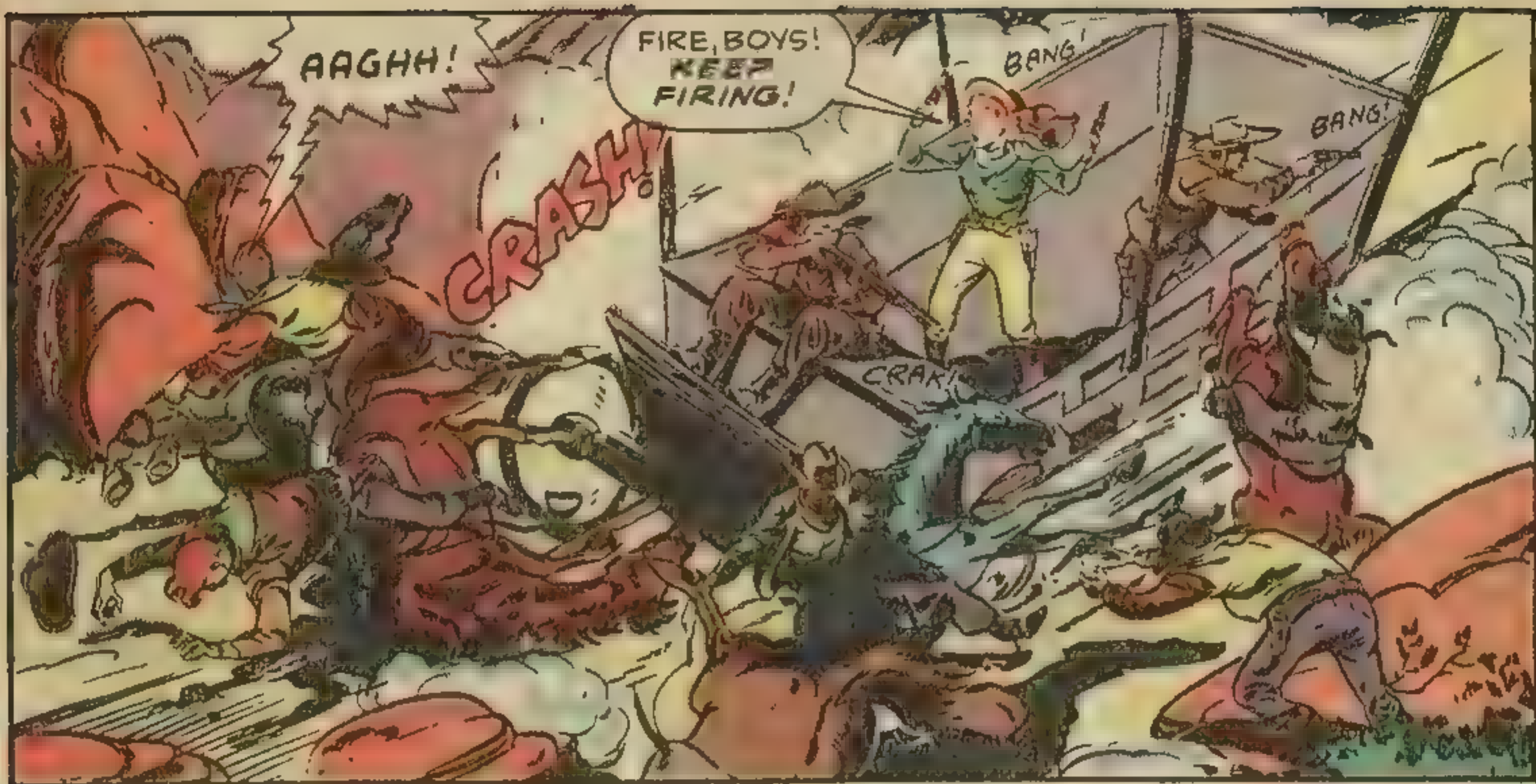
IT'S WORKIN'! WE'RE HEADIN' RIGHT FOR McNALLY'S MEN!

BANG!

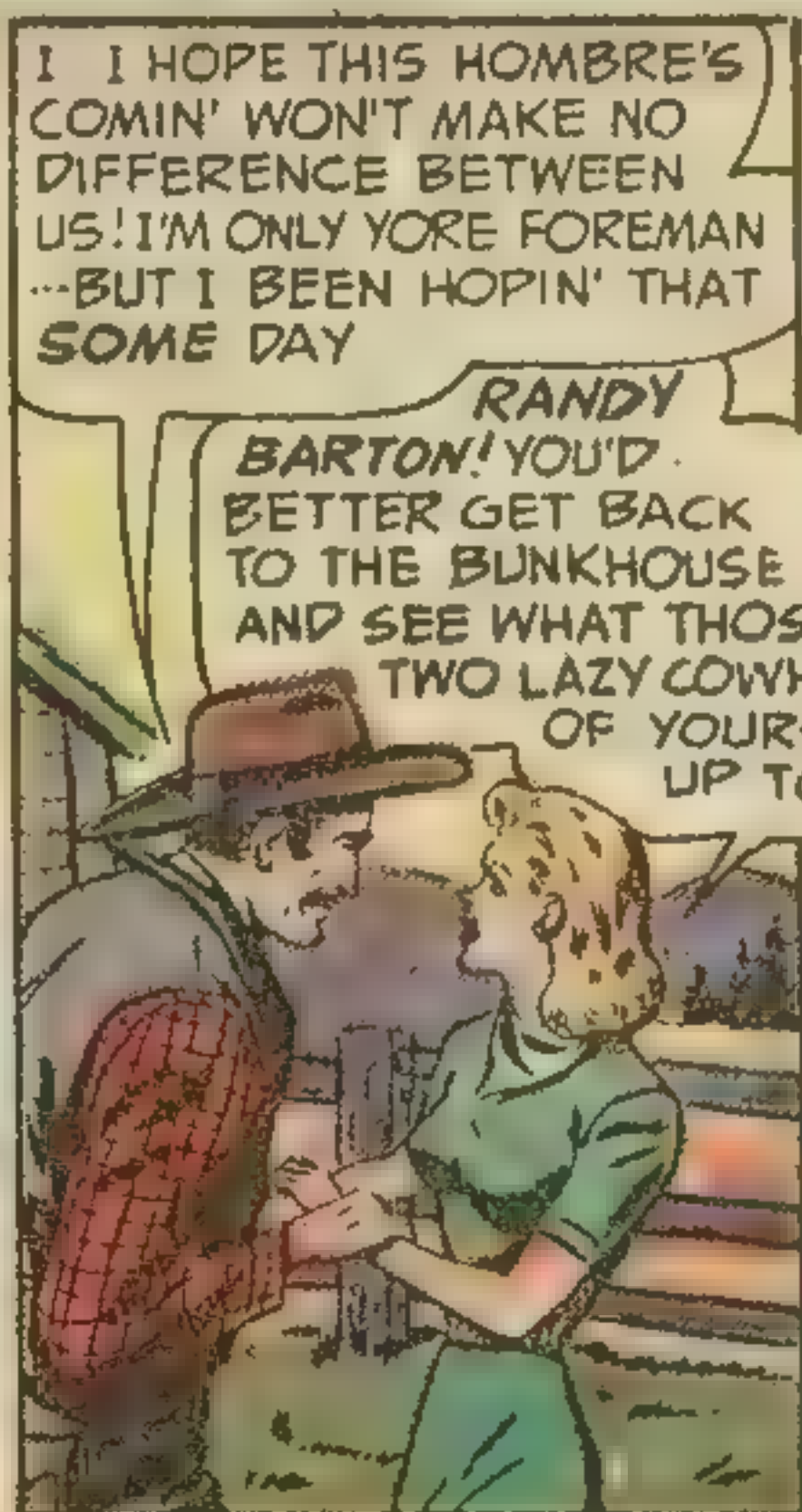
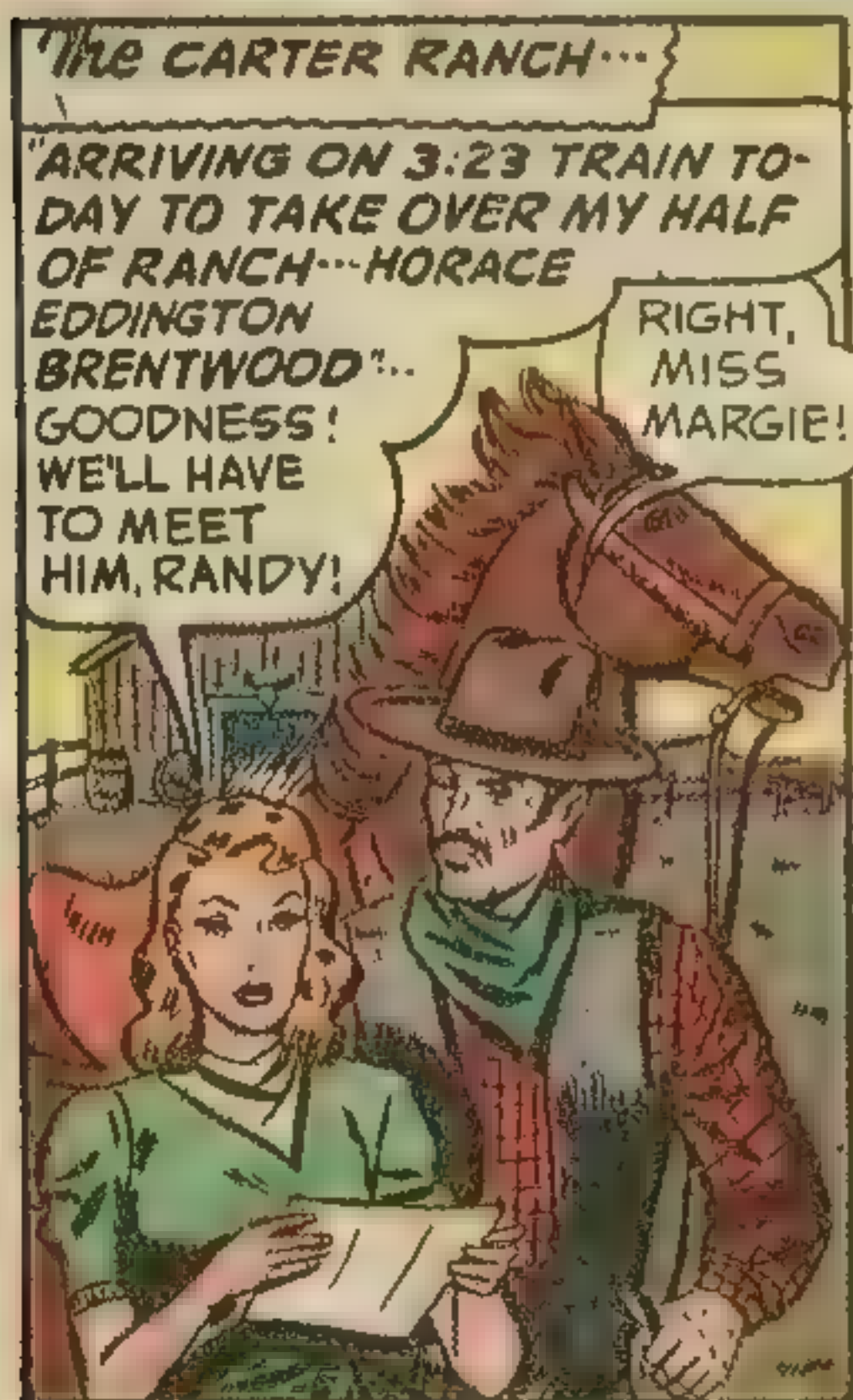
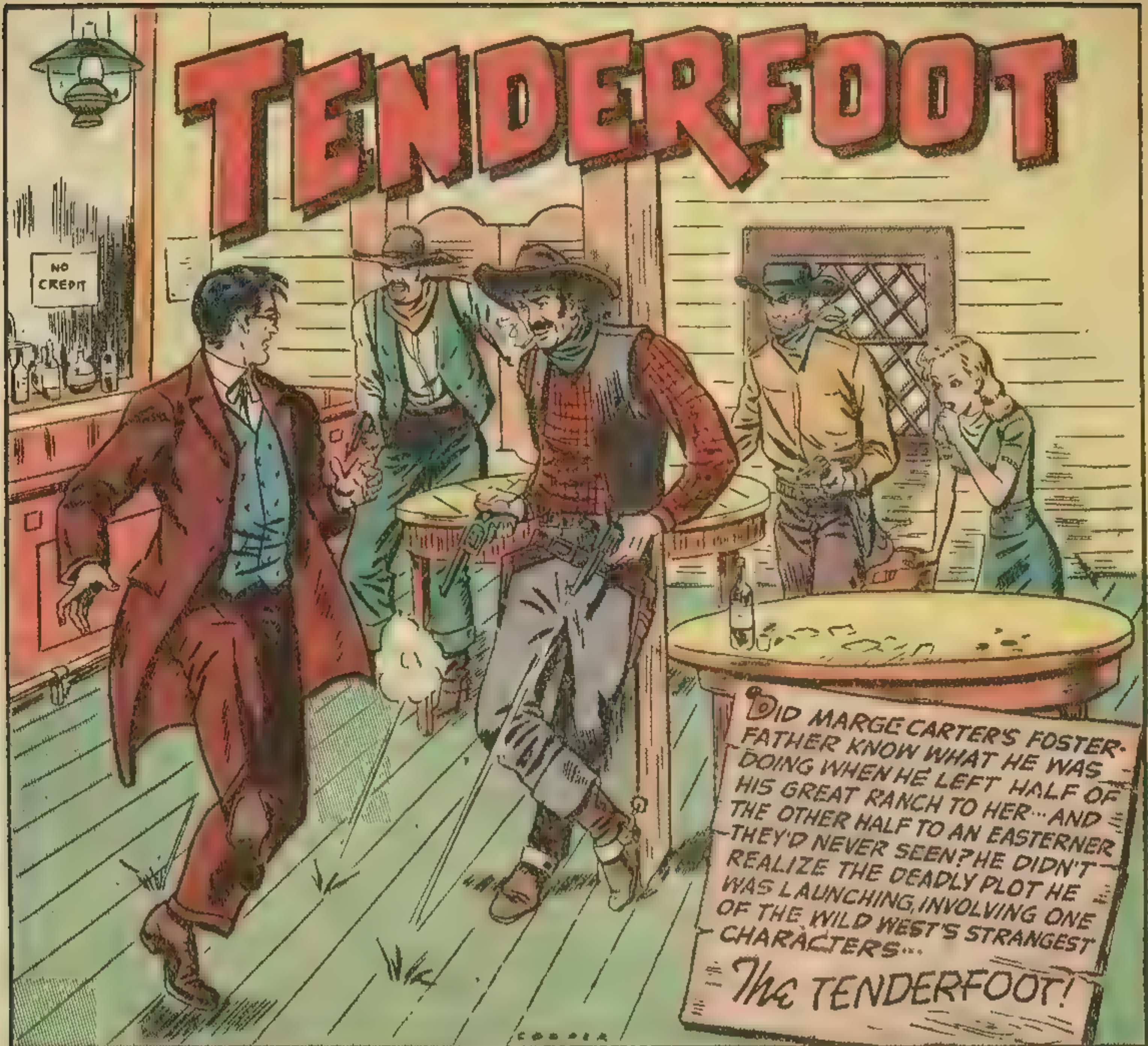
BANG!

BANG!











THIS IS A RICH SPREAD, AN' I'M AIMIN' TO TAKE IT OVER! THE TWO HEIRS ARE STANDIN' IN MY WAY... **BUT NOT FER LONG!** I MEAN TO MARRY MARGE CARTER...AN' DO A JOB ON THAT TENDERFOOT WHO'S DUE IN THIS AFTERNOON! BOYS, WADDEYA SAY TO STAGIN' AN' **OLD-FASHIONED WESTERN TRAIN HOLDUP?**



## BARTON AND HIS BOYS CRACK DOWN!

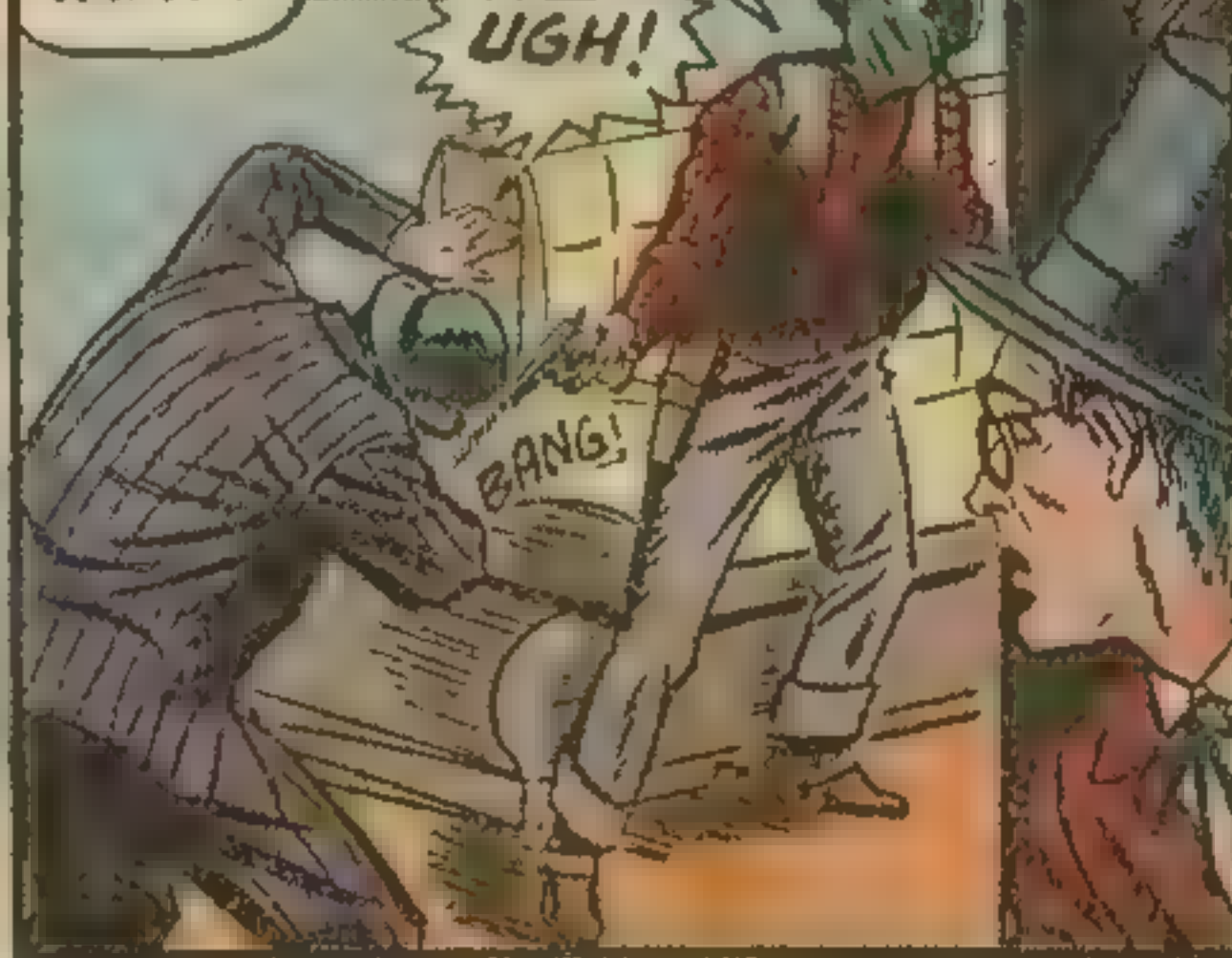
HOLD 'EM HERE, CHUCK...WE'RE GOIN' BACK! THERE'S ONLY ONE CAR...WHICH'LL MAKE FINDIN' THAT CERTAIN PASSENGER A **CINCH!**



ALL RIGHT, FOLKS... **REACH FER THE SKY!**



YUH'RE THE WADDY I'M AFTER...GOT YORE UNCLE'S BUILD! I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYWHERE...**TAKE THAT!**



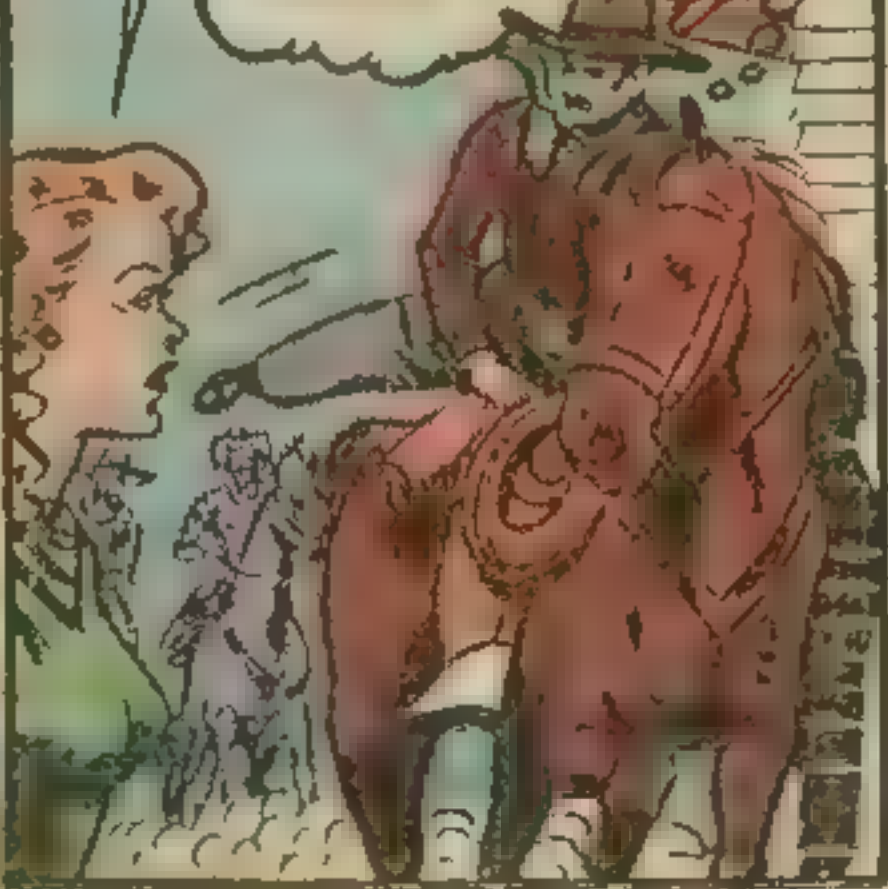
**DON'T NOBODY MOVE!** ...LET'S VAMOSE! WITH THAT SHORTCUT, WE CAN GIT BACK FAST!



## SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

WHAT KEPT YOU, RANDY? HERE COMES THE TRAIN NOW!

SHE'LL NEVER KNOW I KILLED THE HOMBRE WE CAME TO MEET! BUT I HADDA GIT HERE TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES!



I...I'M HORACE EDDINGTON BRENTWOOD...IS THERE ANYONE HERE TO MEET ME?...GOODNESS, SUCH AN **AWFUL JOURNEY...**



**WHAT! YOU?** I...DIDN'T EXPECT...

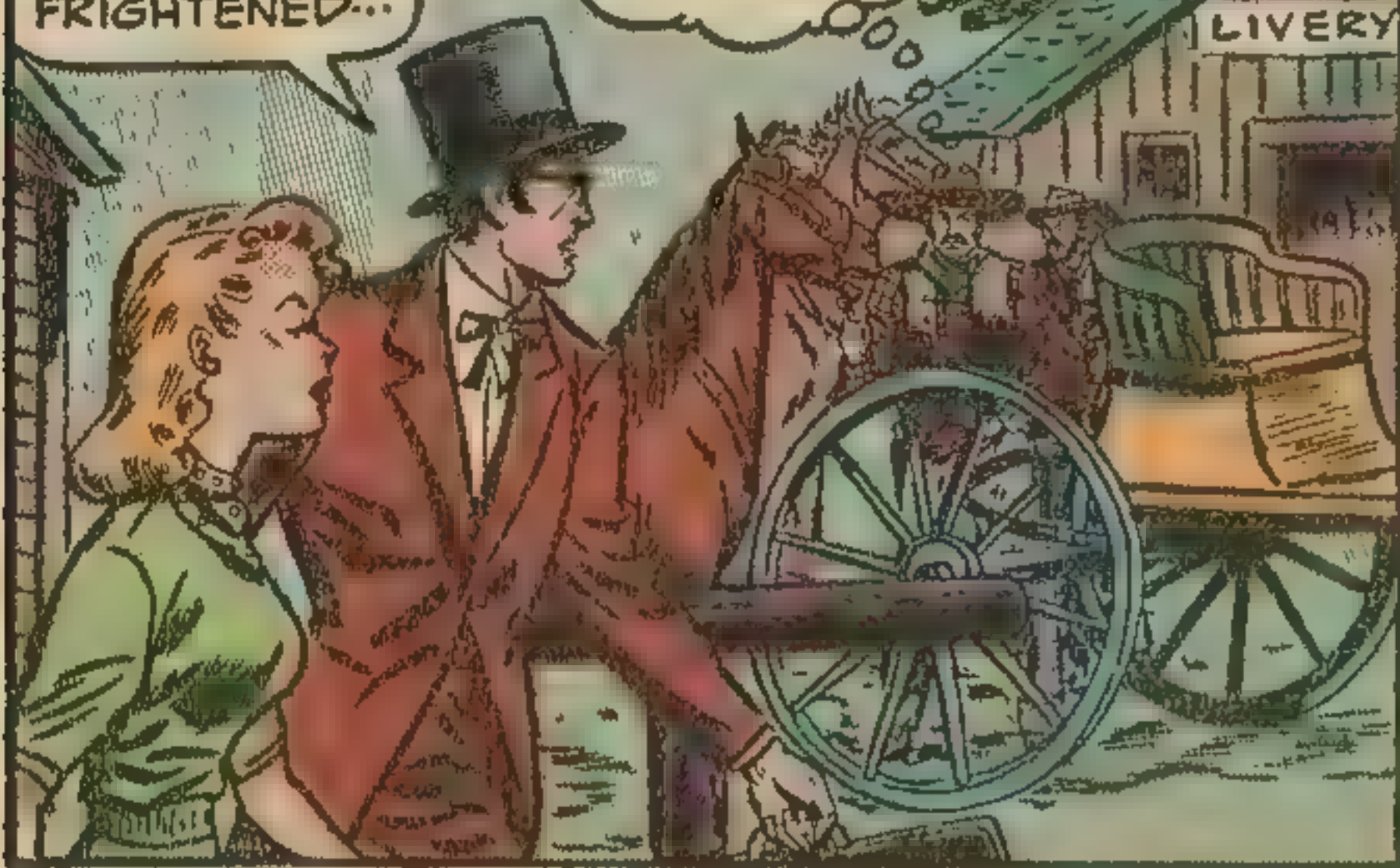
**TARNATION! I GOT THE WRONG MAN!**



**AS THEY WALK OFF...THE  
EASTERNER'S EYES ARE BUSY...**

OH, THERE WAS A  
**TERRIBLE SHOOT-**  
ING ON THE TRAIN!  
I WAS **SO**  
FRIGHTENED...

I'LL MAKE UP FER  
MY MISTAKE...THIS  
SOFTY'LL BE  
**EASY!**



**Next morning...** WELL...ER...

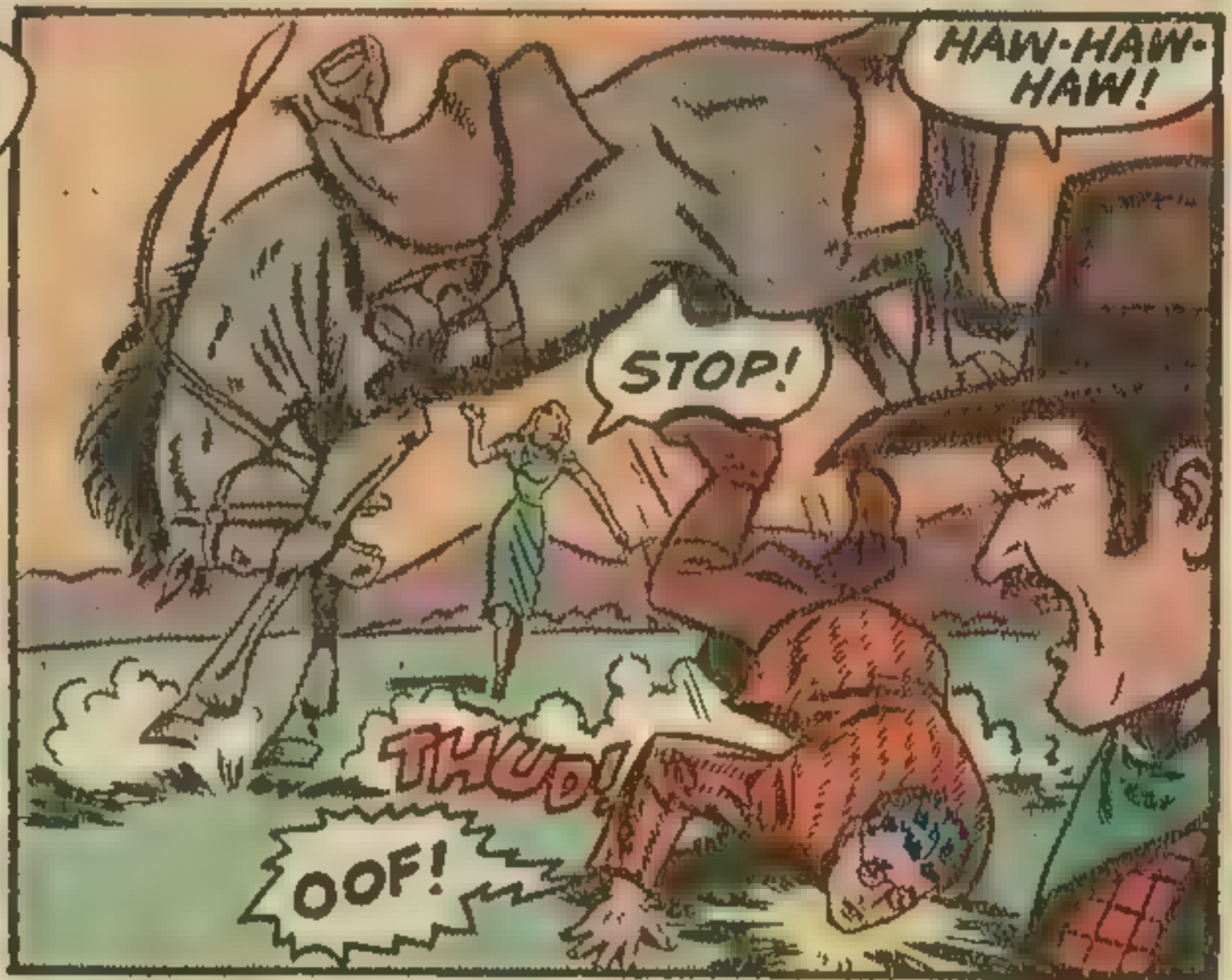
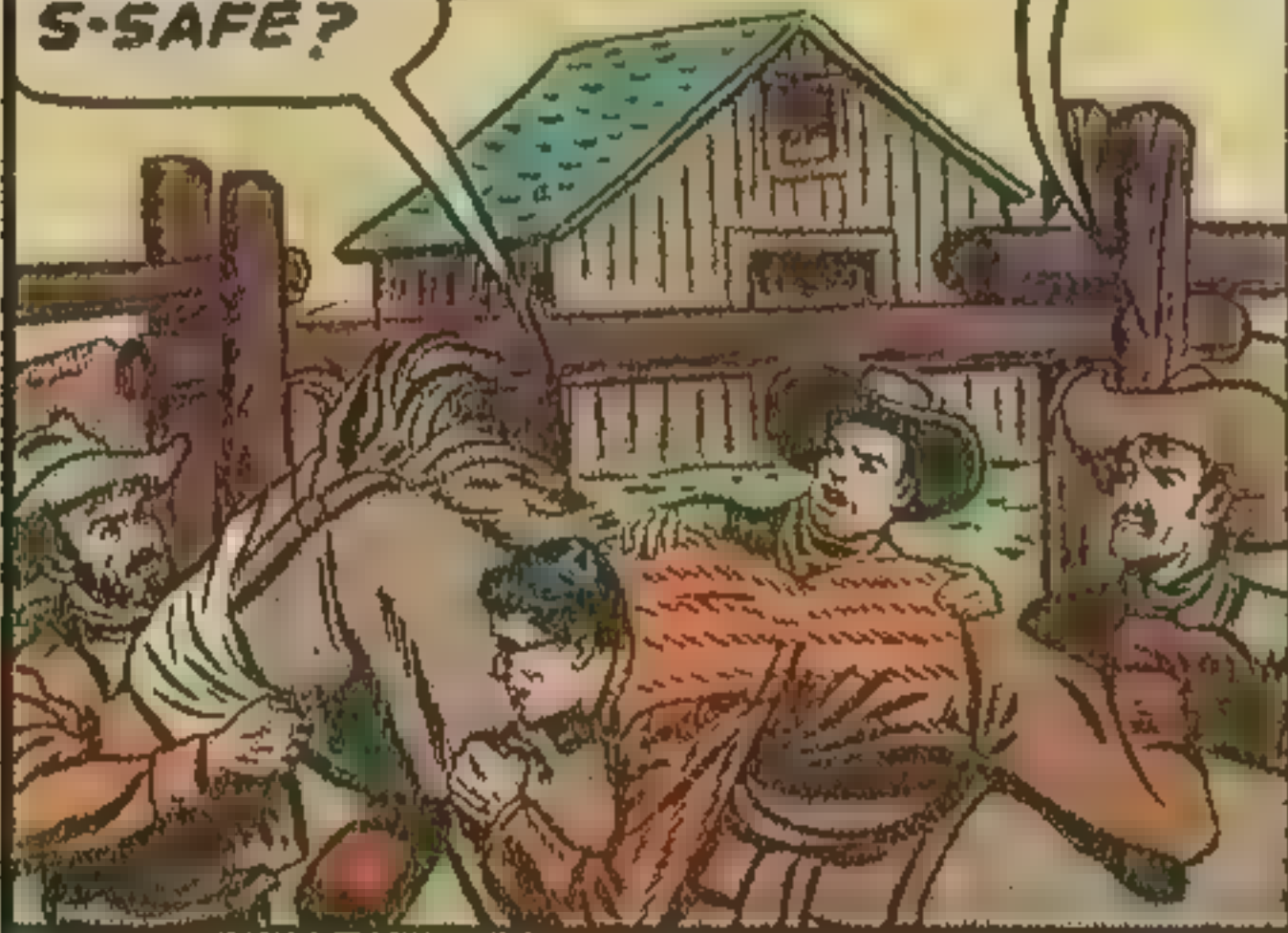
**HAW-HAW!** IF  
EVER I SAW A  
**TENDERFOOT**  
...THAT'S WHAT  
WE'LL CALL  
YUH FROM  
NOW ON...  
**TENDERFOOT!**

I DON'T EX-  
ACTLY LIKE THE  
**SOUND** OF IT,  
BUT I GUESS  
THAT'S WHAT I  
AM, AFTER ALL!  
ER...DO YOU THINK  
YOU COULD TEACH  
ME TO RIDE A  
**HORSE?**



IT'S NICE OF YOU  
TO TEACH ME SO  
**PROMPTLY!** ARE  
YOU SURE THIS  
HORSE IS  
**S-SAFE?**

**SAFE AS A**  
ROCKIN'-CHAIR!  
YUH'LL SEE!



YOU OUGHT  
TO BE  
**ASHAMED**  
OF YOURSELF,  
RANDY  
BARTON!

I'M JUST TRYIN'  
TO TEACH HIM  
WESTERN WAYS,  
MISS MARGIE...  
HONEST! WATCH  
...I'M GONNA SHOW  
'IM ABOUT SHOOTIN'  
NOW!...**HERE...**  
**TAKE THIS!**

**G-GOODNESS!**



IS...IS **THIS**  
THE WAY YOU  
HOLD IT?

NAW, TENDER-  
FOOT...YUH USE  
ONLY **ONE**  
HAND! THERE'S  
A TARGET FER  
YUH...THAT PRAIRIE-  
DOG OVER THERE!



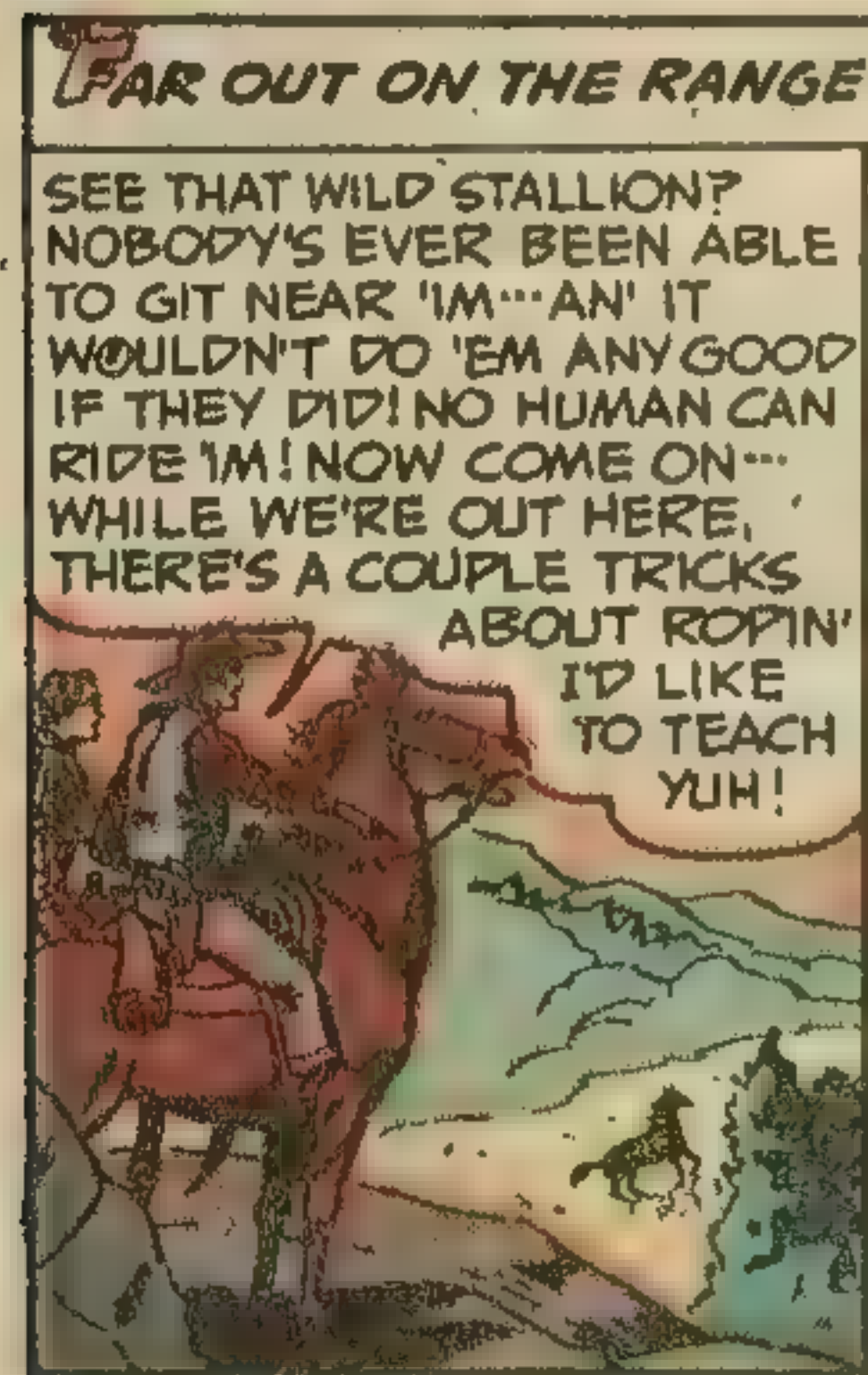
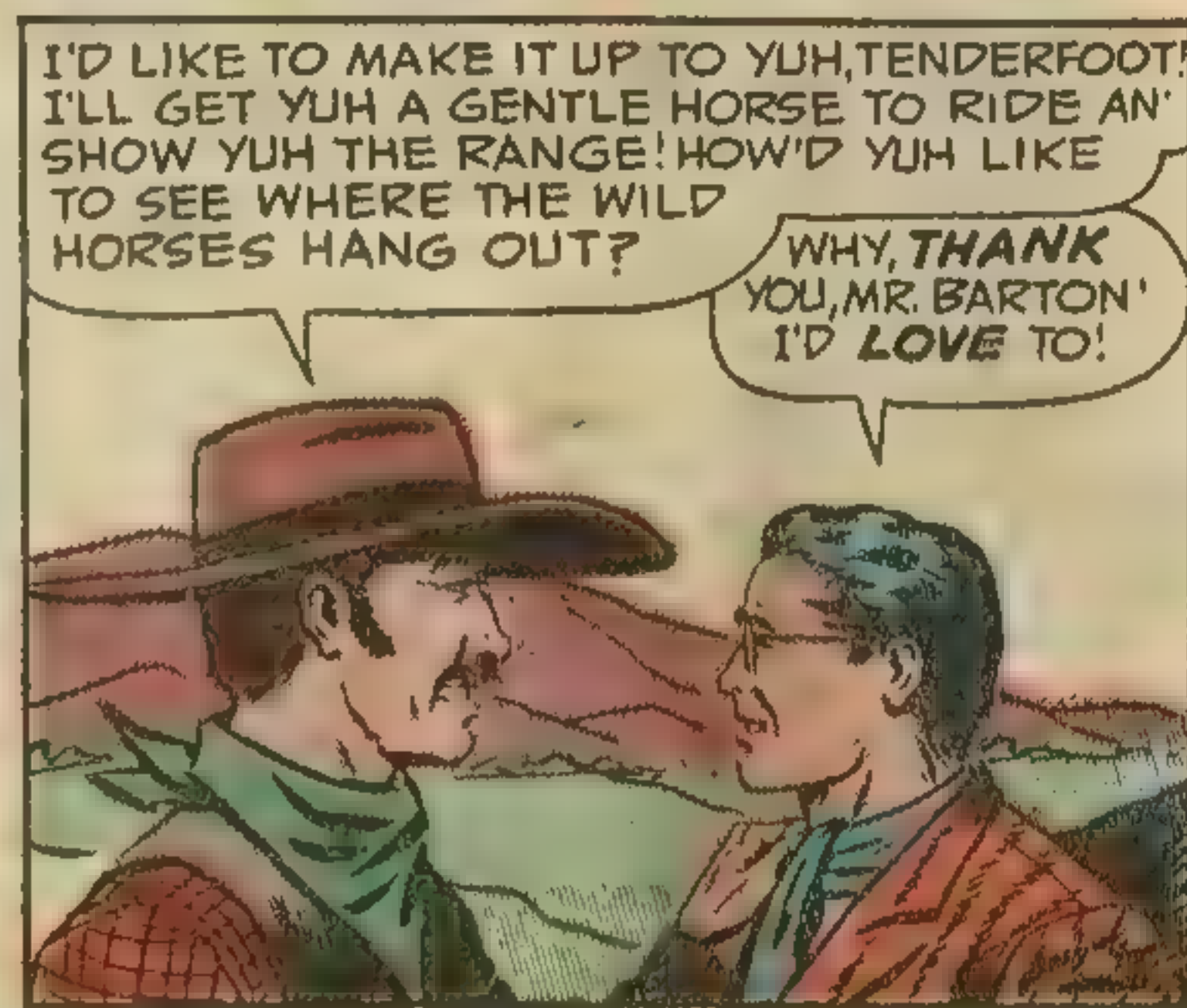
**A...A**  
WILD  
ANIMAL!  
**OH-HHHHH!**

WELL,  
I'LL BE!  
**HE'S**  
FAINTED!

**HO-HO!**  
THAT  
SOFTY'S  
KILLIN'  
ME!





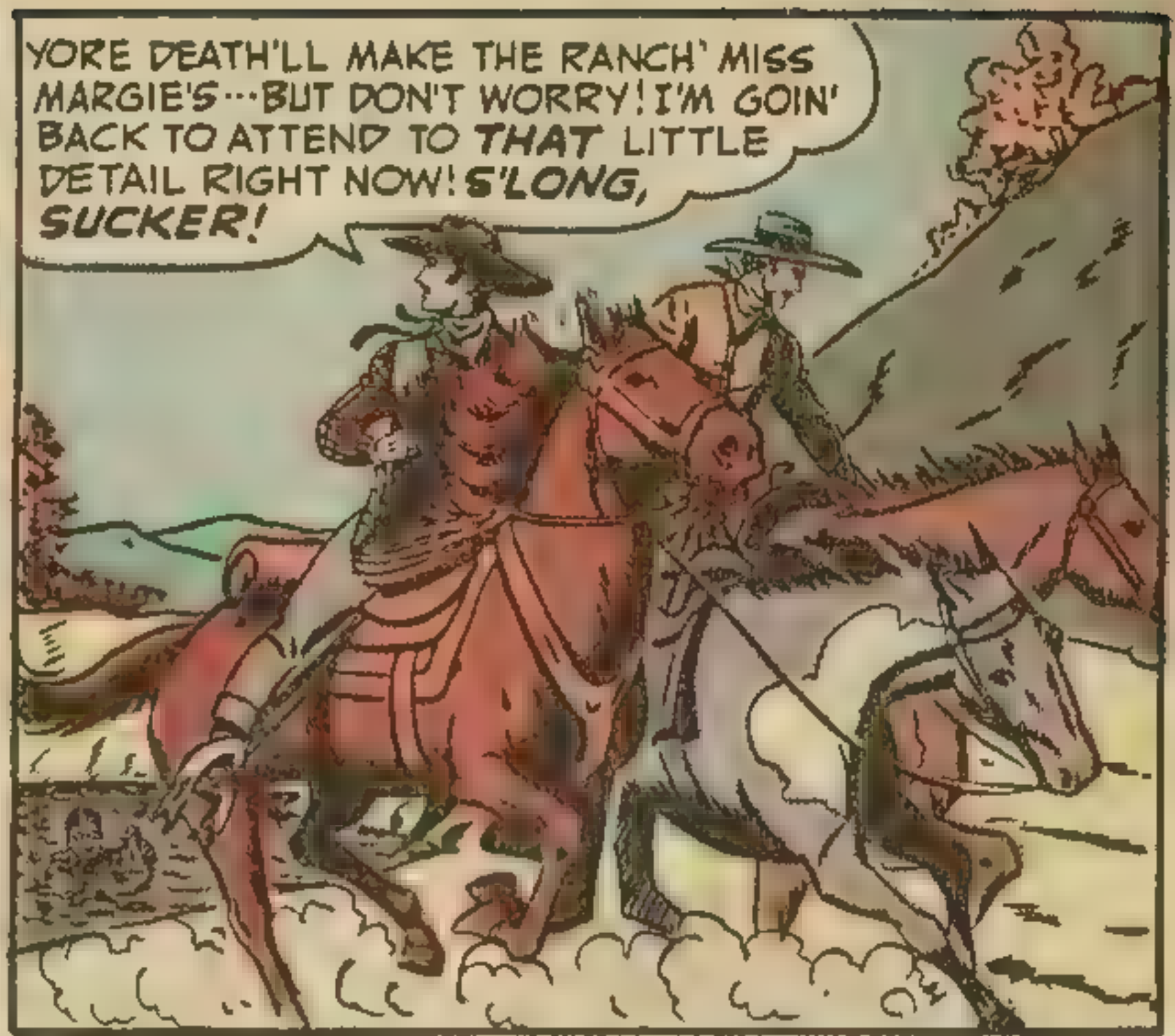




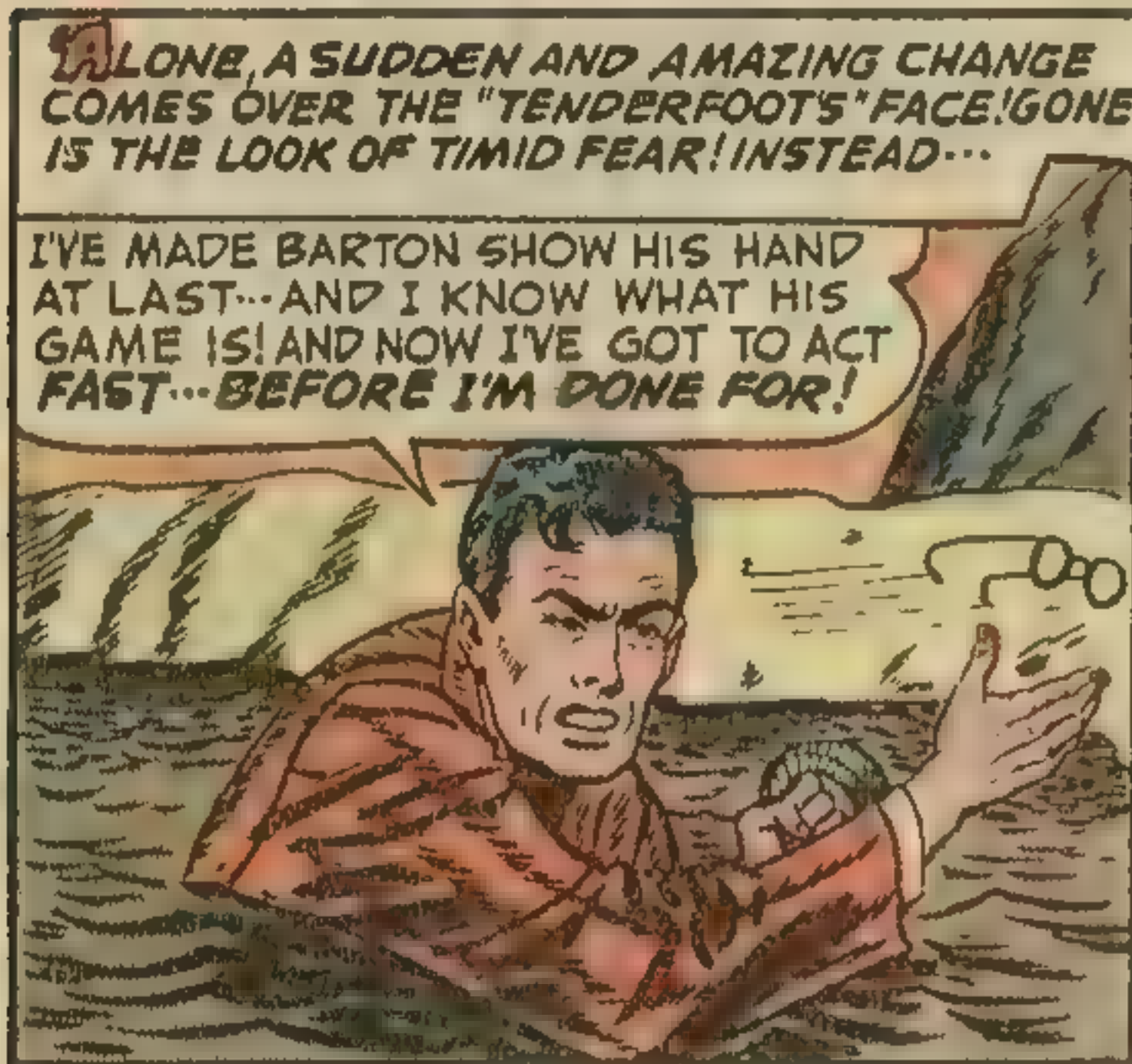


HELP! HELP!  
I'LL D-DROWN!

THAT'S THE IDEA,  
TENDERFOOT!  
YUH'RE IN A DEADLY  
QUICKSAND POOL...  
AN' YUH'LL NEVER  
ESCAPE ALIVE!

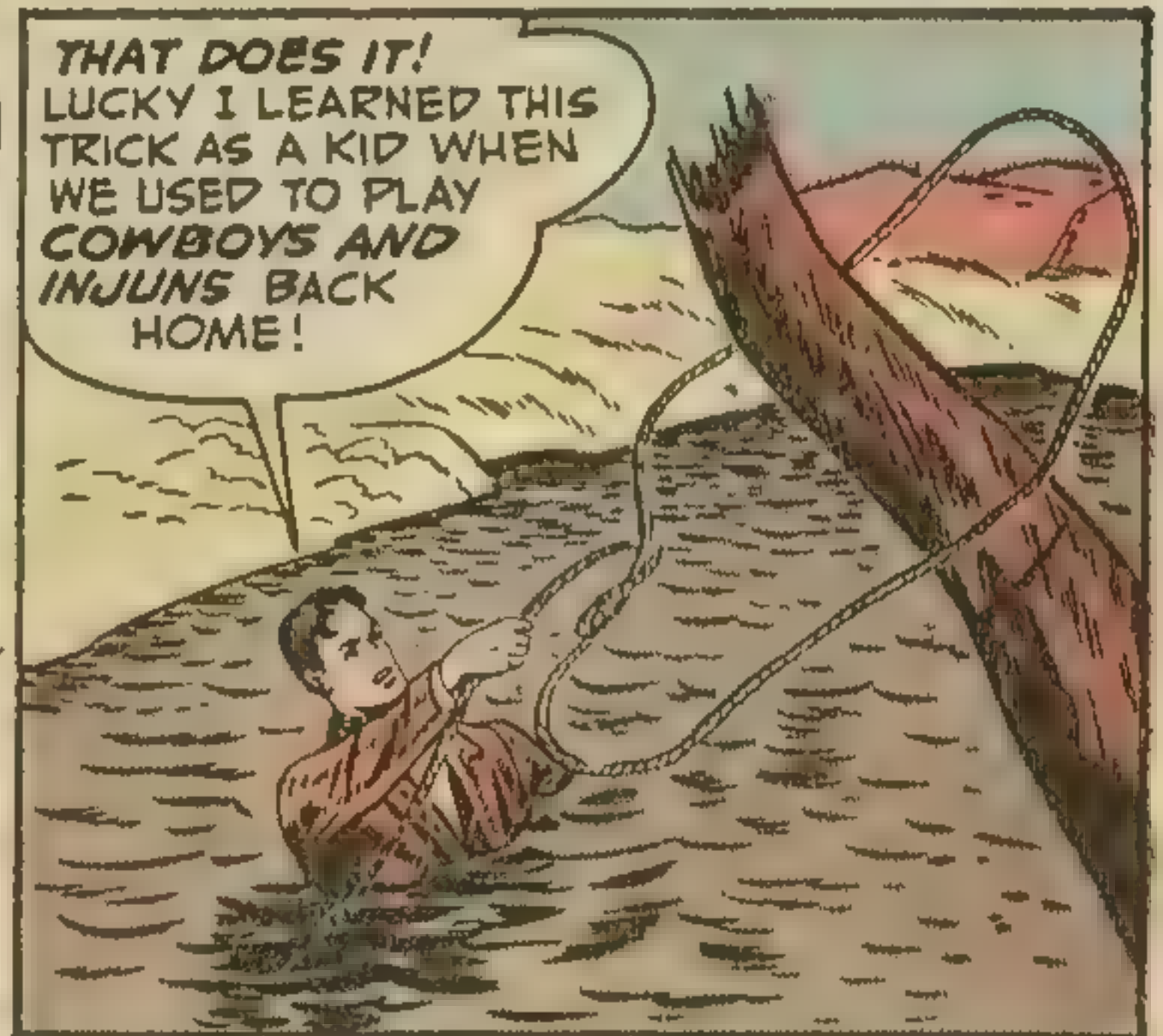


YORE DEATH'LL MAKE THE RANCH' MISS  
MARGIE'S...BUT DON'T WORRY! I'M GOIN'  
BACK TO ATTEND TO **THAT** LITTLE  
DETAIL RIGHT NOW! S'LONG,  
**SUCKER!**



**ALONE, A SUDDEN AND AMAZING CHANGE  
COMES OVER THE "TENDERFOOT'S" FACE! GONE  
IS THE LOOK OF TIMID FEAR! INSTEAD...**

I'VE MADE BARTON SHOW HIS HAND  
AT LAST...AND I KNOW WHAT HIS  
GAME IS! AND NOW I'VE GOT TO ACT  
**FAST...BEFORE I'M DONE FOR!**



**THAT DOES IT!**  
LUCKY I LEARNED THIS  
TRICK AS A KID WHEN  
WE USED TO PLAY  
**COWBOYS AND  
INJUNS** BACK  
HOME!

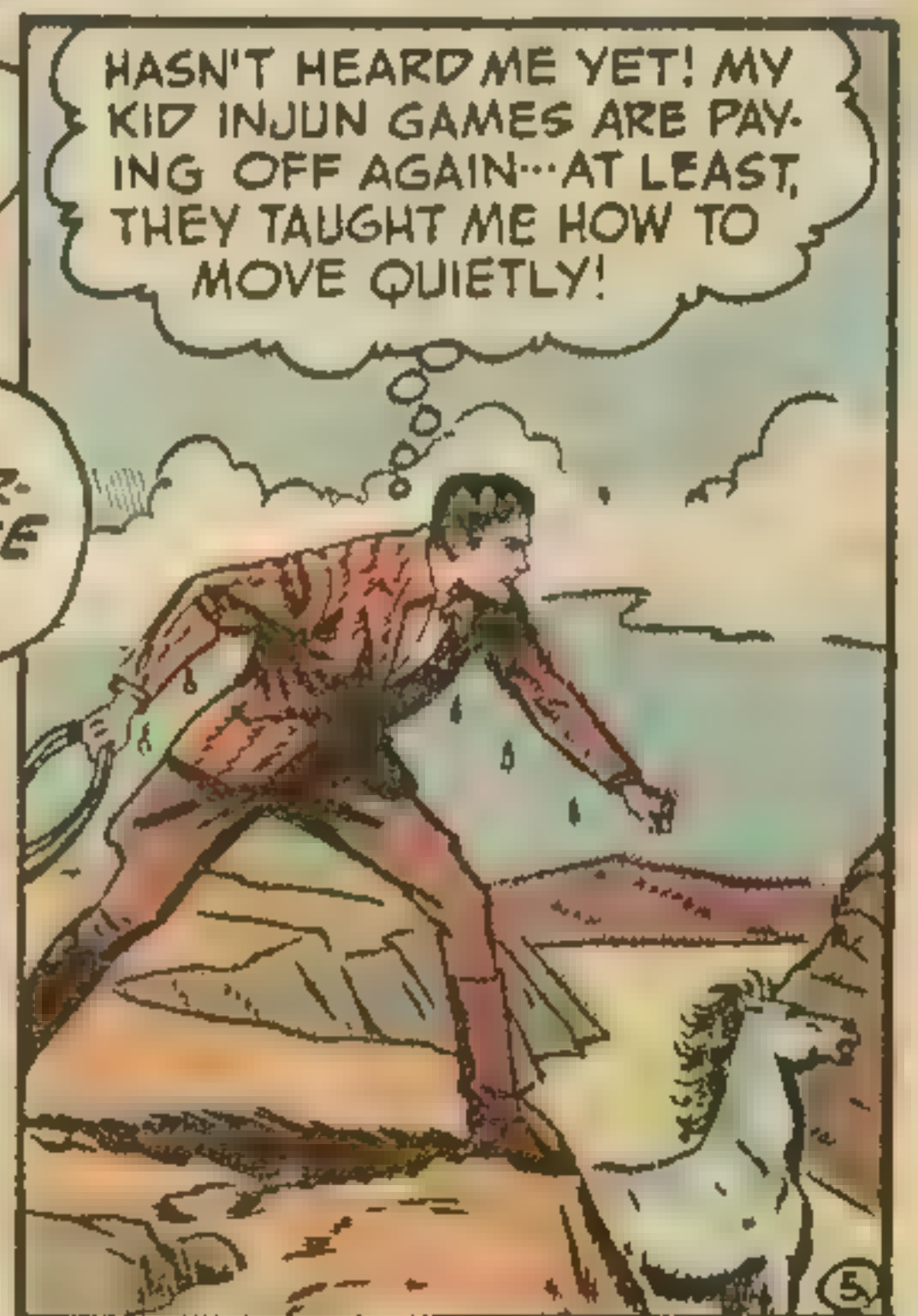
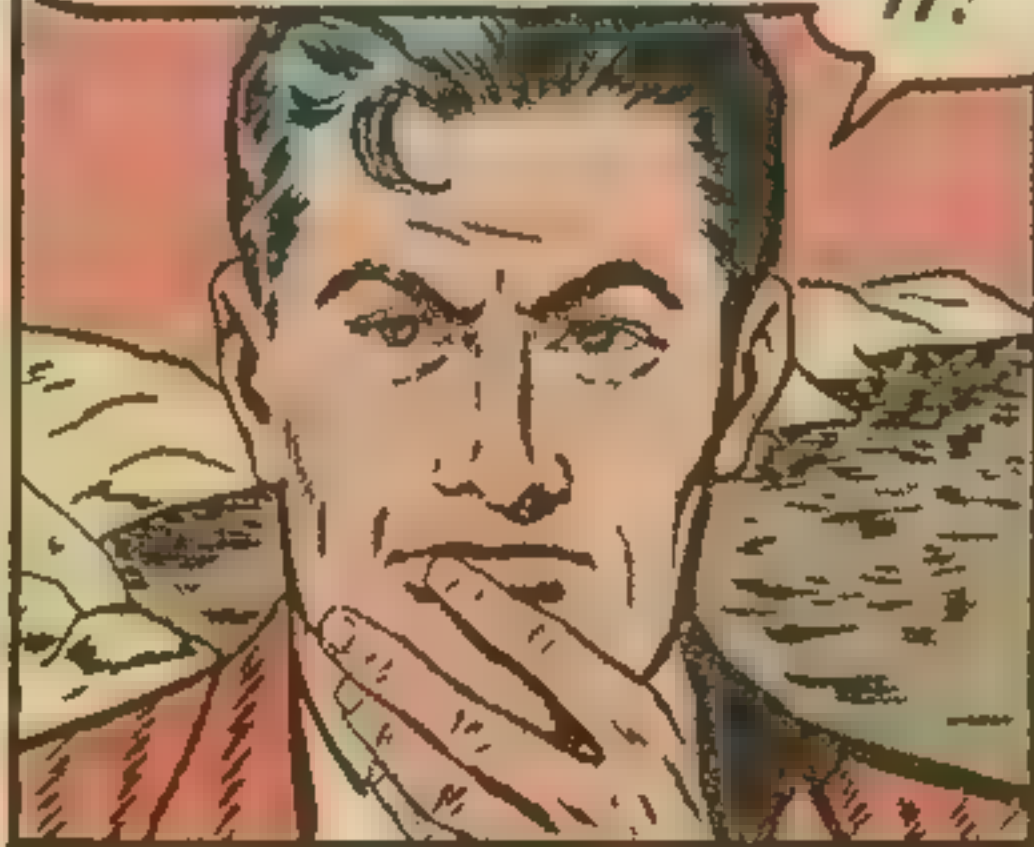


**WITH DESPERATE  
STRENGTH ...**

THAT  
QUICKSAND'S  
...POWERFUL  
STUFF...**BUT  
I'M FREE  
AT LAST!**

WHAT A FIX I'M IN **NOW!** I'VE  
GOT TO GET BACK TO THE RANCH  
IN TIME TO SAVE MARGIE...BUT  
**HOW, WITHOUT A HORSE?**

**I'VE GOT IT! THAT WILD  
STALLION!** THERE'S JUST ONE  
CHANCE IN A MILLION OF CAPTUR-  
ING HIM...**BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE  
IT!**

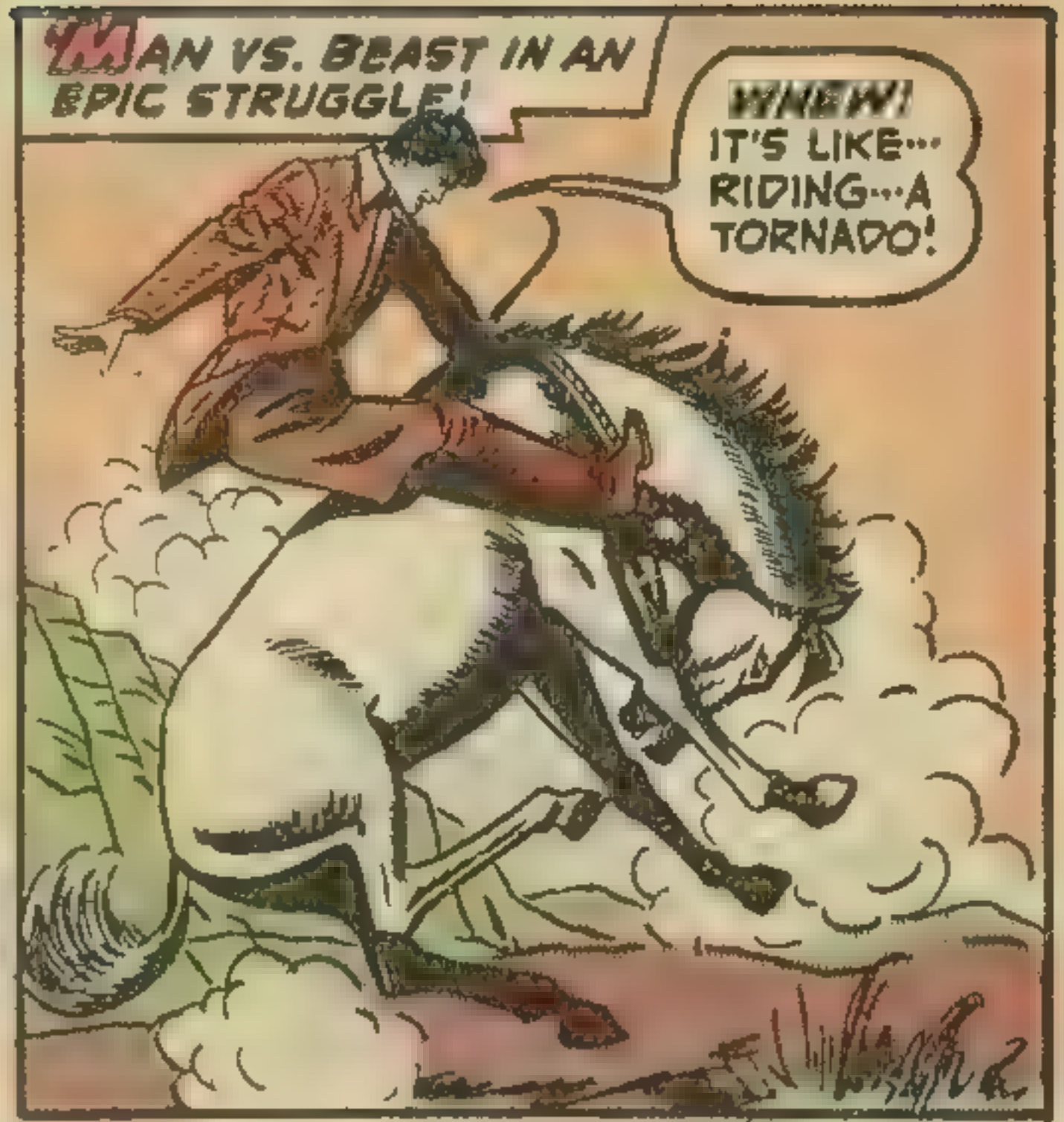


HASN'T HEARD ME YET! MY  
KID INJUN GAMES ARE PAY-  
ING OFF AGAIN...AT LEAST,  
THEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO  
MOVE QUIETLY!





HOLD IT, BABY!  
YOU'RE ALL  
MINE!

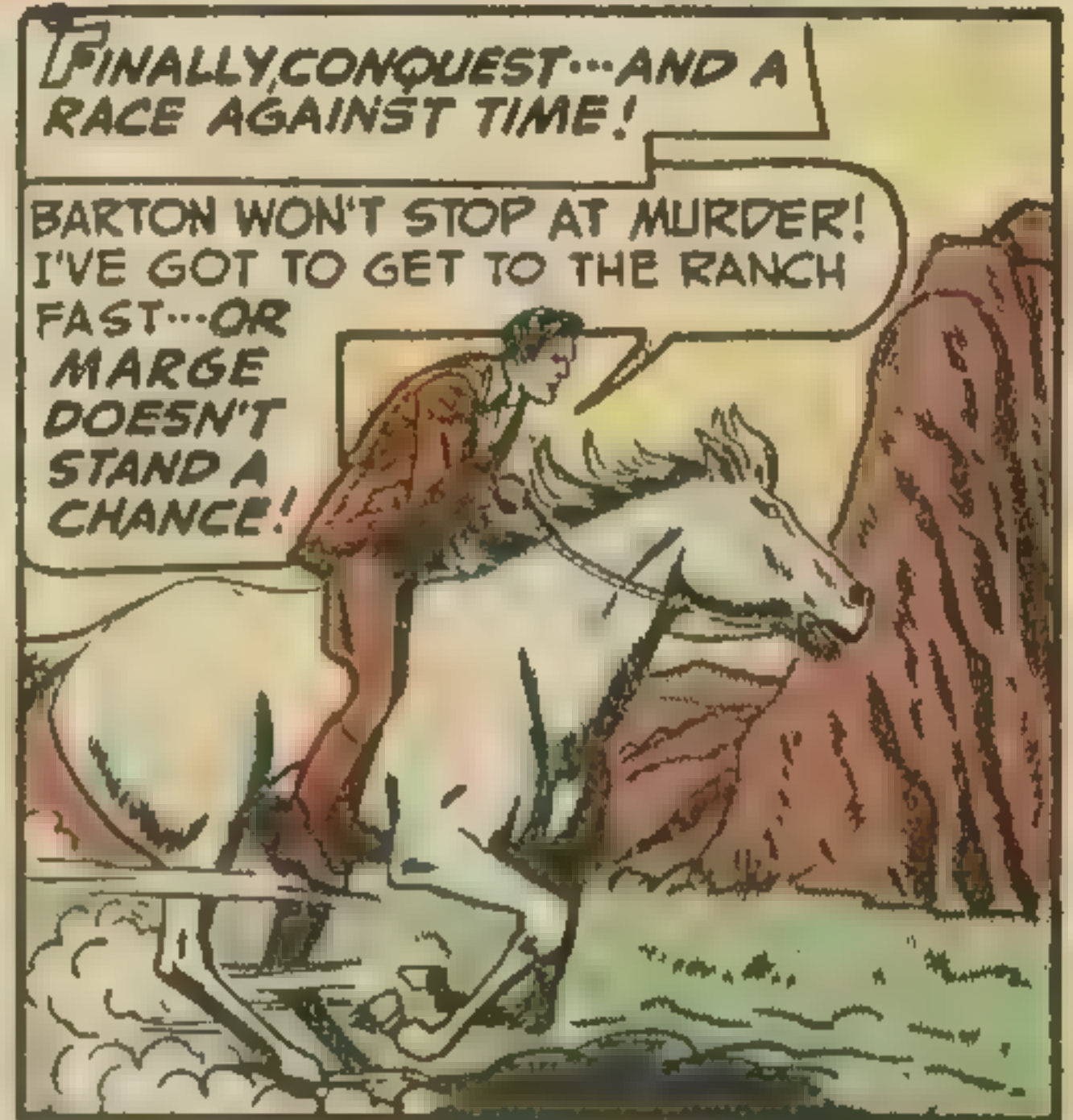


**MAN VS. BEAST IN AN  
EPIC STRUGGLE!**

WHEW!  
IT'S LIKE...  
RIDING...A  
TORNADO!

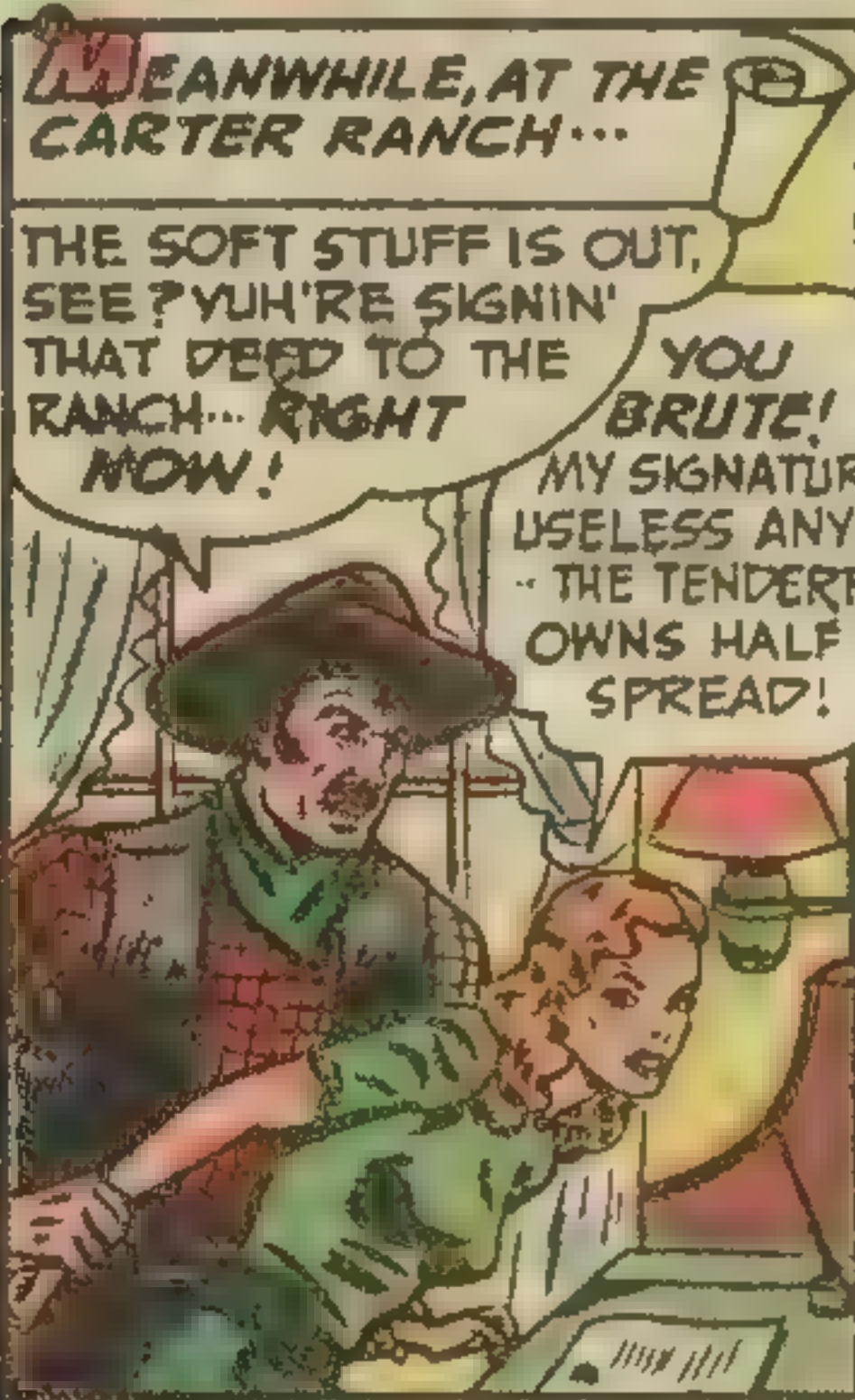


I DIDN'T WIN HORSE-  
MANSHIP EXHIBITIONS  
BACK EAST FOR  
NOTHING! AND I  
THINK I'M WINNING  
THIS ONE TOO!



**FINALLY, CONQUEST...AND A  
RACE AGAINST TIME!**

BARTON WON'T STOP AT MURDER!  
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RANCH  
FAST...OR  
MARGE  
DOESN'T  
STAND A  
CHANCE!



**MEANWHILE, AT THE  
CARTER RANCH...**

THE SOFT STUFF IS OUT,  
SEE? YUH'RE SIGNIN'  
THAT DEED TO THE  
RANCH... **RIGHT  
NOW!**

**YOU  
BRUTE!**  
MY SIGNATURE'S  
USELESS ANYWAY  
- THE TENDERFOOT  
OWNS HALF THIS  
SPREAD!



HE OWNED HALF, YUH MEAN!  
HE'S DEAD NOW...WHICH  
MEANS YOU OWN THE  
WHOLE RANCH! GO  
AHEAD...**SIGN!**

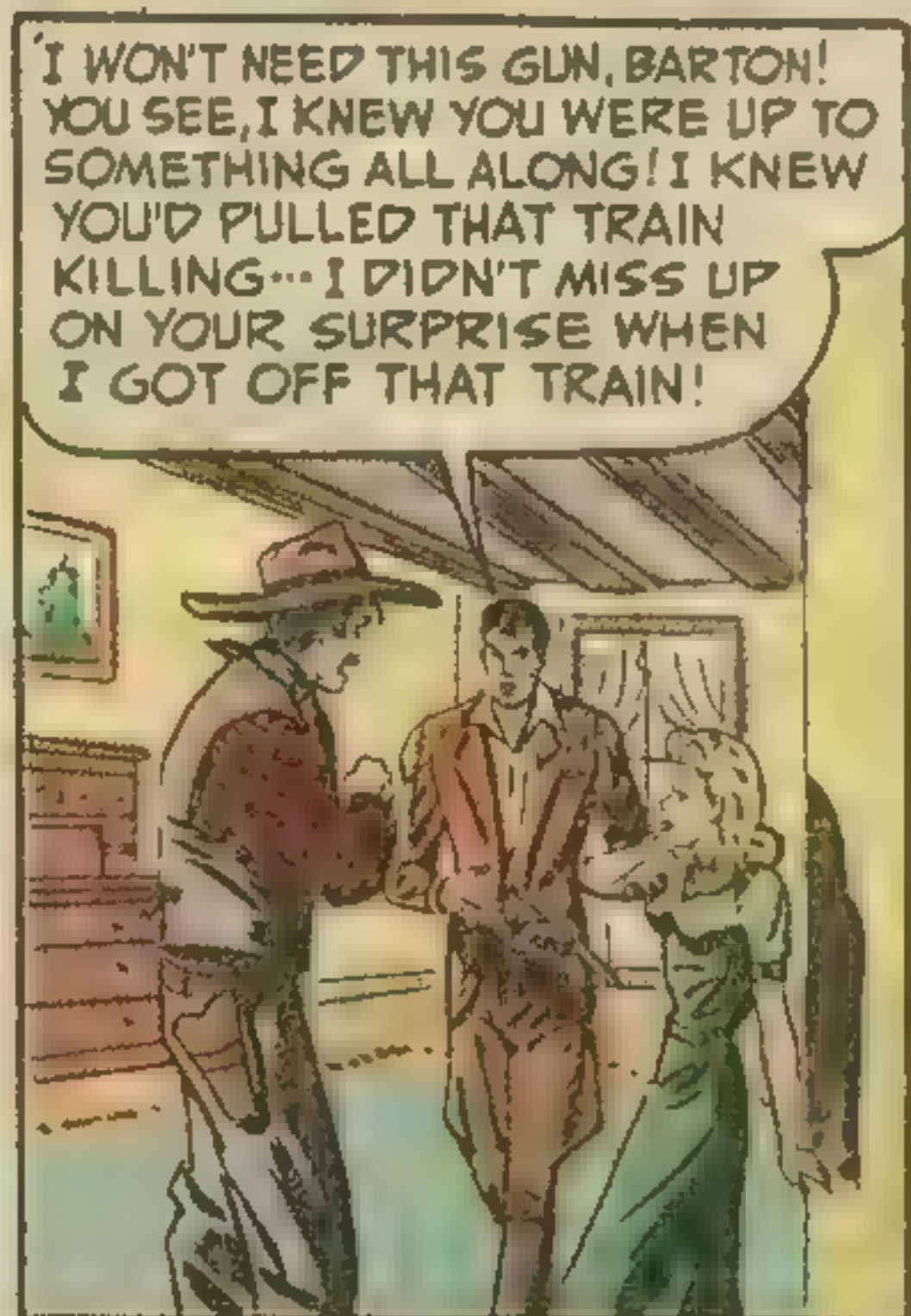
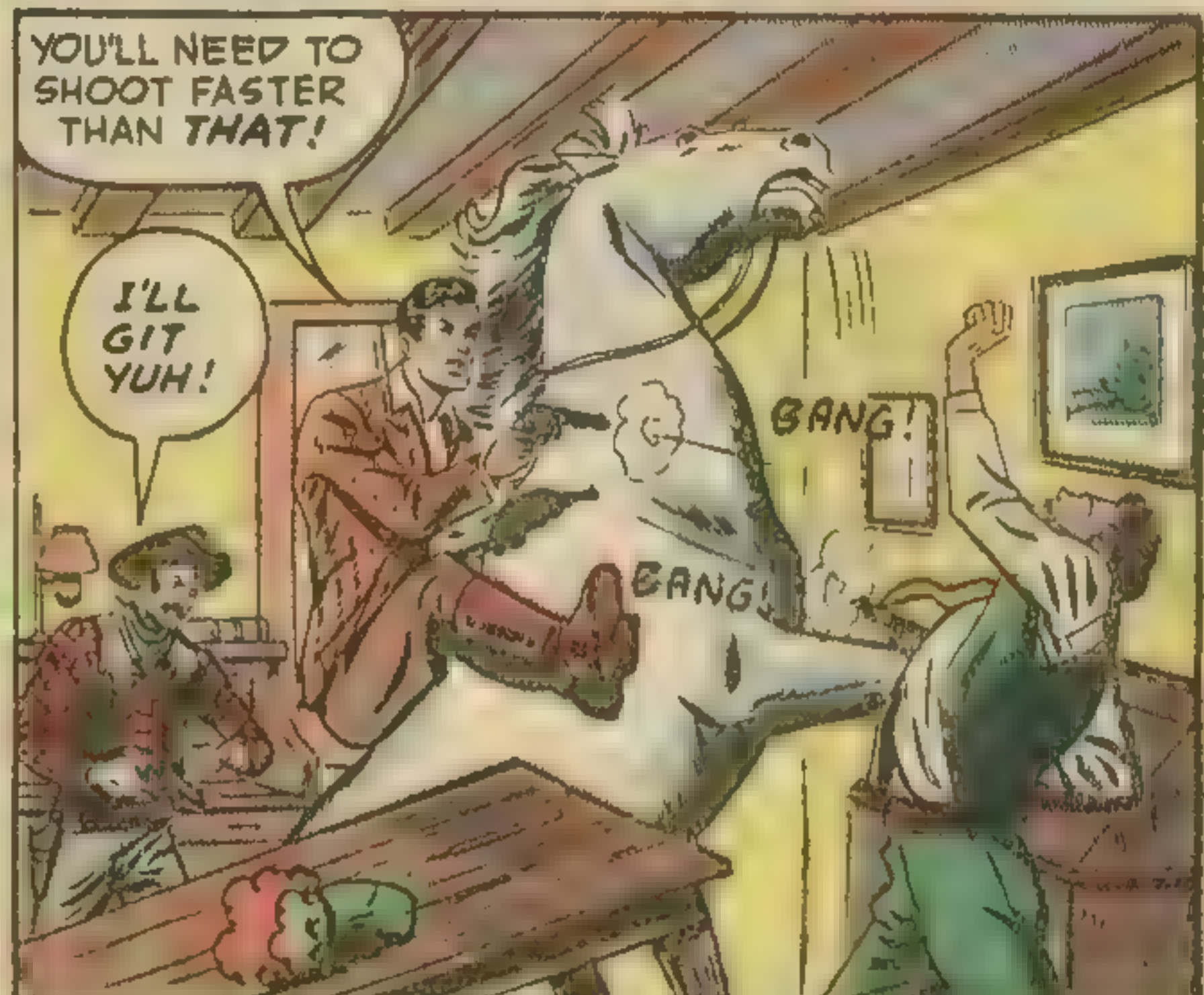
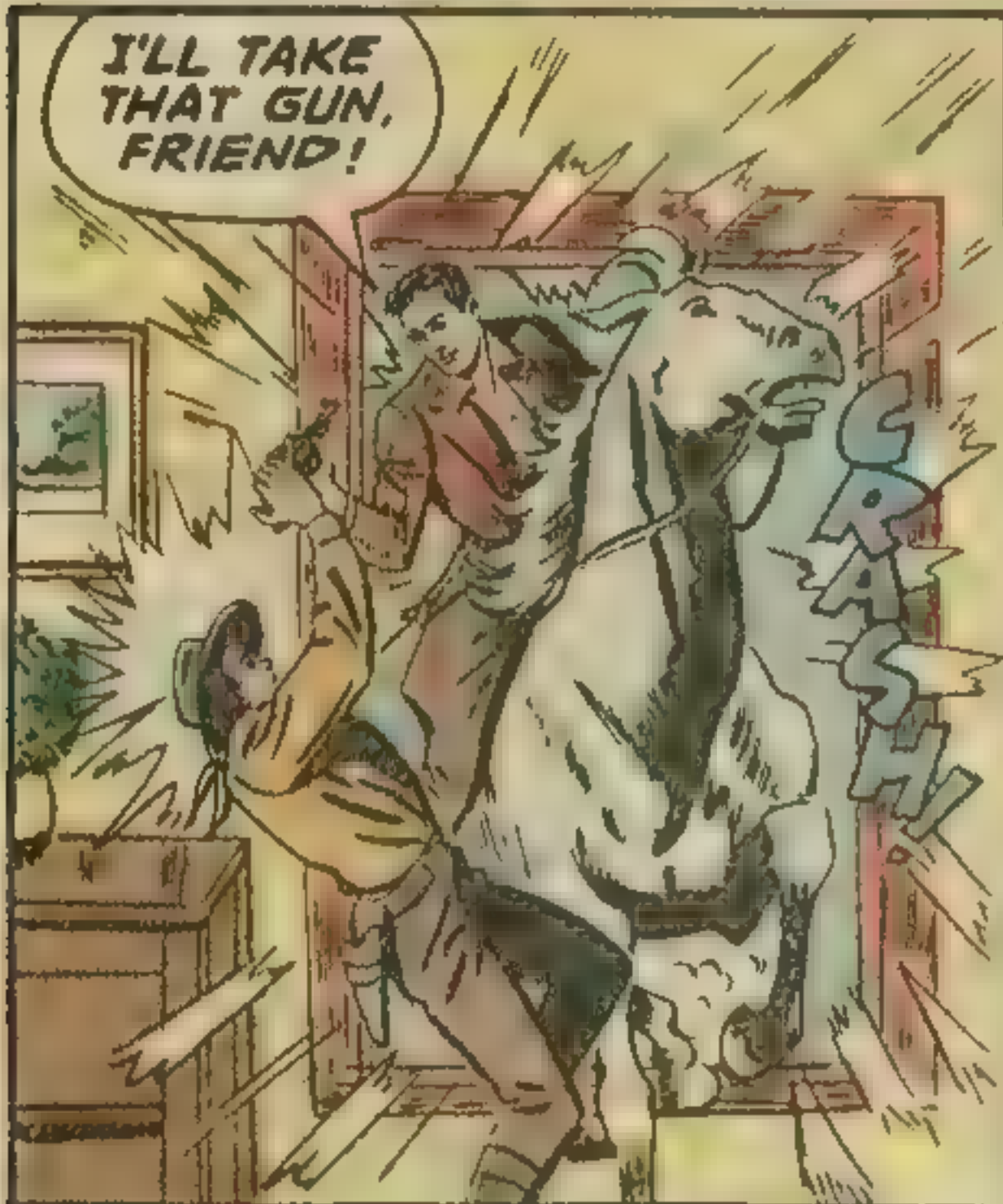
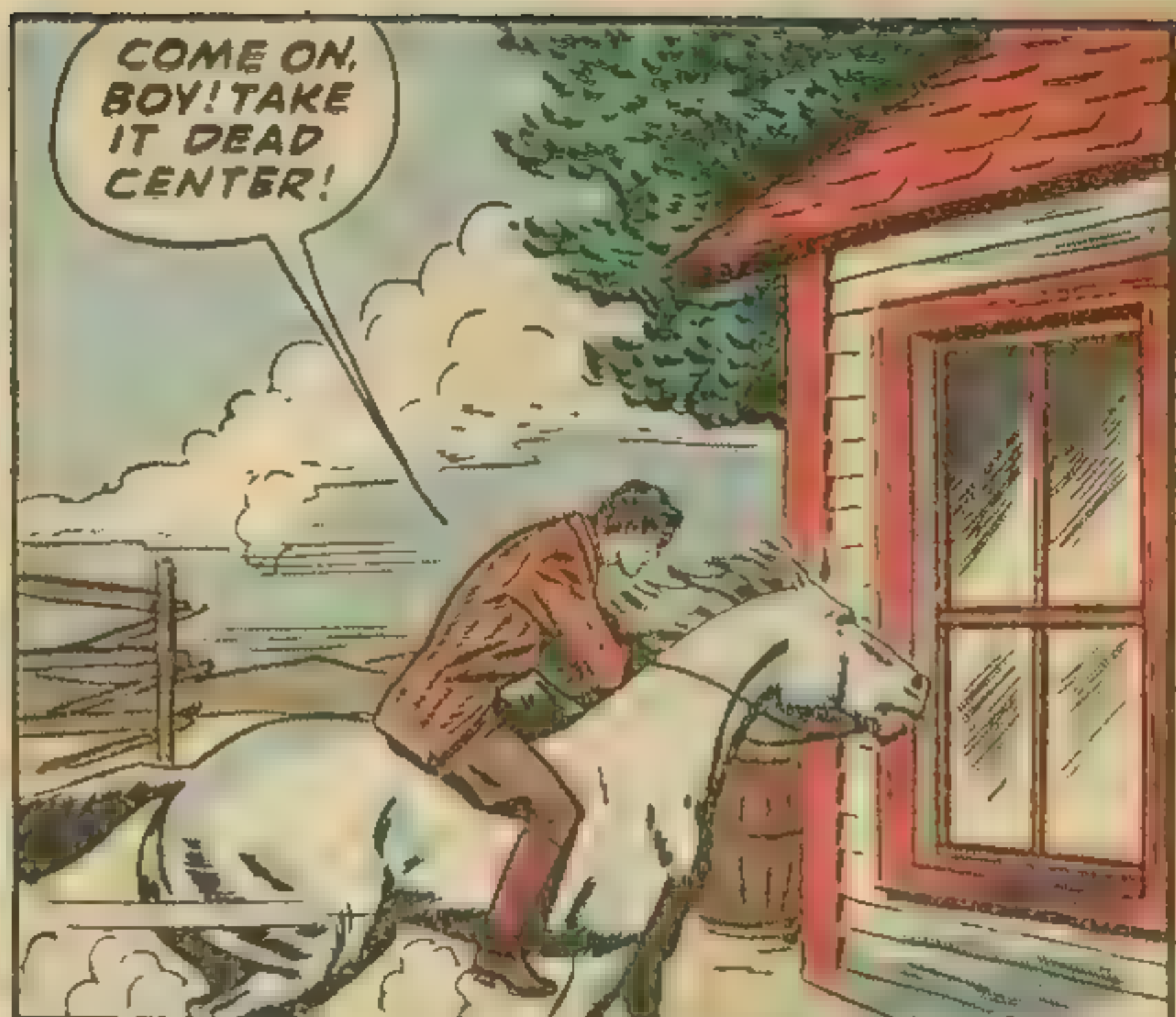
I **WON'T!**  
IF I DO, YOU'LL  
KILL ME  
TOO!



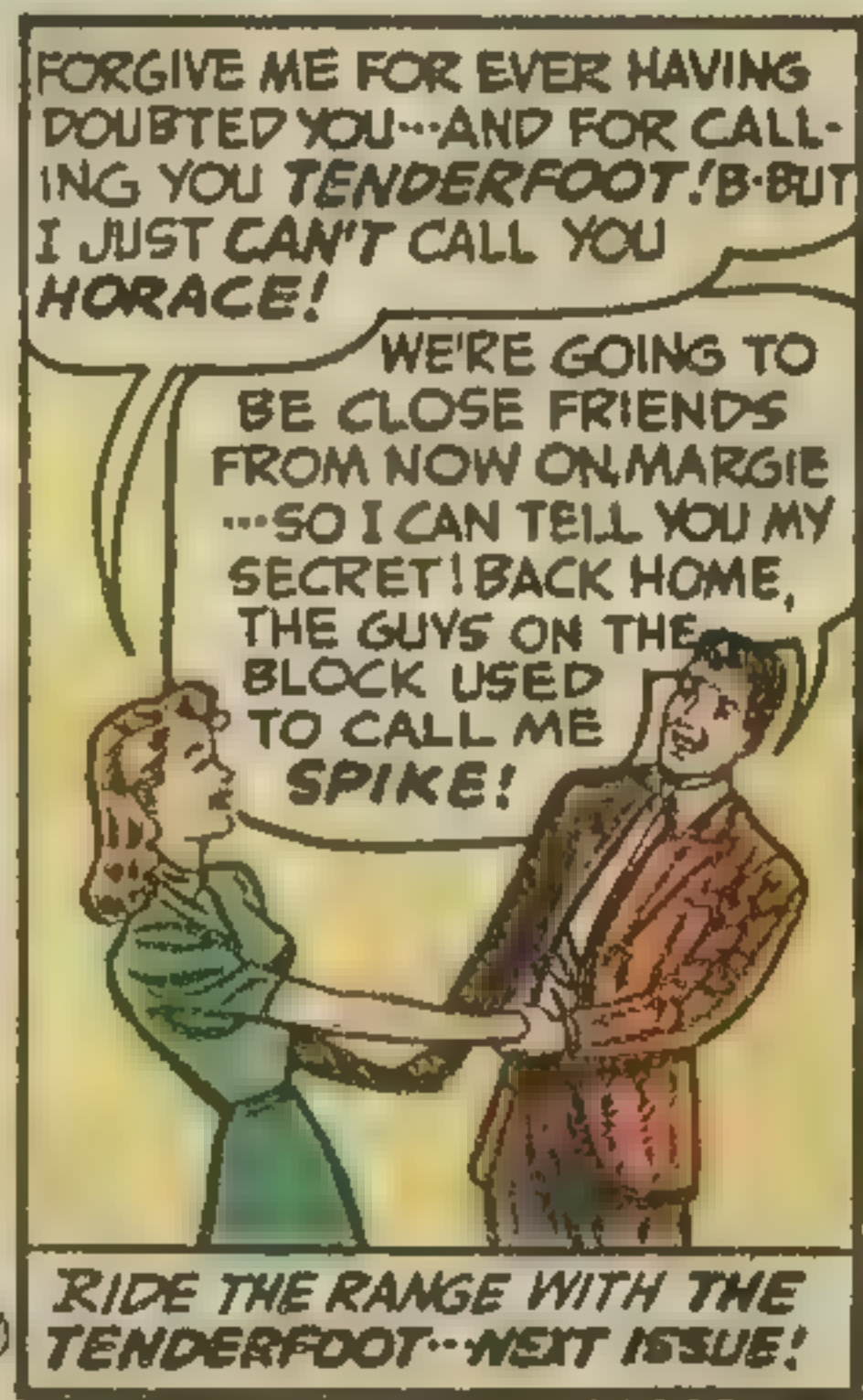
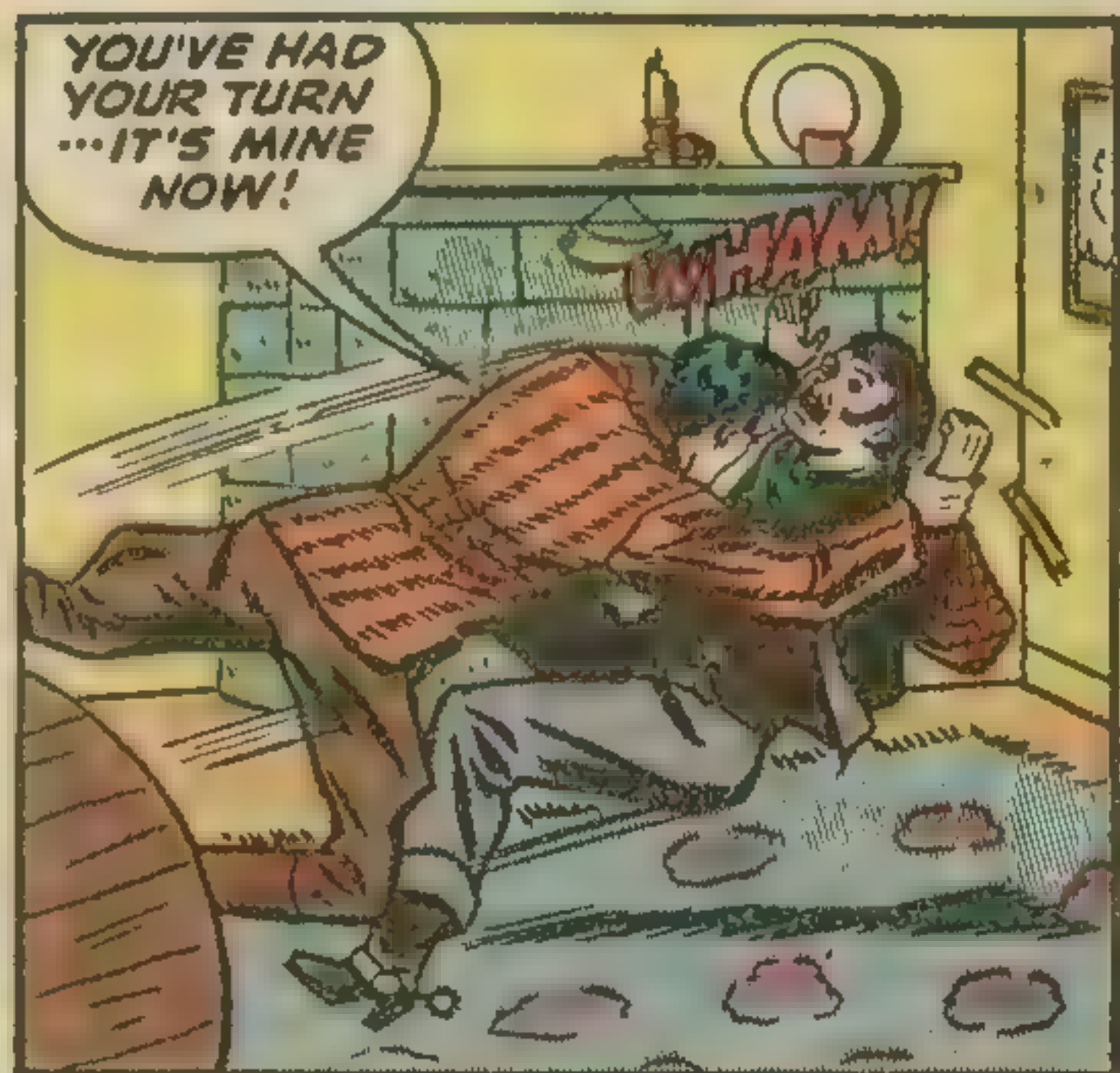
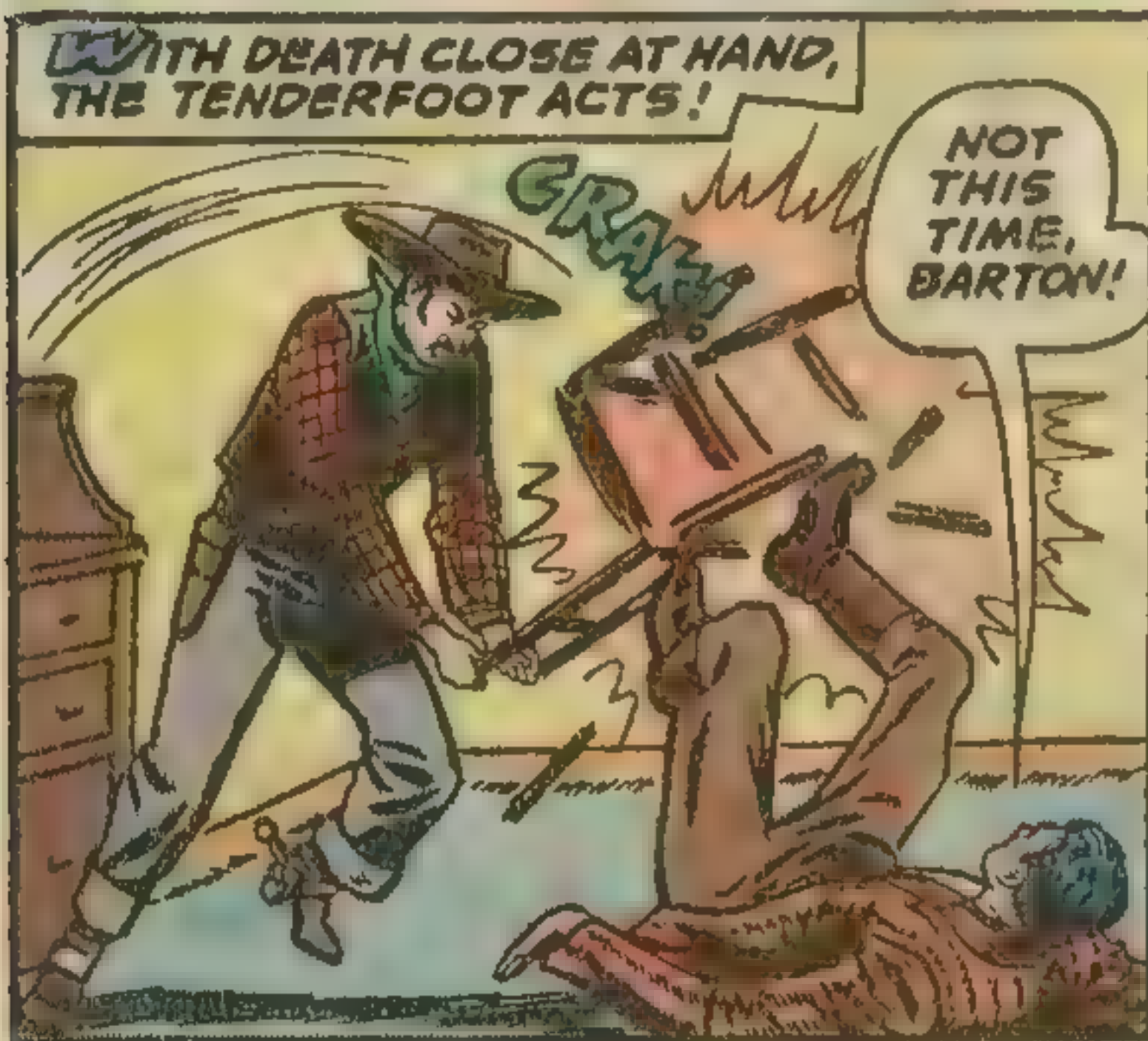
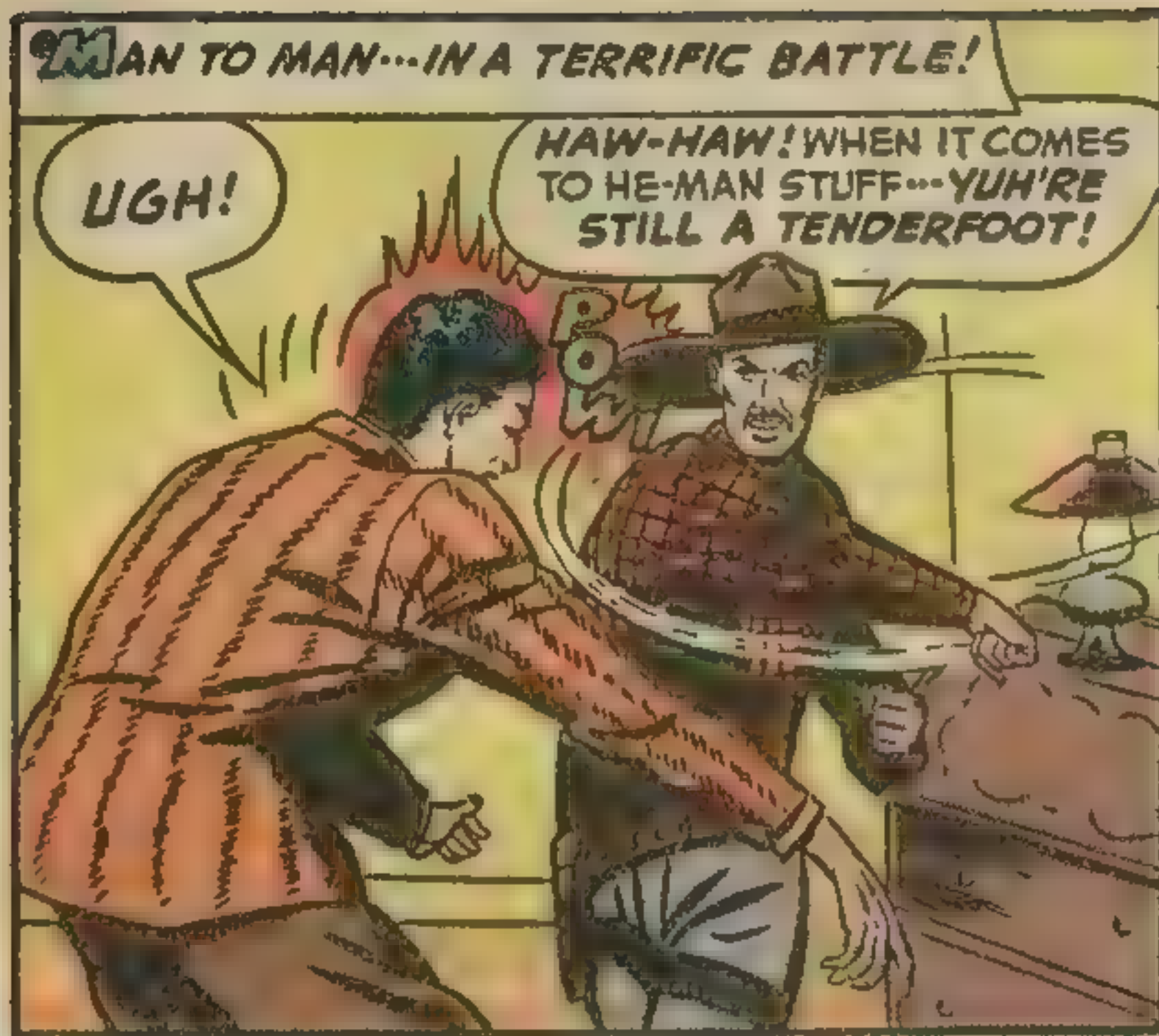
AND IF YOU  
**DON'T  
SIGN...**

**HELP!  
HELP!**











# WILDMAN PETERS

**Y**OUNG TED PETERS was afraid of everything. He'd always been a sickly boy, shielded from all danger. And now, at twenty, he was up against the greatest problem of his career, and lacking the courage and strength with which to meet it!

That problem was Concho McCoy, one of the most deadly killers of the west. He and his men had but recently invaded the San Morales Valley—and coincident with their coming, a mysterious wave of violence had broken out. Cattle were being run off, cowpunchers ambushed, ranches burned. And shortly thereafter, McCoy would appear at the stricken ranches, alone, and offer to buy them out for a song. Nobody could prove that he was behind the terror, but the ranchers were selling out—because too often, when they didn't, there was further violence. Better to sell out while they still had something to sell, they figured, and gave in. And now McCoy was at the Peters Ranch, offering a pittance for a fine spread! "Don't sell, pop," Ted pleaded. "Yuh can't let the place go for what he's offerin'!"

Then it was as if lightning had struck. McCoy's brawny fist shot forth, connecting squarely, and poor Ted crashed to the floor. "I don't like buttinskis," the badman said coldly. Then, turning to the boy's father, he growled, "That'll teach yuh I mean business! I'll give yuh plenty o' time to make up yore mind—but remember, the price'll be lower when yuh do decide to sell!"

That was the way McCoy worked.

He left, and Mr. Peters helped Ted to his feet. The old man was bitter. "I'm too old to fight 'im," he mumbled, "and my son's a weakling!" There it was again—the old insult: A weakling! Stumbling to his room, Ted spent an unhappy hour, face to face with the truth. In a country of hard-fighting men, what did he have with which to make his way? A body lacking strength, a heart lacking courage. No use dodging the issue—he was nothing but a puny coward! But did he *always* have to be one? Couldn't he change? It was a brand-new idea for Ted Peters, an idea which frightened him by its very daring. Taking a deep breath, he opened a cabinet, and extracted from it a cartridge belt and holstered pistol.

The following morning Ted rode out on the range, alone. And the hills echoed to constant gunfire, as, selecting his targets, he set about perfecting his aim. It was just the beginning of an ambitious schedule he'd set for himself. From there he went on practicing a fast draw—and, even more important, developing his strength. Day after day he toiled and sweated, until the arduous training bore dividends. Bullets plunked straight to their mark as his shooting-eye gained new keenness. His draw became a thing of lightning speed. But best of all was the change in his bodily strength. Constant exercise filled out his frame, and supple muscles grew and hardened.

This was the new Ted Peters, strong and resolute. It had taken time, during which Concho McCoy had not been idle,



either. His marauding band had continued its evil work, until rancher after rancher was only too glad to sell out to him. And still there was no evidence against him, no proof that he was the man behind the reign of terror which was sweeping the San Morales Valley. It was only a matter of time before he called on the Peters ranch again, and unfortunately, he picked a time when only old Mr. Peters was at home. Ted returned from his daily exercises to find the burly McCoy, a sneer on his face, folding a deed which the frightened old man had just signed. "I—I've sold the ranch, boy," he said weakly. "He started talkin' about how easy fires start in places like this, an' I knew I was licked! \$500 I got—fer a \$10,000 spread!"

Ted could feel himself turning white. It was the moment of decision! He had built his body—but had he built his courage equally? Could he steel himself to face the most dangerous desperado in Nevada? Momentary fears rose to plague him, but he forced them down as he moved slowly towards McCoy. "We're returnin' that money," he breathed. "An' yuh're returnin' the deed—unless it's trouble yuh're lookin' fer!"

"Trouble?" jeered McCoy. "Who from, sonny-boy—yuh? I'll fix yuh like I did the last time! An' nobody else kin make trouble fer me, either. Yuh can't hook me up with all this ruckus around the valley!"

Ted thought fast, and came up with a monumental bluff. "That's what yuh think," he retorted. "One of yore men was drunk last night, an' spilled the whole setup to me! I got enough to hang yuh, an' when I tell the sheriff—"

The ruse worked—too well! "Mebbe yuh're lyin'," growled McCoy, "but I

ain't takin' no chances!" It happened unexpectedly then. A gun roared, and Ted felt a burning sensation in his shoulder. He was going down—the killer was preparing for a finishing shot! But even before his body hit the floor, Ted was already in action. In one fast, fluid motion, he drew and fired. Long hours of practice paid off as a bullet crashed squarely through the outlaw's gun-arm!

Neither man was finished, and McCoy, for one, was unprepared for what happened next. Ted, the former weakling, came up from the floor like a fighting cyclone! He had only one arm to fight with—but so did McCoy! It was an epic battle which required all of the youngster's newly-trained muscles. Time and again the badman sent him crashing back—but time after time he returned to the attack, fighting with the ferocity of an angered wildcat! Finally McCoy reeled before a terrific blow to the pit of the stomach—and went down to utter defeat as a powerful uppercut all but ripped his head from his shoulders! "D-don't hit me again," he mumbled through battered lips.

Ted stood over him like a wildman. "I've only started!" he breathed, lips white. "Unless yuh do two things! First, return all the land yuh've taken over in these parts—an' second, sign a full confession about what yuh've been up to! Are yuh gonna play nice, or do I hafta rip yuh apart?"

McCoy played nice. The sheriff took care of him, and from that day on, the San Morales Valley was a peaceful and contented spot. There's been no trouble since, for lawbreakers have steered clear of that locality. You see, they knew that they had a *he-man* to contend with—*Wildman Ted Peters!*



# POWDER RIVER PETE

OH, BURY ME-EE ♪  
NOT-- ON THE  
LO-OO-NE ♪  
PRAIR-REEE ♪

IF IT WAS  
ONLY COLD,  
I COULD  
WEAR  
EAR MUFFS!

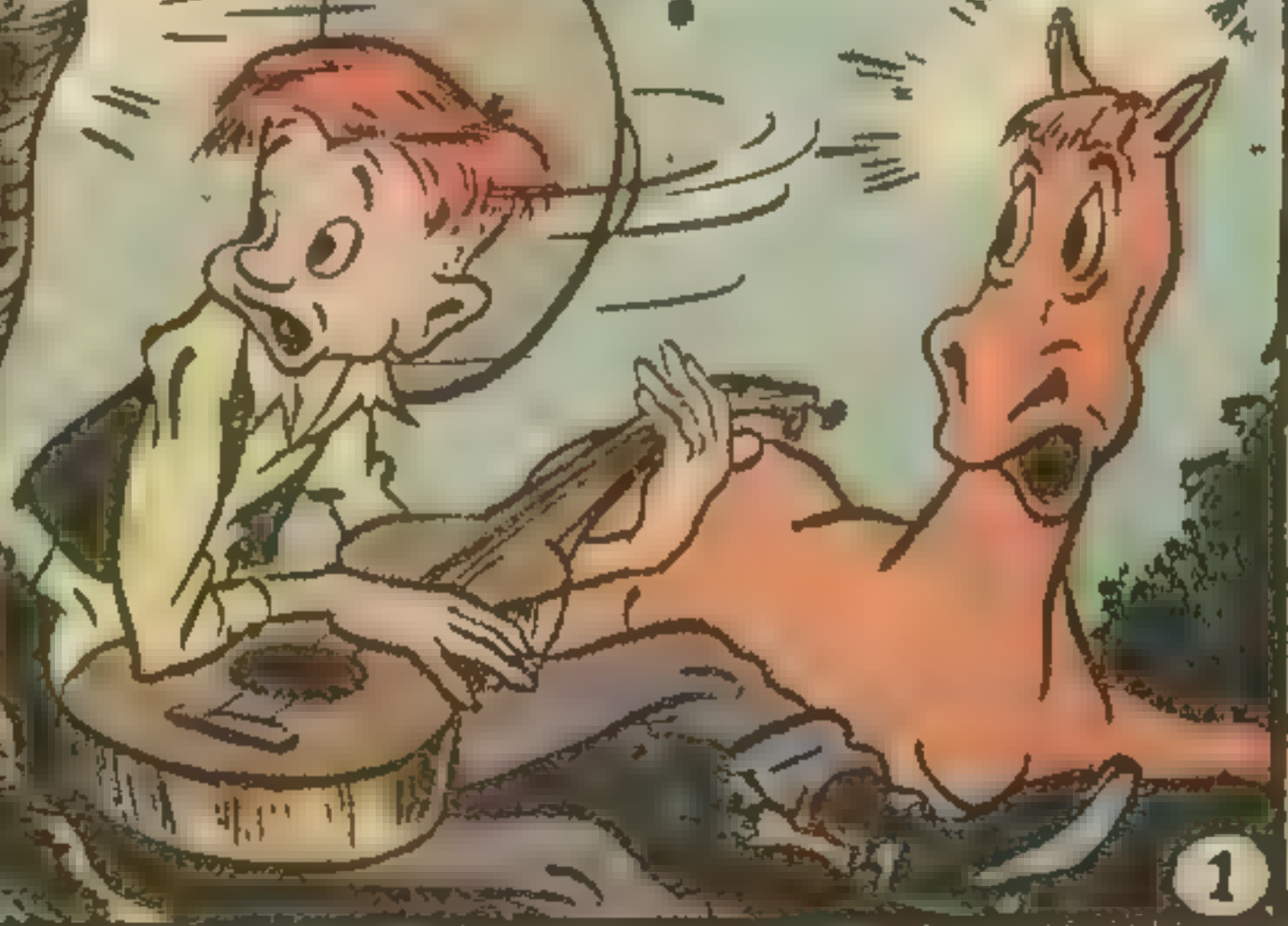


OH  
BURY ♪  
MEEEE! ♪

YA KNOW, MAYBE  
IT WOULDN'T BE  
A BAD IDEA AT  
THAT!

SOMEONE'S  
A-SHOOTIN'!

BANG!  
BANG!





TO THE RESCUE! AH'M  
A-COMIN', LITTLE GAL!  
AH'M A-COMIN'!

TAKE IT  
EASY, PAL!  
IT'S PROB-  
ABLY SOME  
GUY HUNTIN'  
RABBITS!

WAL, ANYWAYS...  
AH HATES FOLKS  
WHO HARM  
INNOCENT LIL'  
ANIMULES!

YEAH? HOW  
ABOUT  
FRIED  
CHICKEN?

JUST AS AH  
THOUGHT! A PORE  
LIL' BUNNY!  
AH'LL FIRST  
AID TH' LIL'  
FELLER!

HE DON'T 'PEAR  
TO BE BULLET-  
WOUNDED NO PLACE!  
HE'S PROBABLY  
JEST TOOK A  
FAINTIN'  
SPELL!

LOOKS TO ME  
LIKE HE'S  
READY FOR  
TH' LONE  
PRAIRIE!

OH! TH' HORROR  
OF IT!  
BRANDY!  
BRANDY!

SEE THAR, RUSTY! TH'  
PORE CRITTER IS JEST  
A PLUMB NERVOUS  
WRETCH! HE'S GONNA  
BE OKAY, THOUGH!

BRANDY, EH?  
THIS CHARACTER  
HAS BEEN  
AROUND!



IT AIN'T *RIGHT* TO TORMENT  
HELPLESS LIL' FELLERS LIKE THAT!  
AH'M A-GONNA TRACK THEM  
VARMINTS DOWN AN' MAKE 'EM  
PAY! JEST AS SURE AS MAH  
NAME IS *POWDER RIVER PETE!*

## IN THE MEANTIME

AT THE HOME  
RANCH...

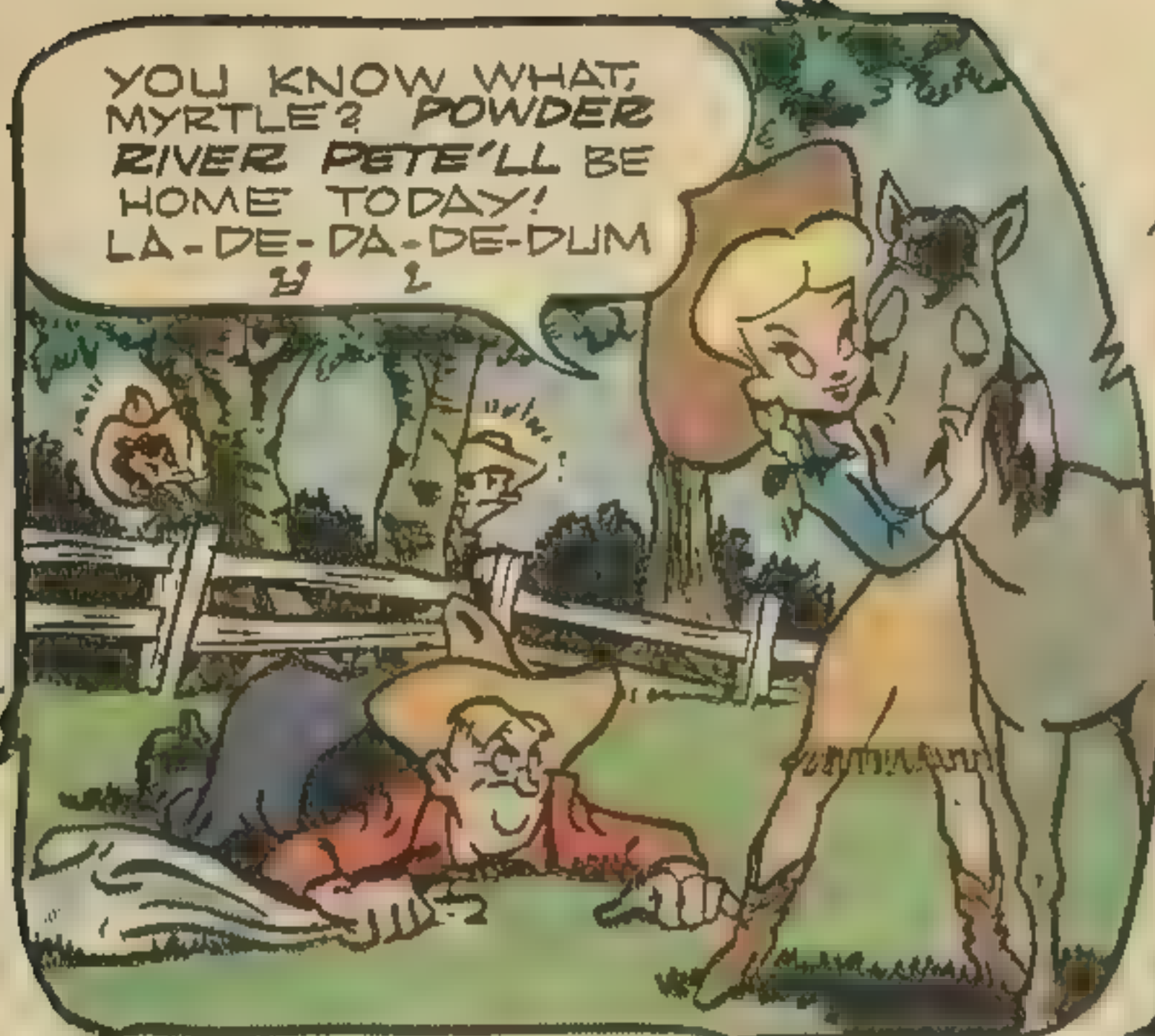
LISTEN,  
YOU GUYS!  
I'LL SLIP YOU  
FIVE BUCKS  
APIECE IF YOU'LL  
HELP ME PUT ON  
AN ACT!

I'M TRYIN' TO BEAT PETE'S  
TIME WITH *MISS SALLY!* NOW  
WHILE HE'S AWAY, I WANT  
YOU TO STAGE A *FAKE*  
KIDNAPPING--AND LET ME  
RESCUE HER! THAT'LL  
MAKE ME HER BIG HERO!

OKAY, GANG!  
THERE SHE IS! I'LL  
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT  
WHILE YOU GO  
TO WORK!



YOU KNOW WHAT,  
MYRTLE? **POWDER**  
**RIVER PETE**'LL BE  
HOME TODAY!  
LA-DE-DA-DE-DUM



**HELP!**



HEH-HEH! NOW I'LL  
HUSTLE OUT TO THE  
OLD OAK IN BLACK  
GULCH WHERE WE'RE  
GONNA STAGE THE  
**FAKE RESCUE**  
**SCENE!**



**LATER**

U AH'M HEADIN' FOR  
TH' LAST  
R-ROUNDUP !!

PETE'S A  
GOOD-HEARTED  
COWPOKE, BUT  
HE SURE IS  
CORNY!



**RABBIT  
HUNTERS!**

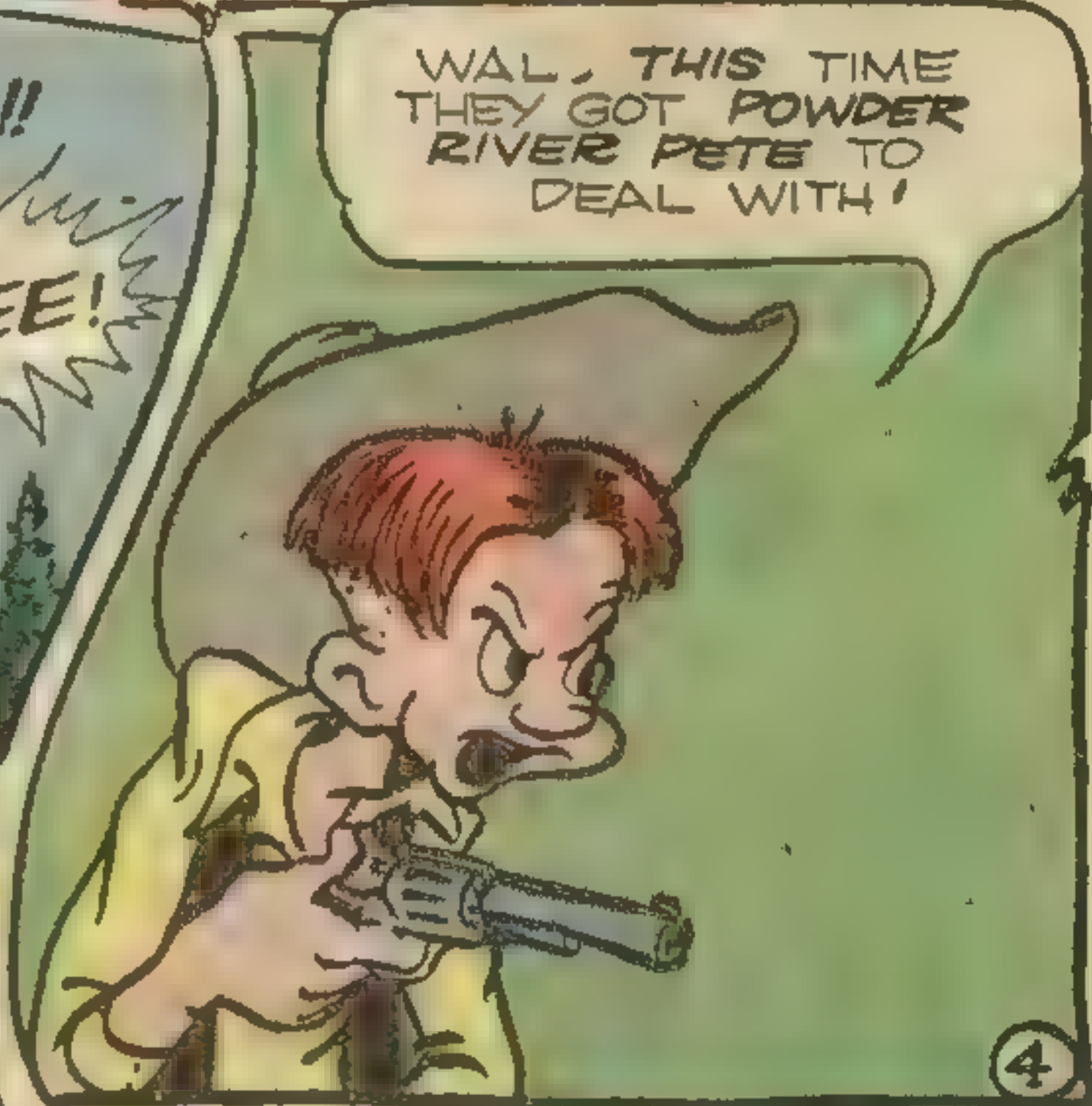
**BANG!!**

**YIPPEE!**

COULD  
BE!



WAL, THIS TIME  
THEY GOT **POWDER**  
**RIVER PETE** TO  
DEAL WITH!

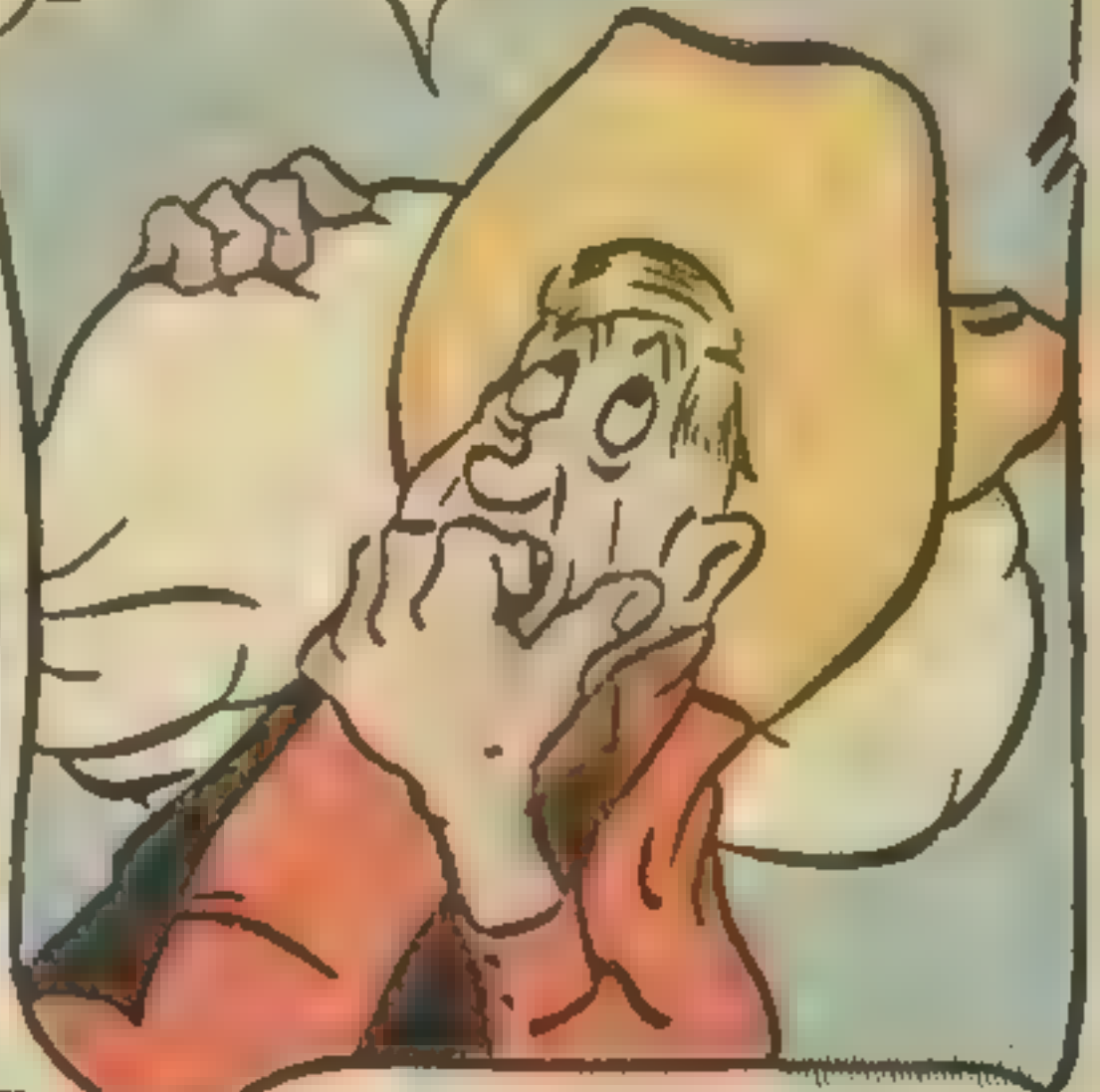
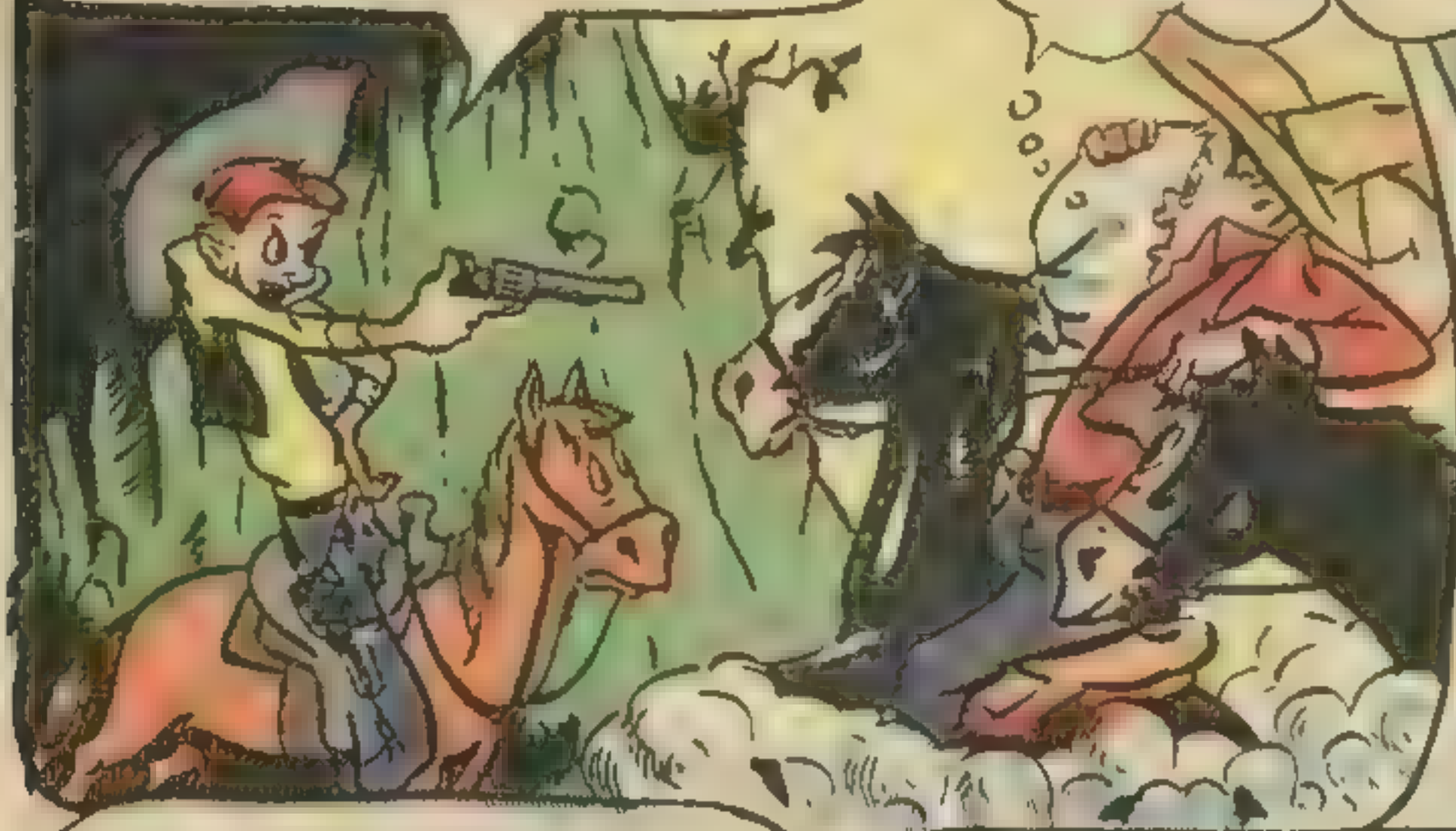




HALT, YOU VARMINTS!  
YOU-- YOU RABBIT HUNTERS!  
AH'M A-GONNA ----  
WHY--WHY, IT'S  
GUS!

DID JOIK TINKS  
I GOT A RABBIT  
IN DA BAG!  
ILL HUMOR HIM!

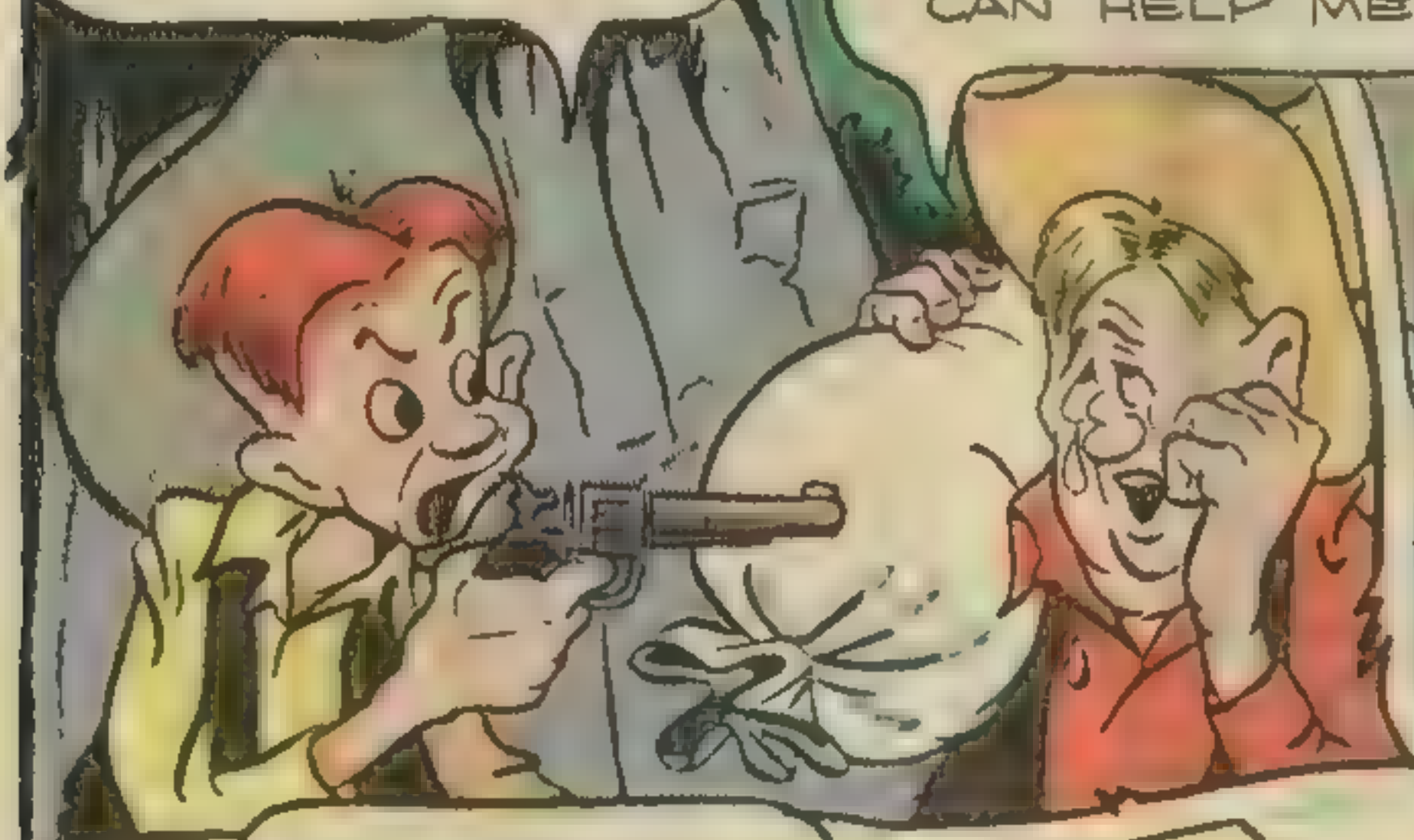
YOU CAUGHT ME  
RED-HANDED,  
PETE!



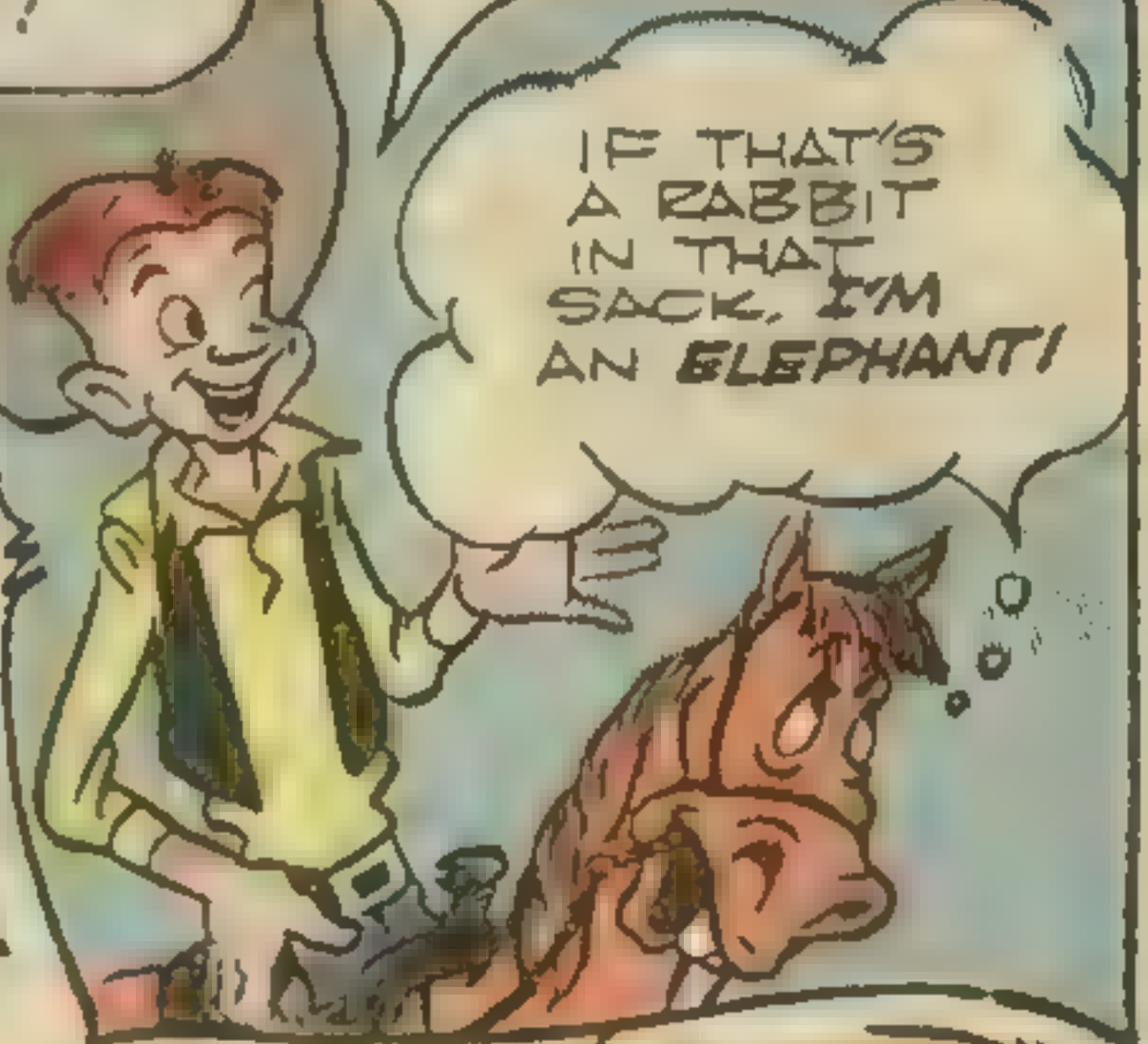
WHY, GUS! YOU  
OUGHTA BE ASHAMED!  
A GREAT BIG BUM  
LIKE YOU, PICKIN'  
ON PORE LIL'  
DEFENSELESS  
RABBITS!

I CAN'T HELP IT, PAL!  
I GOT RABBITITIS!  
WHEN I SEES A  
NICE FAT BUNNY,  
SUMP'N COMES OVER  
ME! MEBBE YOUSE  
CAN HELP ME!

WHY, SHORE!  
ILL JEST TURN  
THAT THAR  
RABBIT LOOSE AN'  
REMOVE YO'RE  
TEMPTATION!



IF THAT'S  
A RABBIT  
IN THAT  
SACK, I'M  
AN ELEPHANT!



OH, THANK  
YOUSE,  
PETESIE!





FOR RABBIT  
HUNTERS, THEY  
SURE PLAY  
ROUGH!

YIPPEE!

GOL-DANG THEIR  
ORNERY HIDES!  
NOW THEY WENT  
AND GOT ME MAD!

AH'LL TAKE MAH  
SECRET SHORT CUT  
INTO **BLACK GULCH**.  
AN' HEAD 'EM OFF!  
**LET'S GO!**

HOLY SMOKE ---  
TH' GRAND CANYON!  
THIS BOY'S LOCO!

OUCH! O-0000!  
IT'S OKAY FER  
HIM -- HE'S  
SITTIN' ON ME!  
BUT LOOK WHAT  
I'M SITTIN' ON! -  
OH! O-00000!

WHOA!

NOW HE TELLS  
ME! -- **WHOA!** THE  
MAN SAYS!!  
A **TURTLE**  
COULDN'T **WHOA**  
ON THIS  
CLIFF!

CRASH!

SORRY, BUB!  
CAN'T WAIT!  
SEE YOU  
LATER!





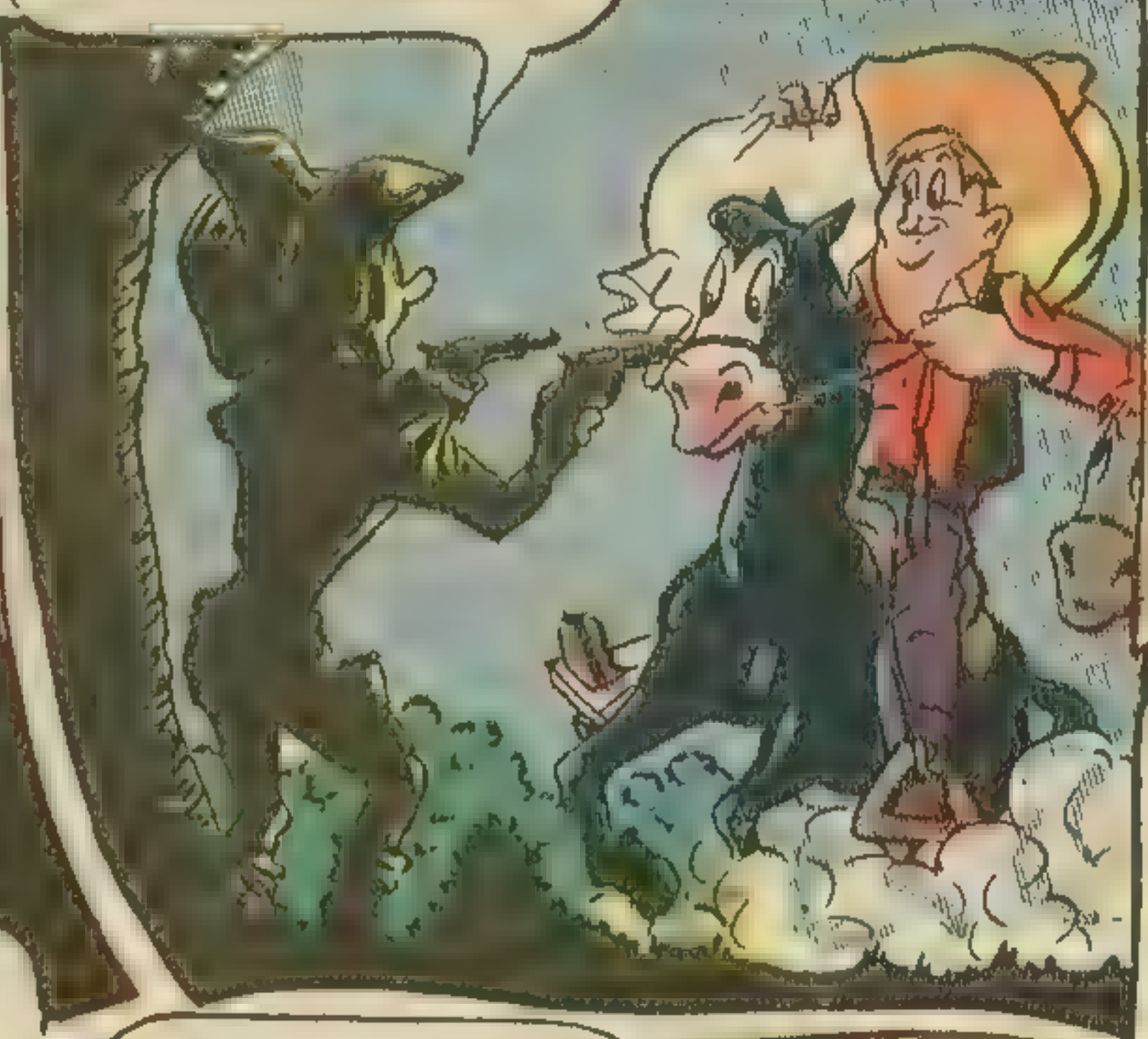
BROTHER, THEY CAN HAVE THAT RABBIT, OR WHATEVER IT IS! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! I'M GOING HOME!



HALT!! YOU DASTARDLY KIDNAPPERS!



WELL, HERE'S THE OLD OAK! NOW FOR THE FAKE RESCUE!



PSSSST!! NICE GOIN', GANG! NOW SLIP ME THE GAL!



UNHAND THAT GAL, YOU VILLAINS!





C-R-RACK

HEH - HEH!  
NOW I'LL UNTIE  
HER, AND LET  
HER KNOW  
WHO HER HERO  
IS!

AH MIGHTA  
KNOWED JASPER'D  
BE MIXED UP IN  
THIS YERE  
RABBIT HUNTIN'!

NOW TA TURN TH' PORE  
LI'L CRITTER FREE,  
SO'S IT CAN SCAMPER  
INTA TH' BRESH!

SMACK!

MY HERO!

SHUCKS! THA'S THE  
FRIENDLIEST  
RABBIT I EVER  
DID SEE!

The  
End.



# TEXAS TIM. RANGER

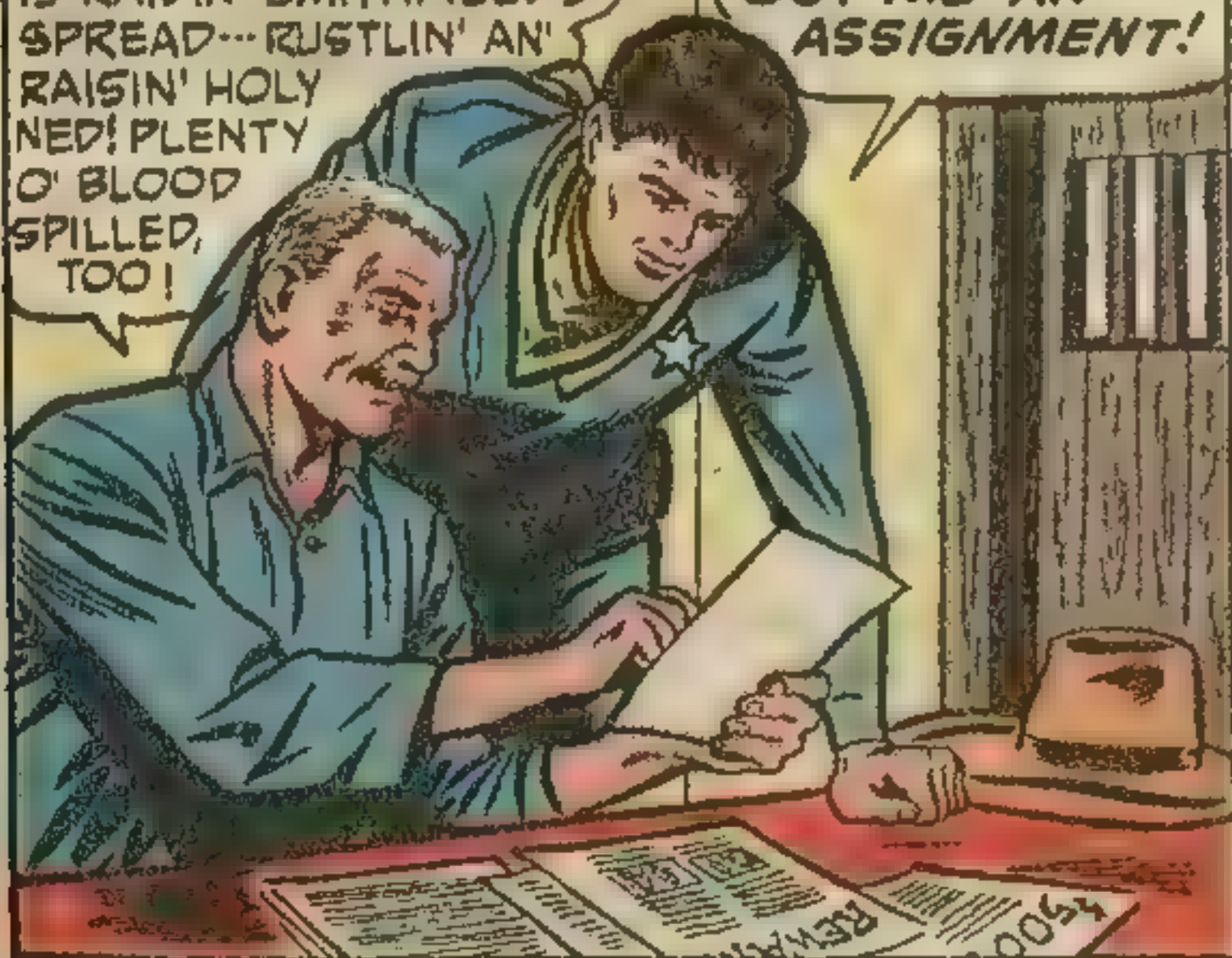
CHIEF, I GOTTA HAVE SOME ACTION... I'LL GO CRAZY! ANY KIND OF ASSIGNMENT... LONG'S I KIN USE MY SHOOTIN'-IRONS!

RELAX, TIM BRENNAN... RELAX! I GOT JUST THE TICKET! ED SMITHFIELD OF THE BAR-20 WANTS HELP... HE'S UP TO HIS EARS IN TROUBLE WITH SOME OUTLAW GANG!



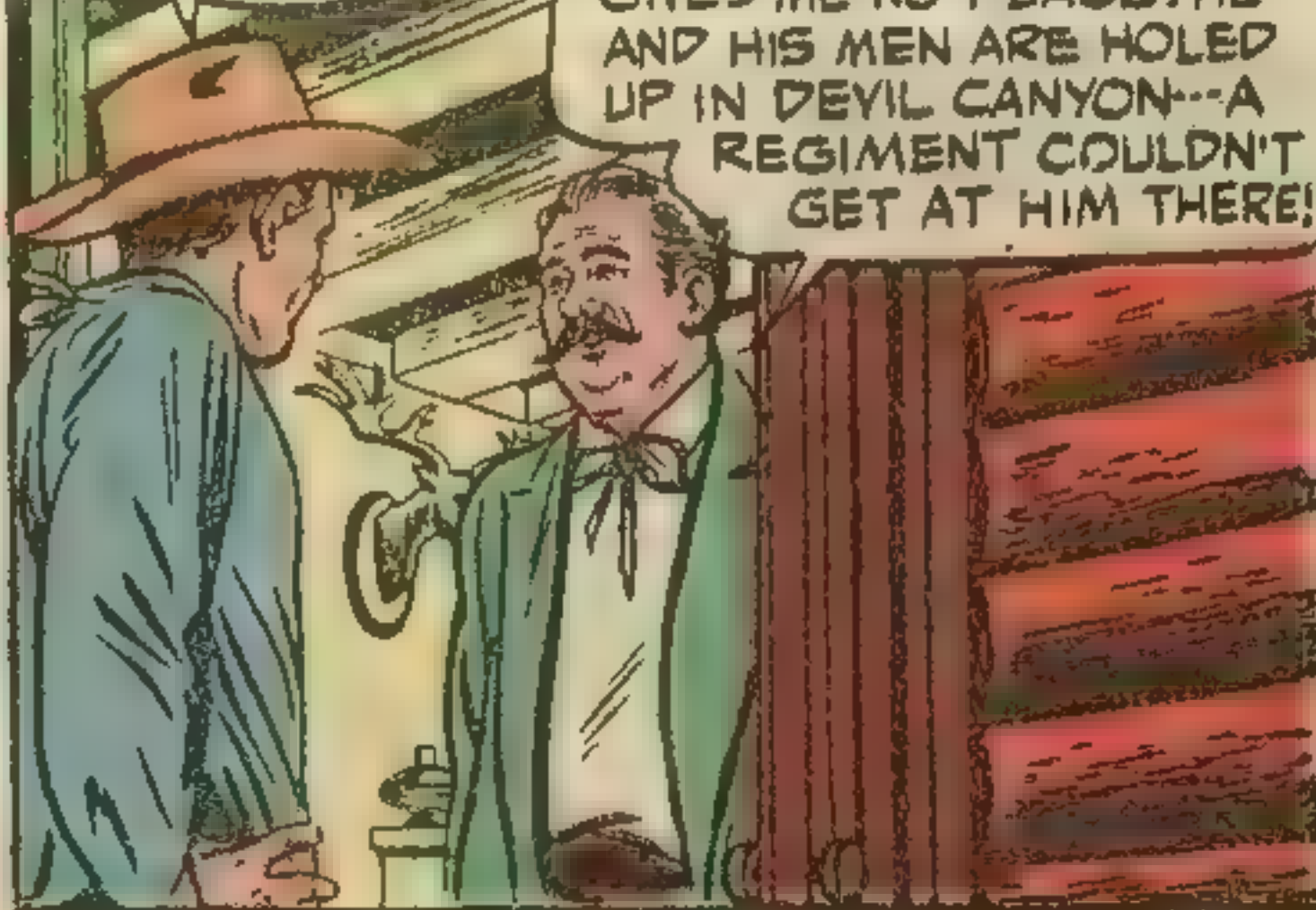
SEEMS SOME WADDY NAMED CHUCK ADAMS IS RAIDIN' SMITHFIELD'S SPREAD... RUSTLIN' AN' RAISIN' HOLY NED! PLENTY O' BLOOD SPILLED, TOO!

A BAD ACTOR, EH? OKAY, CHIEF... I GOT ME AN ASSIGNMENT!



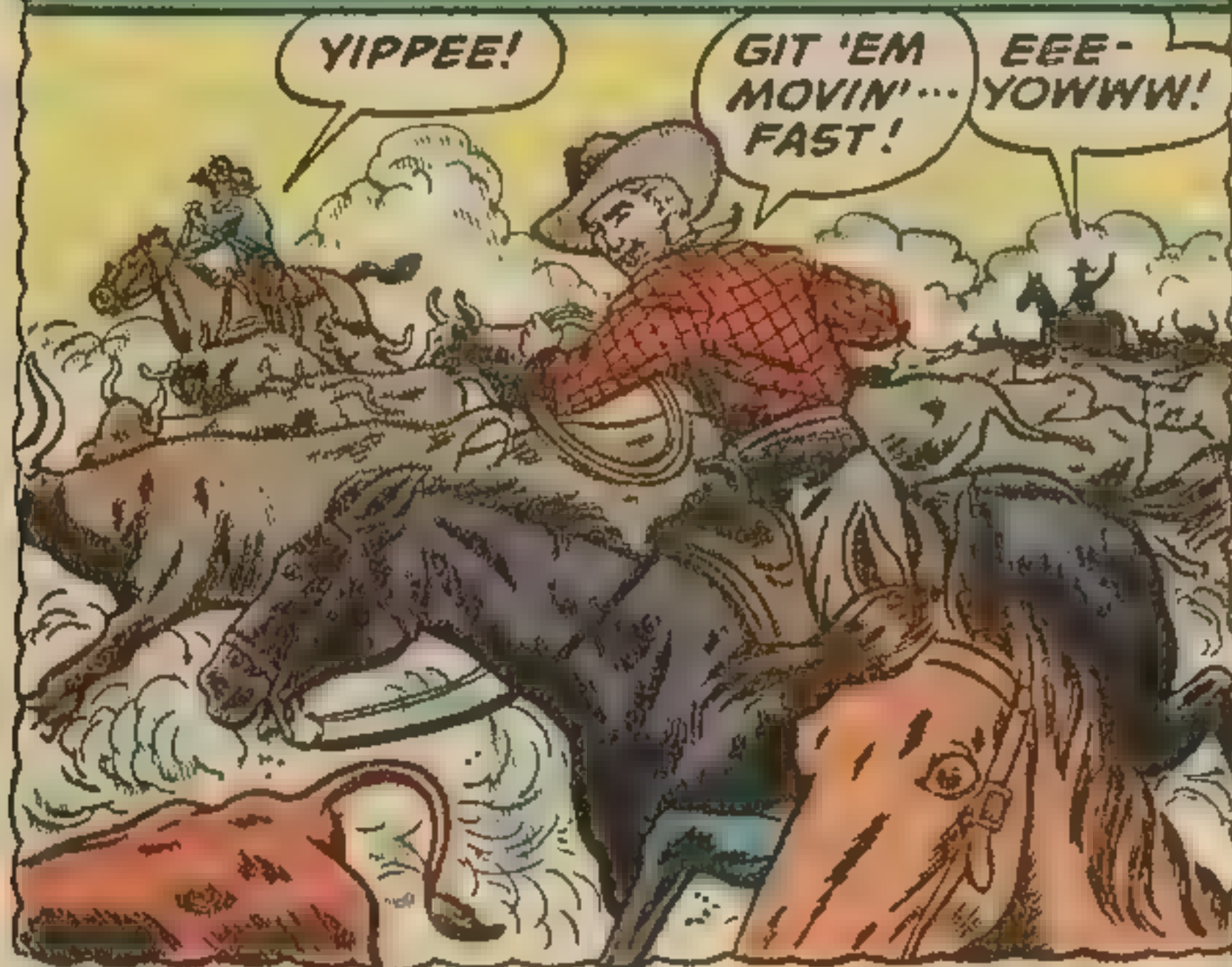
At the Bar-20... SMITHFIELD? I'M TIM BRENNAN... TEXAS RANGER!

GLAD YOU GOT HERE, BRENNAN! FRANKLY, I'M AT MY WIT'S END! I'M TRYIN' TO MAKE A LIVING HERE... BUT THAT KILLER ADAMS GIVES ME NO PEACE! HE AND HIS MEN ARE HOLED UP IN DEVIL CANYON... A REGIMENT COULDN'T GET AT HIM THERE!

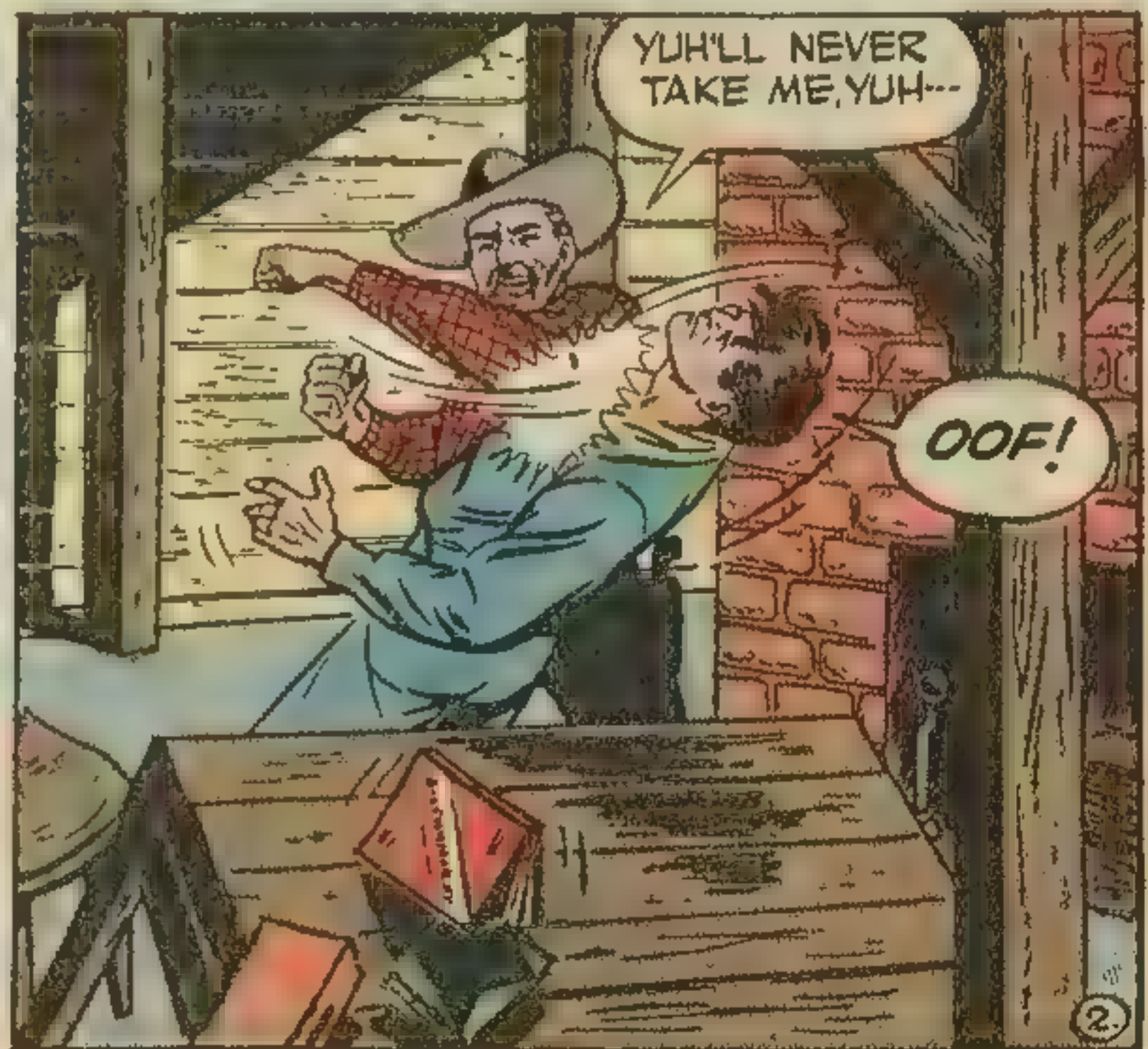
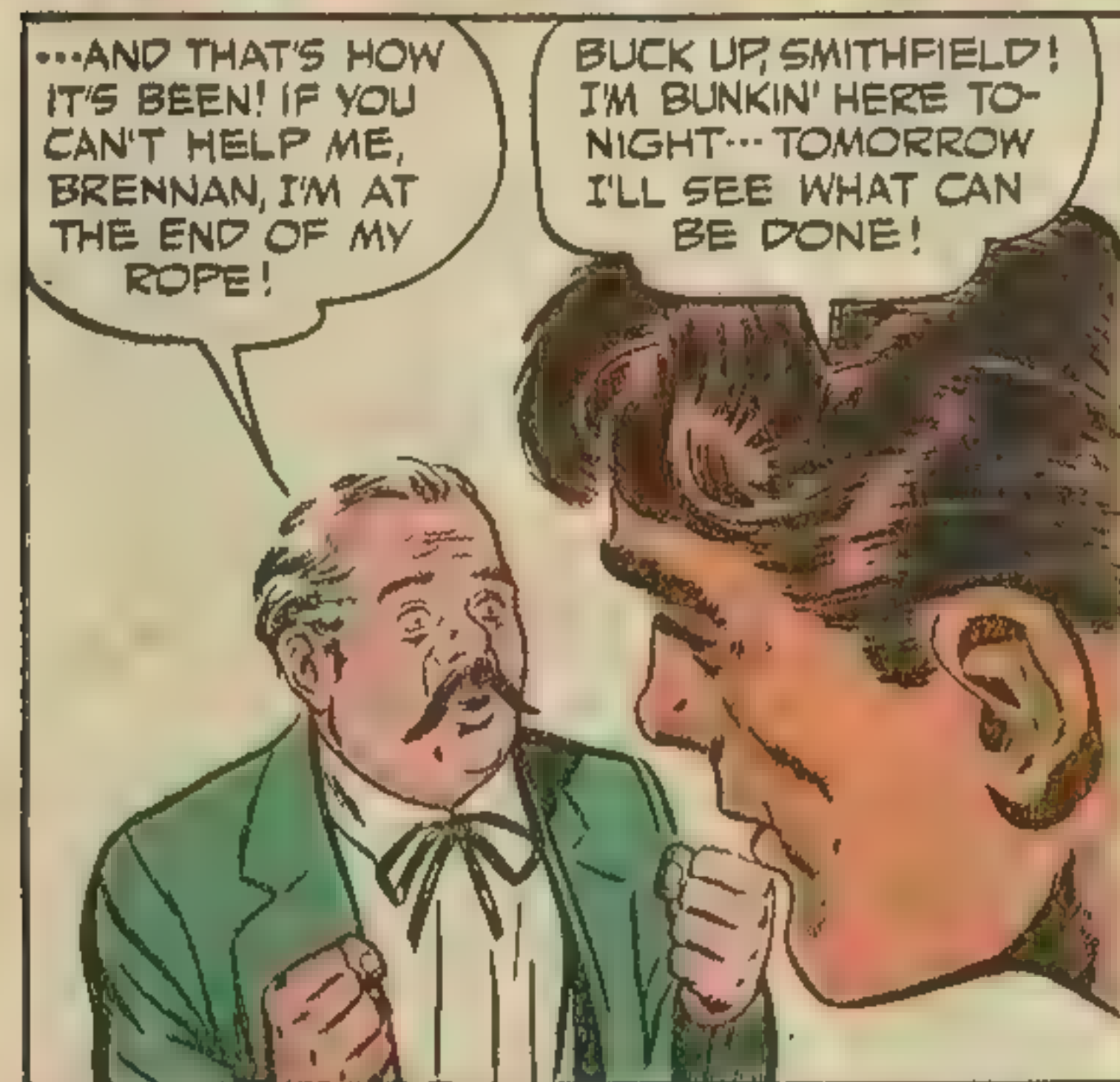
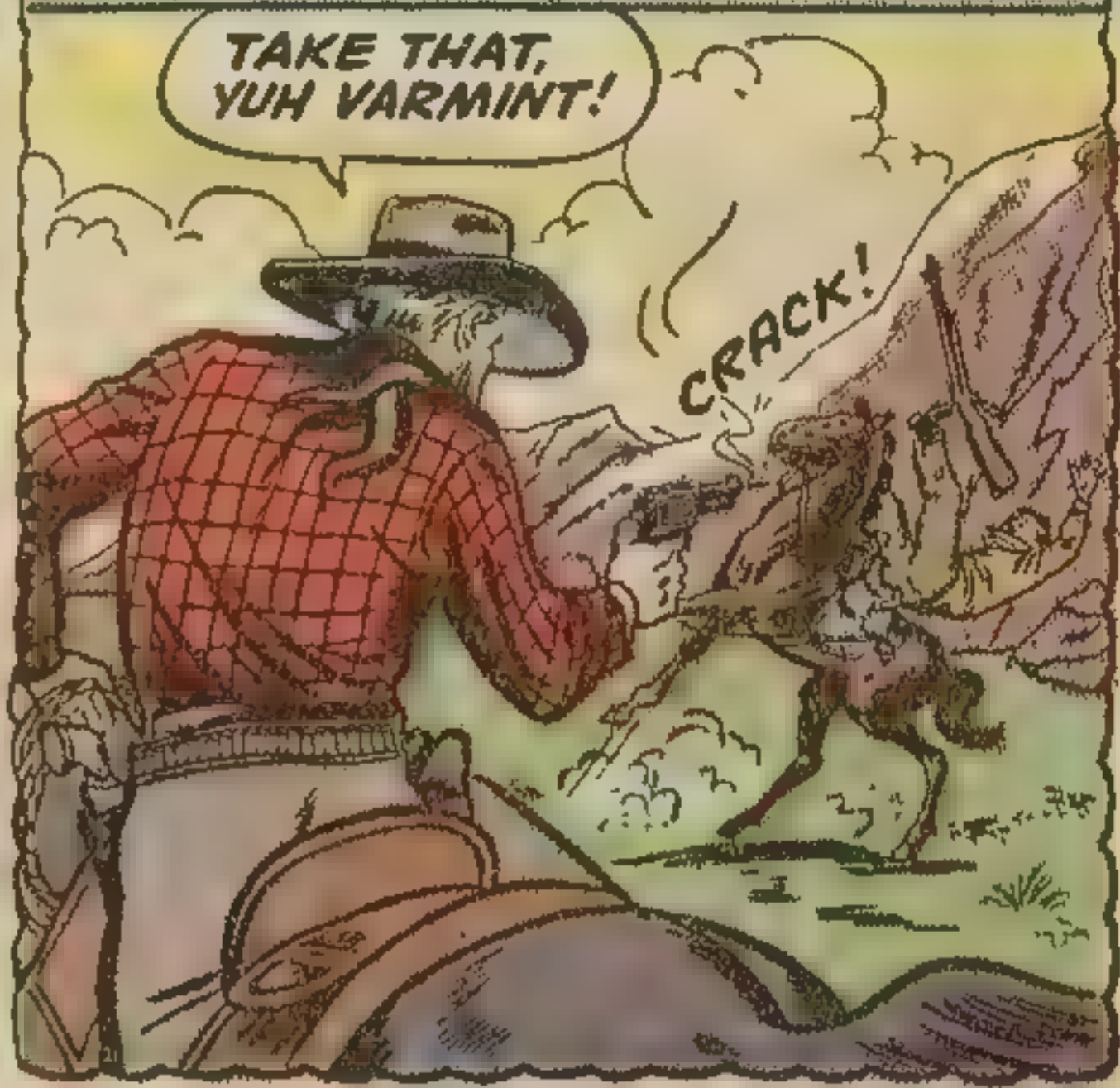




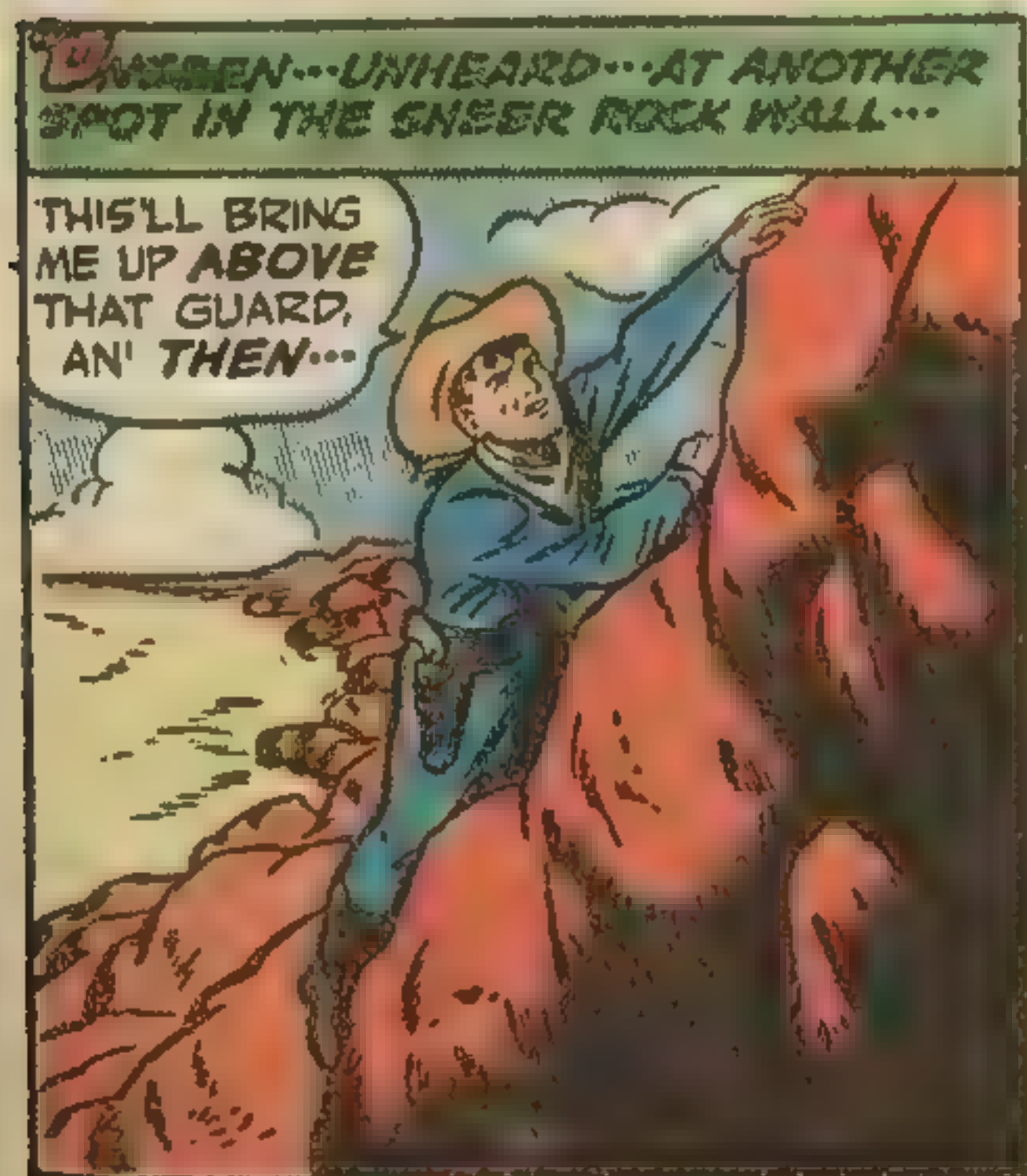
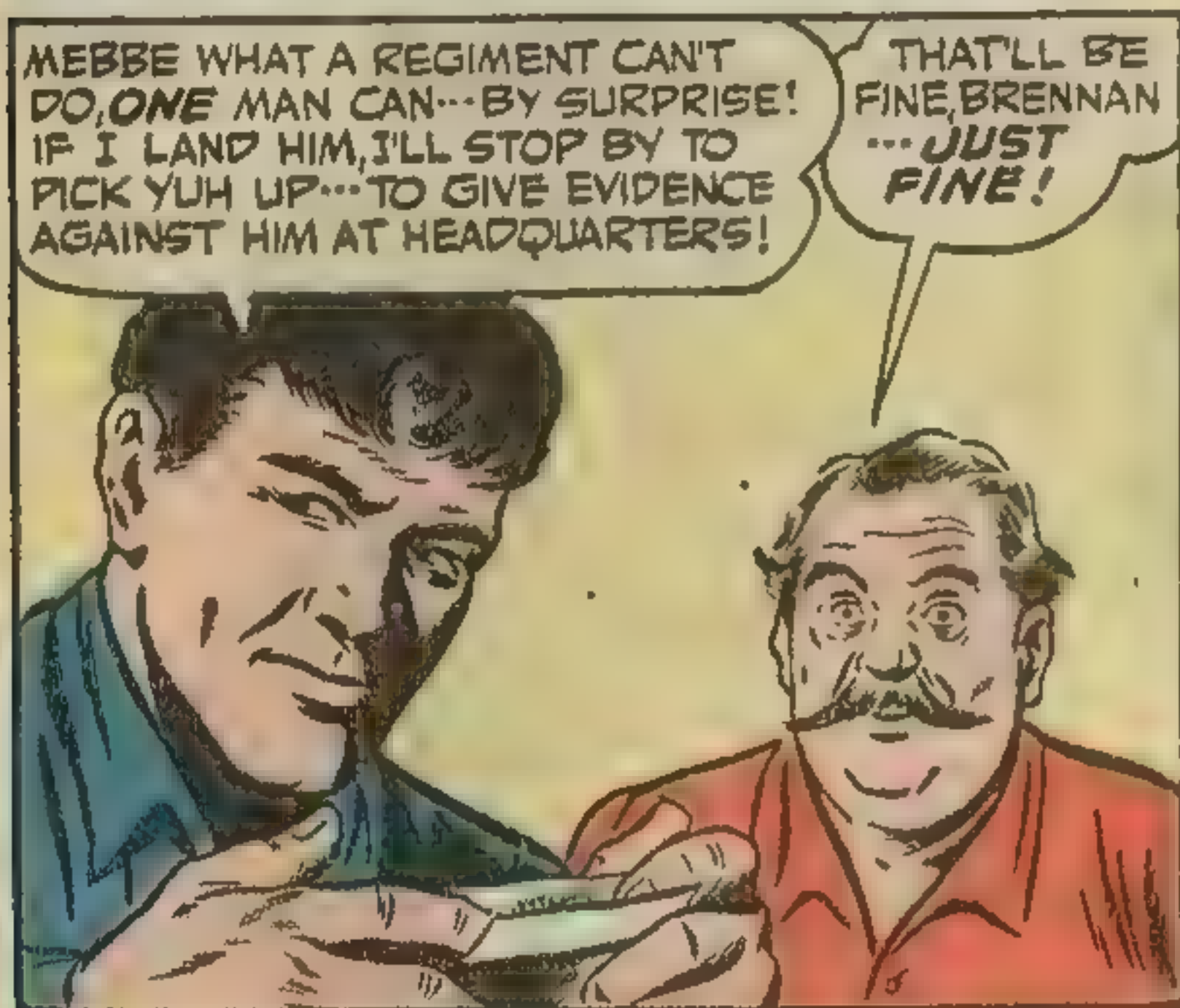
ONLY LAST WEEK, HIS GANG RAIDED ME AGAIN  
...AND DROVE OFF 300 OF MY BEST STEERS!



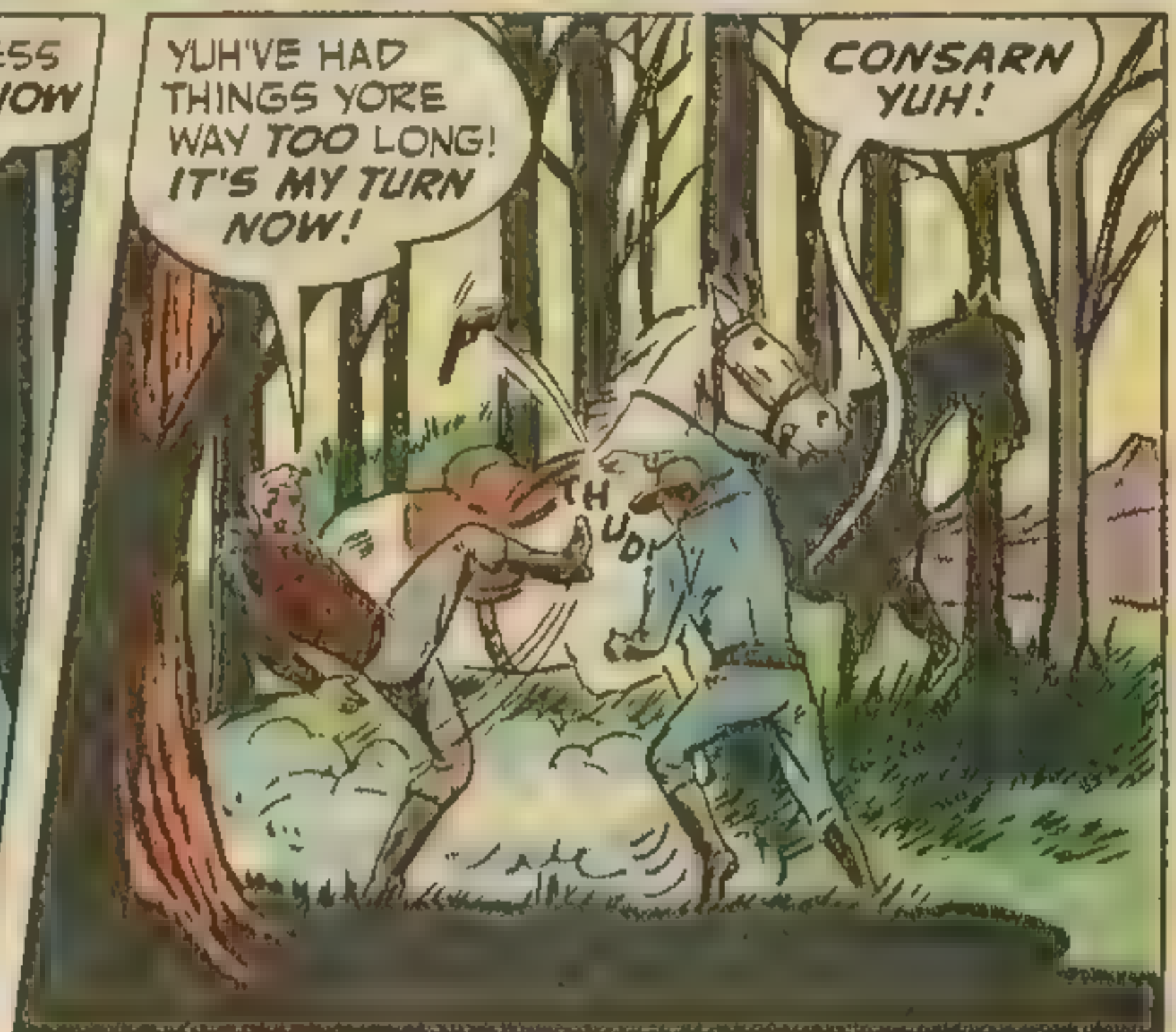
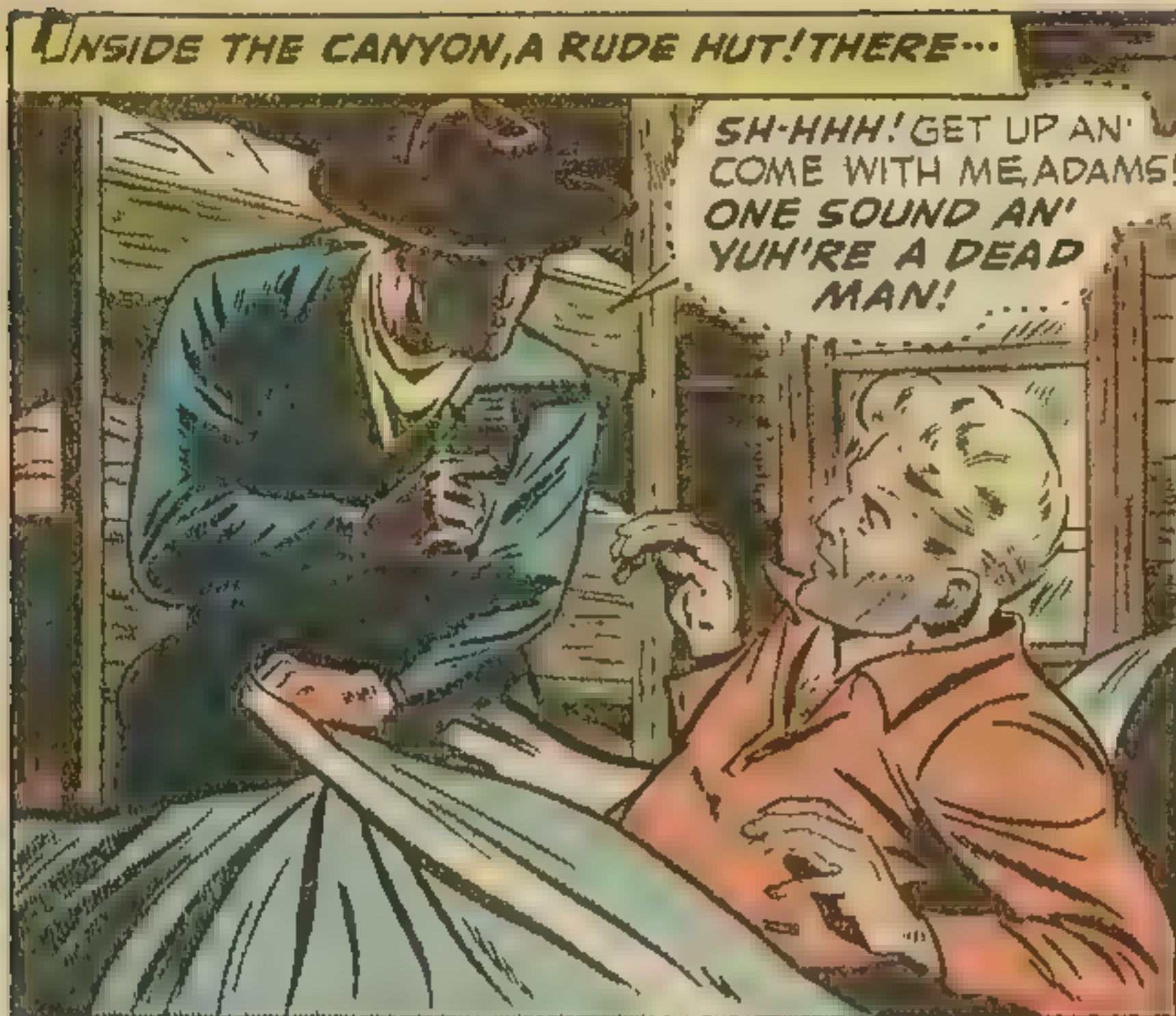
MY MEN FOUGHT BRAVELY... BUT WHAT  
CAN THEY DO AGAINST MURDERERS?



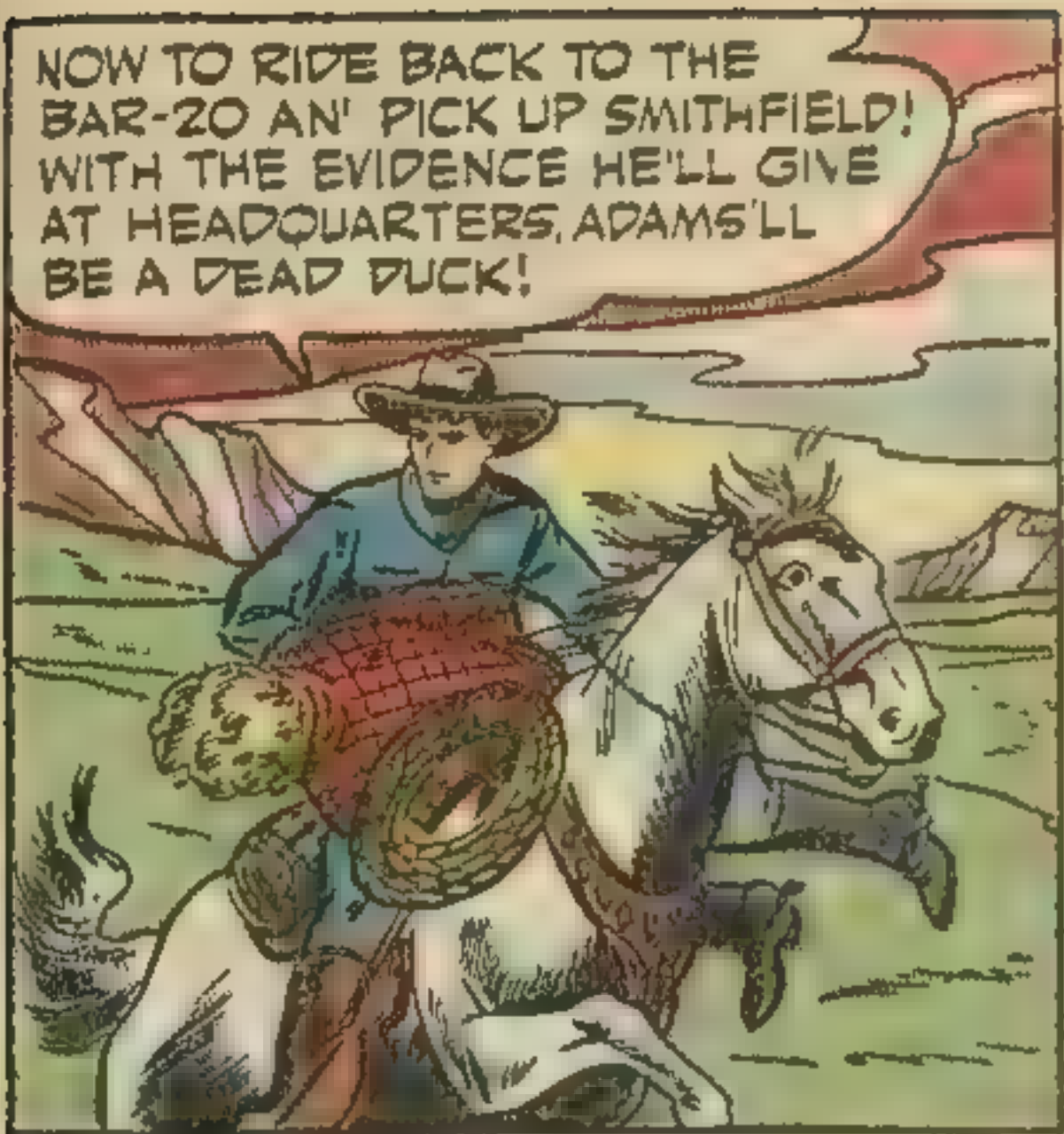




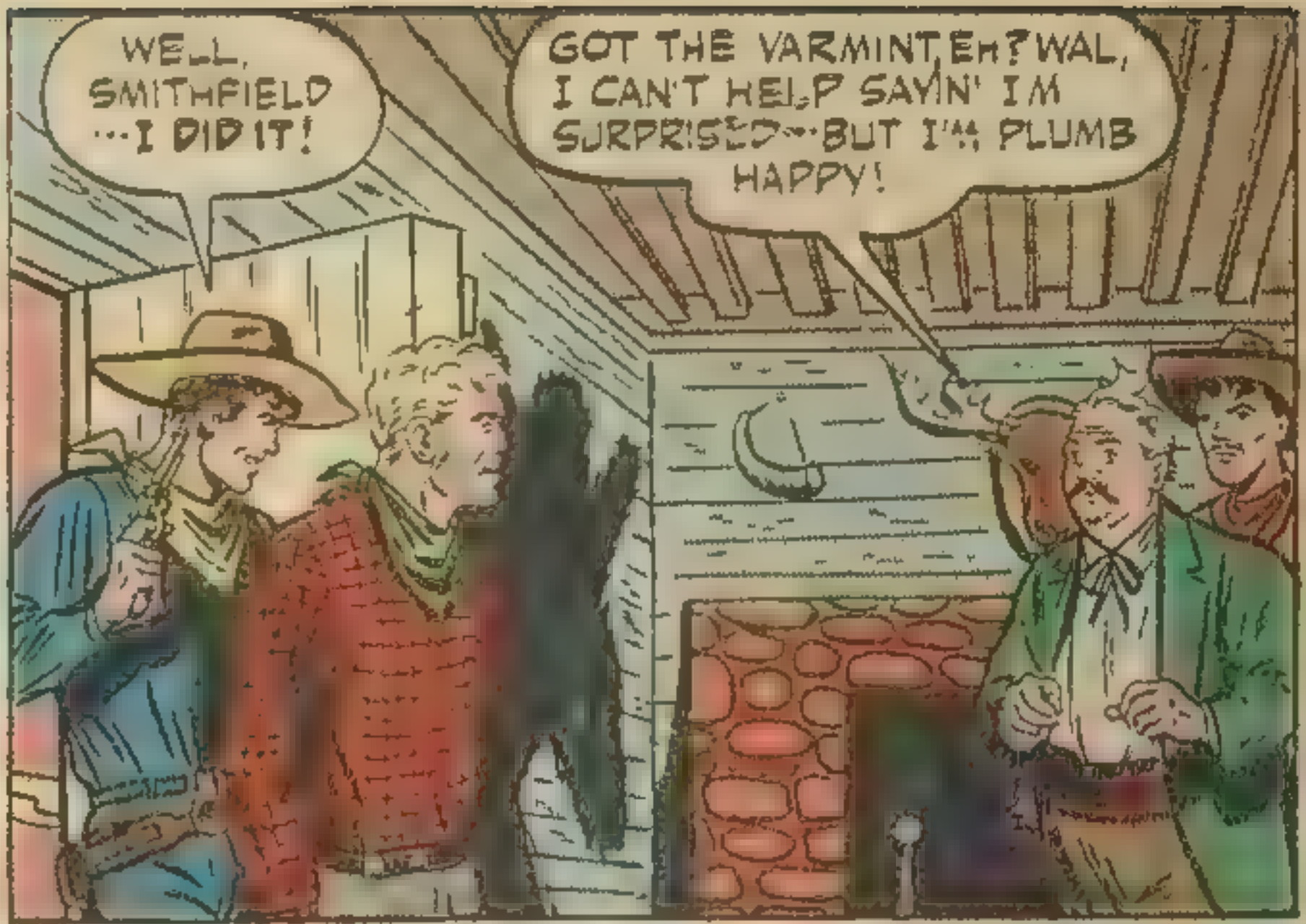








NOW TO RIDE BACK TO THE BAR-20 AN' PICK UP SMITHFIELD! WITH THE EVIDENCE HE'LL GIVE AT HEADQUARTERS, ADAMS'LL BE A DEAD DUCK!



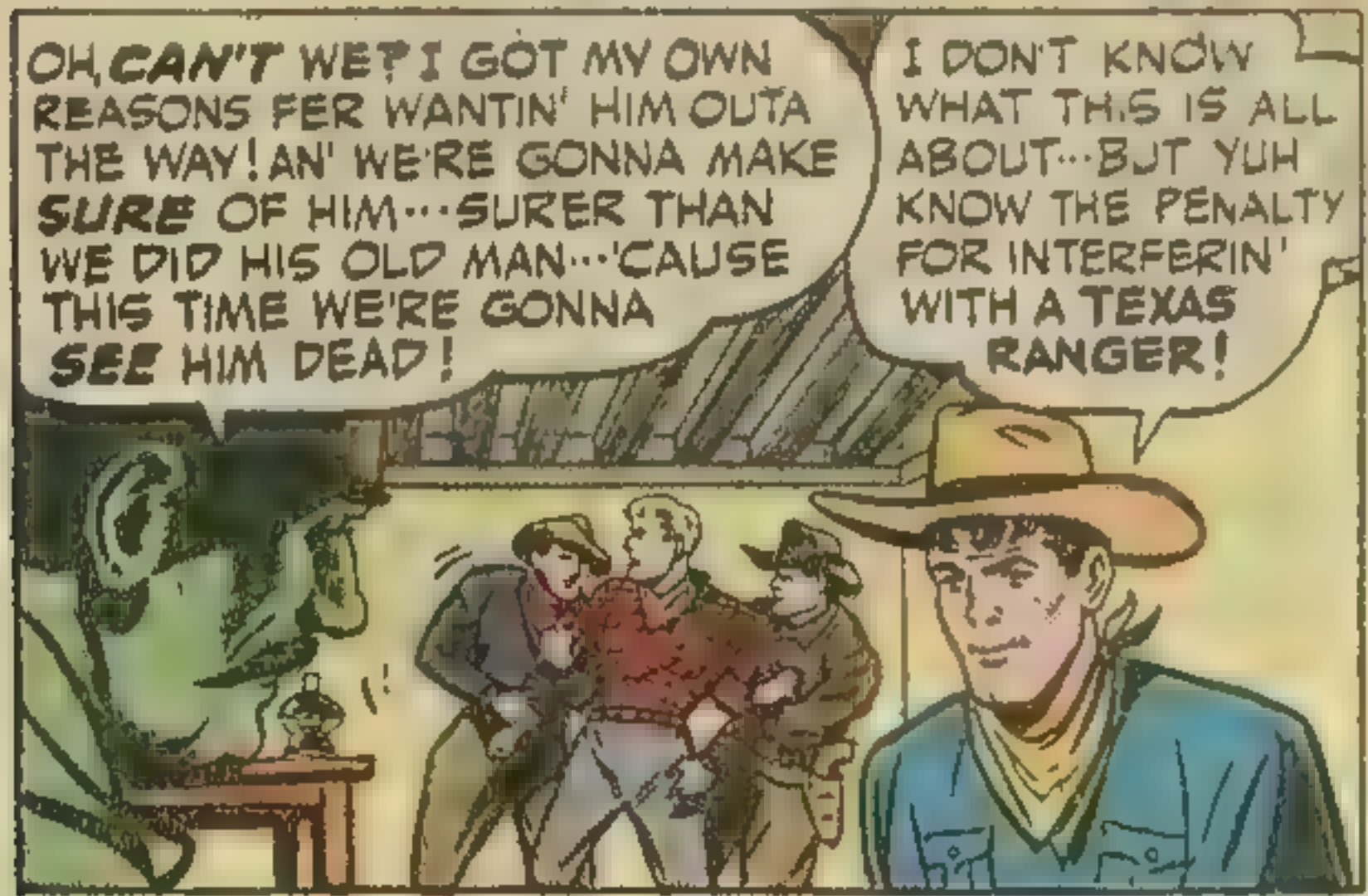
WELL, SMITHFIELD ...I DID IT!

GOT THE VARMINT, EH? WAL, I CAN'T HELP SAYIN' I'M SURPRISED--BUT I'M PLUMB HAPPY!



AND NOW ...STRING THE BUZZARD UP, BOYS!

HUH?... YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



OH, CAN'T WE? I GOT MY OWN REASONS FER WANTIN' HIM OUTA THE WAY! AN' WE'RE GONNA MAKE SURE OF HIM...SURER THAN WE DID HIS OLD MAN...CAUSE THIS TIME WE'RE GONNA SEE HIM DEAD!

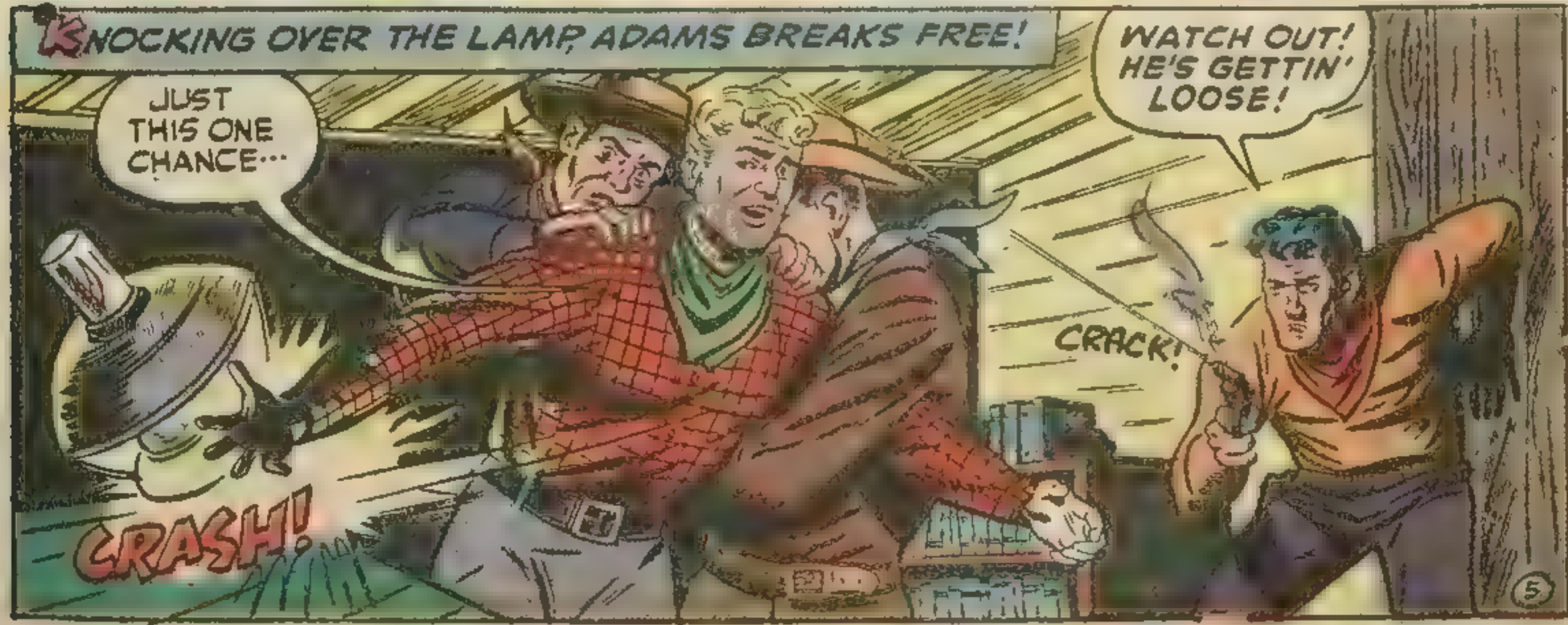
I DONT KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT--BUT YUH KNOW THE PENALTY FOR INTERFERIN' WITH A TEXAS RANGER!



I SURE DO--AN' I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES ON YUH GETTIN' BACK TO REPORT WHAT'S HAPPENED!

OH-WHH!

BANG!



**K**NOCKING OVER THE LAMP, ADAMS BREAKS FREE!

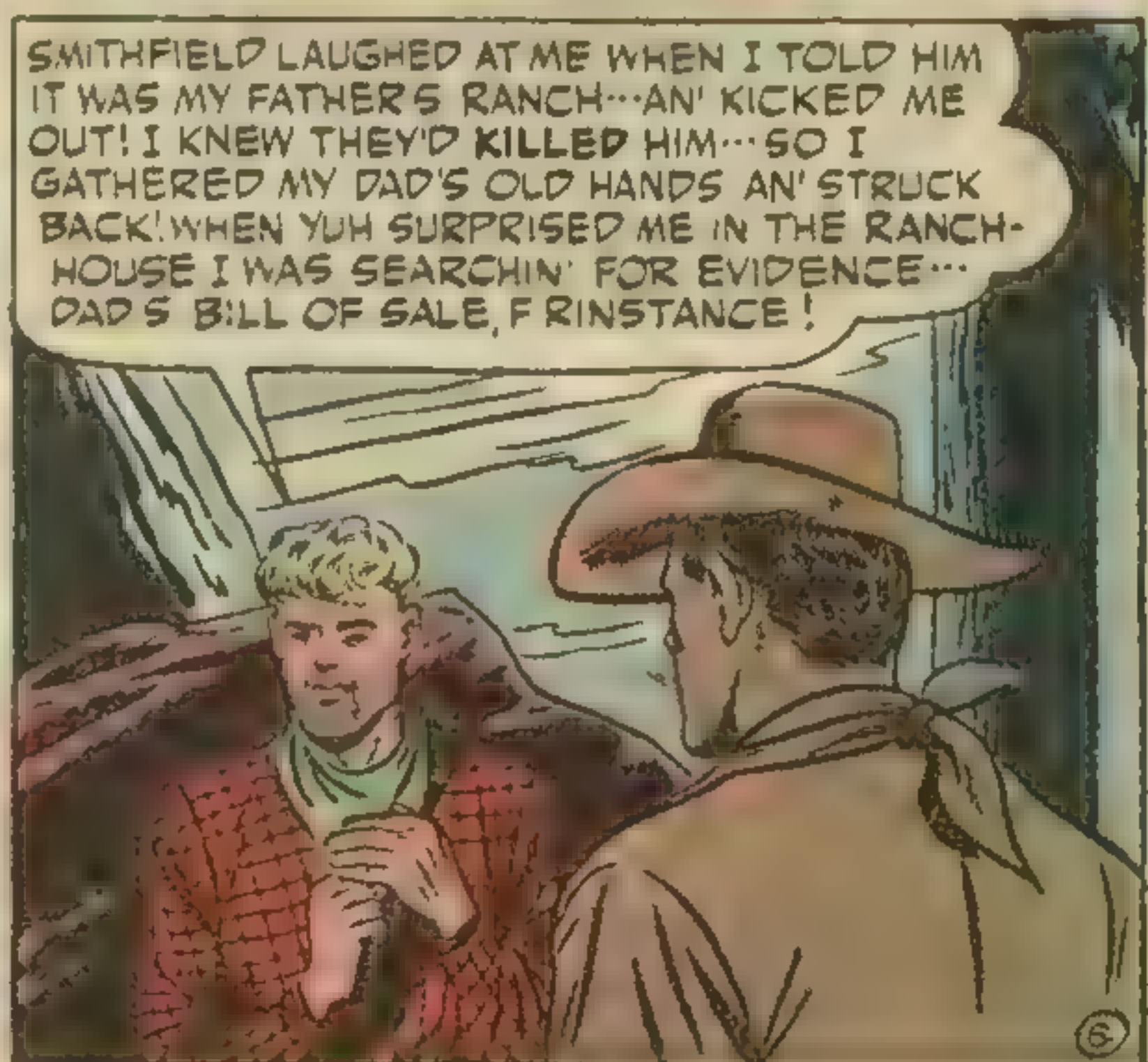
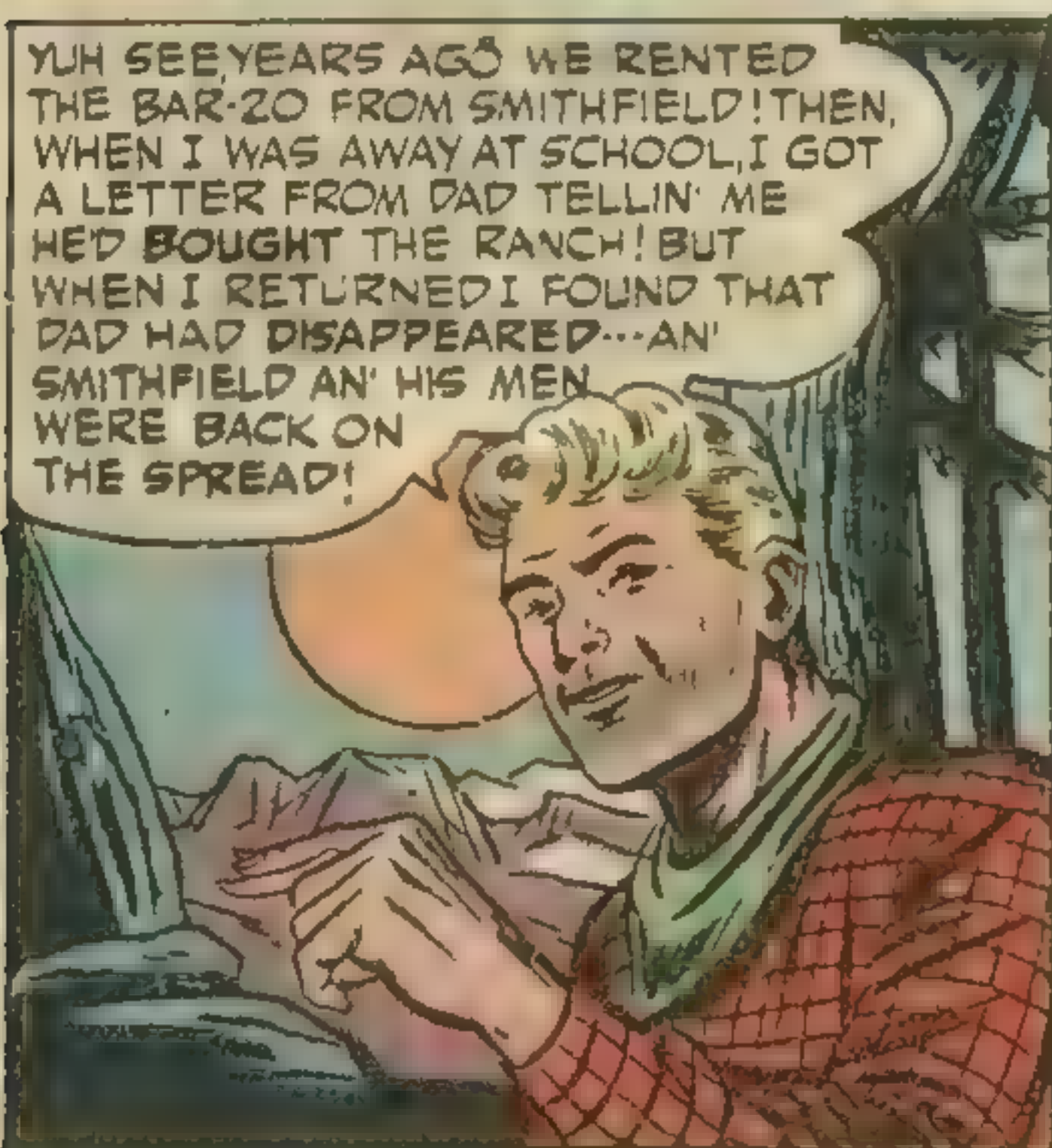
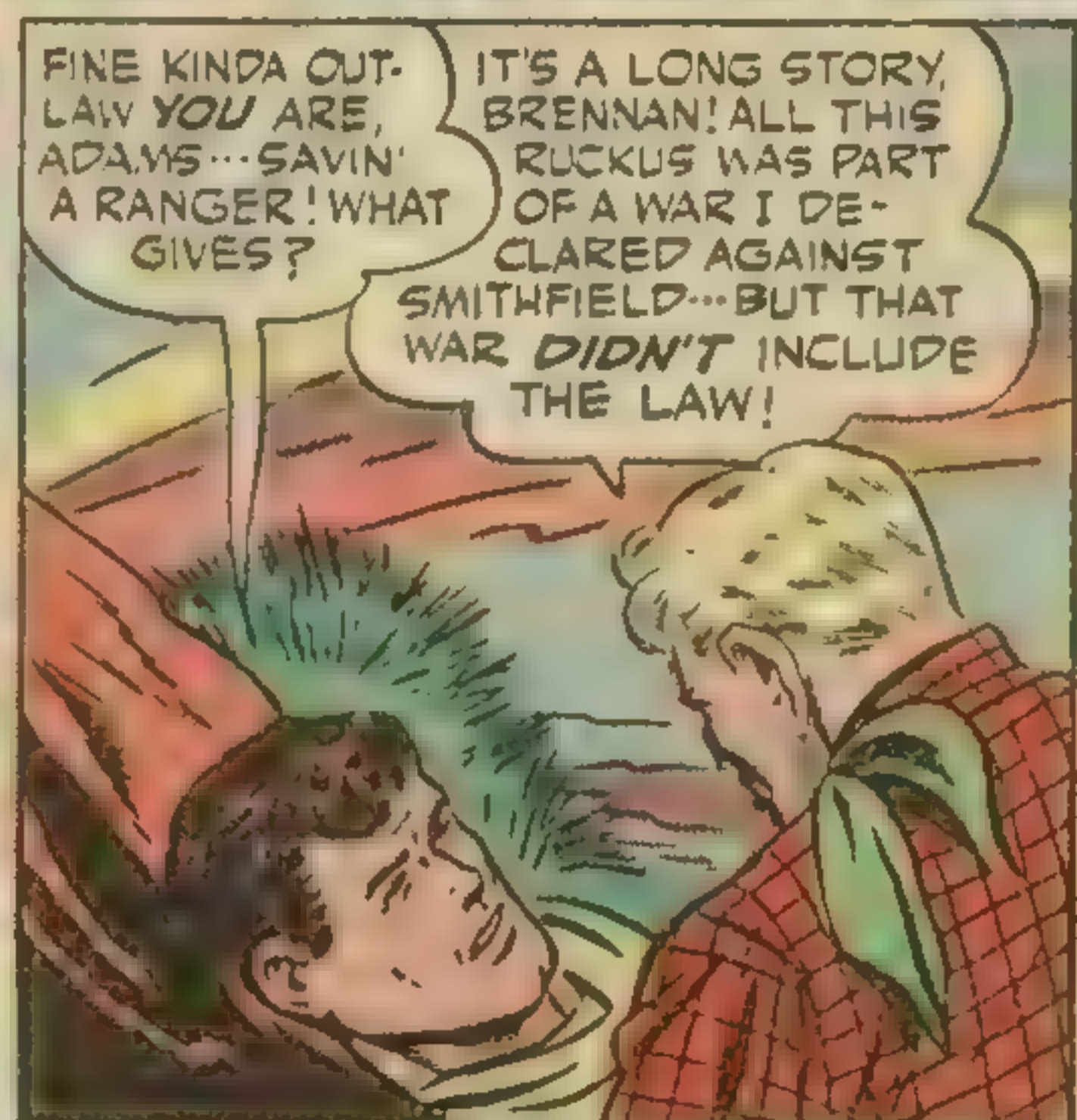
JUST THIS ONE CHANCE...

WATCH OUT! HE'S GETTIN' LOOSE!

CRACK!

CRASH!







WE CAN'T GET SMITHFIELD FOR YOUR DAD'S MURDER UNLESS WE LOCATE HIS BODY! HMMMM... HE SAID HE'D MAKE SURE OF YOU BY SEEIN' YOU DEAD..

WHICH MEANS THEY PROBABLY KNEW DAD WAS FATALLY WOUNDED, BUT HE ESCAPED TO GO SOMEWHERE AN' DIE!



THAT "SOMEWHERE"... IS THERE ANYPLACE YUH KIN THINK OF WHERE HE COULD HAVE HIDDEN?

NO... WAIT! YES... THERE IS! THAT OLD INDIAN CAVE WHERE I USED TO PLAY! IT'S NEAR HERE... COME ON!



AMID THE DUST OF YEARS... AN AWFUL DISCOVERY!

IT... IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! THE DIRTY KILLERS!

WONDER WHAT THIS IS?



IT'S DAD'S BILL OF SALE FOR THE BAR-20 RANCH! I'VE FOUND IT AT LAST!

THAT DOES IT! WE'LL RIDE TO RANGER HEAD-QUARTERS, PICK UP SOME MEN AN' COME BACK FOR SMITH-FIELD!



BUT AS THEY HIT THE TRAIL...

IT'S THE BAR-20 BUNCH... THEY'VE SPOTTED US! WE GOTTA RIDE FOR OUR LIVES!



THEY CAN'T SHAKE US NOW, BOYS... WE GOT 'EM! MOW 'EM DOWN!





AS THE BAR-20 BAND CLOSES IN FOR THE KILL...A SUDDEN THUDDING OF HOOVES!

THEY'RE AFTER CHUCK ADAMS! LET'S GO!



GUNS BARK IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE!

OH-HHH!



EEE-YOWWW! IT'S MY MEN, RANGER! LOOKIT 'EM FIGHT!



MAKE FOR COVER! HERE COMES SMITHFIELD...HE'S ESCAPING!

I'VE GOT YUH, MURDERER!

UGH!



WELL, CHUCK ADAMS, IT LOOKS LIKE WE DID IT! BUT TELL ME...HOW COME YORE MEN MANAGED TO TURN UP SO JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT?

REMEMBER WHEN YUH TOOK ME FROM MY CABIN...AN' I STUMBLED AGAINST YUH? I SNITCHED YORE BADGE AN' DROPPED IT THAR...SO THEY'D KNOW I'D BEEN CAPTURED, AN' COME A-SHOOTIN'!



AND BACK AT RANGER HEADQUARTERS...

WAL, LOOKS LIKE TEXAS RANGER TIM BRENNAN...BACK FROM HIS MISSION! TELL ME...DID IT PACK ENOUGH ACTION FER YUH?

CHIEF, IF EVER I COMPLAIN ABOUT THINGS BEIN' MONOTONOUS AGAIN, DO ME A FAVOR! JUST DON'T LISTEN!



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...ANOTHER EXCITING TEXAS RANGER THRILLER!



# Here it is-- FUNNIEST AMERICA'S MAGAZINE!



*The LAUGHINGEST  
RIB-TICKLER THAT  
EVER HIT THE STANDS!  
And packed chockful*

★  
**GIGGLES** ★  
★ **ROARS** ★  
★ **BELLY-  
LAFFS** ★

*Featuring  
THAT FUNNY-BONE  
OF THE CENTURY--  
THE GREAT  
Superkatt!*



*Reserve*

**YOUR LAUGHS NOW!  
THEY'RE WAITING**  
*in*

# GIGGLE COMICS

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**4 Color Painted ZIPPER BILLFOLD With Gilt SAFETY CHAIN**

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**CAN'T RUB OFF**

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**Billfold has a built-in Pass Case and built-in Plastic Coin Holder! Clever Safety Chain is designed so it can also be used as a handy Key Chain!**

You've never in your lifetime seen a Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain combination to compare with this latest Illinois Merchandise creation. You've never before seen such luxurious appearance, and such real honest-to-goodness value at such a LOW PRICE! The beautiful painted designs are embossed with your choice of 4 life-like illustrations in breath-taking colors. These colorful scenes can't rub off—they're stamped right into the wallet itself. Billfold zips open "all-the-way-around" and has a riveted metal eyelet at one end where the Gilt Safety Chain is securely fastened. Inside is a built-in plastic coin holder, a roomy currency compartment, a built-in pass case, also a spacious window pocket for your membership cards. The Gilt Safety Chain is designed especially for this Billfold. It's long and flexible so you can carry Billfold in either the side or back pocket without interference. It's made extra sturdy to safeguard you against theft. A special self-locking device at the top fastens to your belt or trousers. The spring lock at the bottom fits into eyelet of billfold but can also be disengaged and the chain then worn as a key holder. However, don't wait! Order your Painted Zipper Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain Combination today while this low price offer is in effect. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail the handy order coupon below on our 10 day money back guarantee offer. We feel sure that you'll be so delighted with your Billfold and Chain Combination once you see it and examine its many unusual features, that you'll want to order again for gifts to friends and relatives.

Each of these Billfold Styles comes with Safety Chain as above



Style 532—U. S. Map

Over 2 Million Satisfied Customers



Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 549—Sporting Scene

**SEND NO MONEY! MAIL COUPON WITH YOUR STYLE CHOICE!**

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MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Give Style number and subject)

If more than one billfold is being ordered state how many here \_\_\_\_\_

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_